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THE  
HISTORY OF NEW BEDFORD,

BRISTOL COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS:

INCLUDING

A HISTORY OF THE OLD TOWNSHIP OF DARTMOUTH  
AND THE PRESENT TOWNSHIPS OF WESTPORT,  
DARTMOUTH, AND FAIRHAVEN,

FROM THEIR SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

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NEW BEDFORD:  
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.  
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## PREFACE.

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TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, when a youth of seventeen years, I conceived the idea of writing a history of my native place in the form of a lecture, for our then small and newly organized Lyceum. I entered upon my task with the ardor of youth, diligently searching every book and record that I could obtain for the earlier portion of my history. I then betook myself to the oldest inhabitants; a large number of those who had grown up with the place from its earliest history, as a village, being still alive. From these interesting and intelligent old people, some of whom had reached their ninetieth year, I obtained a good store of reminiscences. These, with what I gathered from the records of the old township of Dartmouth, (which township it will be seen originally included New Bedford, Fairhaven, Westport and the present township of Dartmouth,) and such books as contained any mention of our place, with a succinct account of the voyage of Bartholomew Gosnold to these shores in 1602, I compiled, and delivered

before the said Lyceum, on Tuesday evening, March 6th, 1831.

This was the day of small things, it is true, for our now flourishing Lyceum. We then depended altogether upon home productions for our weekly entertainment; and many quiet, pleasant times we used to have of it, in those ante-railway, ante-electric-telegraph days.

Such is the brief history of the origin of my undertaking; and now, at a time of life when it may be reasonably concluded that most of the effervescence of youth has passed off, with subdued feelings and moderate expectations of success, but with a heart none the less warm from the lapse of time in its interest for the spot of my birth, I again enter upon the task, with a sense of pleasurable duty of putting together what information I have from varied sources been enabled to collect, gathering up the fragments lest nothing be lost; so that those who come after us may have a nucleus round which to form a more full and complete history, when our youthful city shall take its place, as it is evidently destined at no very distant day to do, if it has not already, among the chief cities of this country.

I have endeavored to make this history truthful, and, in order to effect this primary object, have rejected everything which I was not fully convinced as being authentic. To the friends who have afforded me assistance in the preparation of my task, I would return my warmest thanks.

The following is the introductory sketch to the lecture before alluded to, as it originally appeared. Youth is the only apology that will be required for its faults.



#### ORIGINAL INTRODUCTION.

The fondness with which we are inspired for the spot of our nativity seems to have been generated with ourselves; nor can time or distance eradicate it. Whatever fortune attends us, or whatever circumstance may induce us to leave our natal soil, whether we traverse foreign countries, or have settled in another clime, still we are neither withdrawn nor estranged from it, but turn with pleasure to the scenes of our childhood and companions of our youth. Poets of all ages have sung its blessings, and the sympathetic muse delights to wander over its joys and scan its beauties. This enthusiastic fire, this glowing flame, that burns within the heart of every one, neither age nor circumstance is able to quench. The Frenchman, when far away from his native land and winged retrospection brings him to his own sweet home, sighs for "the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France;" and the rude inhabitant of the Emerald Isle, driven from his country by the extremest necessity, still bears the latent spark within his bosom; and, too, the illiterate Laplander, having seen the light of the civilized world, gladly returns to his sledge and deer.

It behoves every American to be acquainted with the history of the place which gave him birth. The history of this country is neither wrapped in obscurity, nor hidden in uncertainty: there are no fictitious names, no fabled account of heroes; everything is authentic, and much within the memory of people yet living.

While other nations are boasting of their antiquity, and exulting in the mysterious deeds of their ancestors, we pride ourselves in the recency of our origin, and the well-known achievements during the struggle for liberty, as well as for the rapidity of our increase.

Scarce two centuries ago, this spot was one forest wild, the abode of the tawny Indian and wild beast; its vast wilderness had never been penetrated by civilized man, nor the peace of its people injured; the smoke arose free from the unmolested wigwam, and the woods re-echoed to the shrill war-whoop; the wild deer bounded through the glade, and the light canoe was swiftly paddled over the Acushnet. Then the Indian with a light heart roved over the soil where our town now rests, and with careless joy, through the forest that once crowned yon hill, pursued the animated chase. Oft this has been the scene of the feast, the dance, and the song of fearless, thoughtless joy.

But these have all departed: our mansions have succeeded the Indian's hut, and he is now known but by a few mouldering bones turned up by the plough-share, and we daily tread above the graves of his once mighty race. The same ethereal vault



o'erarches this land, the seasons roll on as before, and the waves break upon the same shores, but not to the Indian: he has long since been gathered to his fathers, and we are now the undisputed lords of the land.

NEW BEDFORD, MARCH 1, 1831.

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I am aware that much of the material of this history is wanting in arrangement, but it should be remembered that I have been obliged to collect my information from a great variety of sources, and at different times during a period of many years. The labor of an original work of this kind is much more arduous and difficult than of many more important works of history where the labors of others can be brought into requisition. I trust, therefore, my readers will make all due allowance should the want of a more regular method be sometimes observable. It has been my chief object to snatch from the oblivion to which a large portion of our early history was fast hastening, and to collect together, as much as possible, for preservation. In a good degree I feel the assurance of having accomplished this purpose.

The first number of my historical sketches appeared in the New Bedford Daily Mercury, on Saturday, September 27th, 1856. This was followed by others on the succeeding Saturdays, which, with some alteration and considerable addition, comprise this volume.

Although I do not claim to have performed my task thoroughly or to my own satisfaction, I have been gratified at the generous reception my labors have met with from my friends and the public of our vicinity, and, for the want of a better history of my native place, have undertaken to embody these hastily written sketches in the form of a book.

Trusting that this volume, with humble pretensions, will meet in some measure the want of a better performance, I submit it to the public.

D. R.

BROOKLAWN, near New Bedford, }  
 May 1st, 1858. }

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# HISTORY OF NEW BEDFORD.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE OLD TOWNSHIP OF DARTMOUTH—DISCOVERY OF THE COAST BY BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD IN 1602—EARLY SETTLEMENT—DEED FROM THE INDIAN SACHEM MASSASOIT TO GOVERNOR BRADFORD, AND OTHERS—THE ORIGINAL SURVEY OF DARTMOUTH.

NEW BEDFORD was originally a part of the old township of Dartmouth, from which it was set off and incorporated into a separate township in the year 1787. The old township of Dartmouth formerly included the present townships of Dartmouth, Westport, New Bedford and Fairhaven, and was purchased of the Indians in 1652. That part of the old township of Dartmouth which includes the present township of New Bedford was known to the Indians by the name of Accushnet, or Accoosnet, and sometimes Accushena; Fairhaven as Sconticut; Dartmouth as Apponeganset, and Westport as Acoaxet. The Acushnet River, and the adjoining shores upon which New Bedford stands, were first discovered in 1602, by Bartholomew Gosnold, who sailed from Falmouth, England, on the 26th

of March of that year. The names of the persons who embarked on this voyage, as far as they have been ascertained, are as follows: Bartholomew Gosnold, Commander; Bartholomew Gilbert, 2d officer; John Angel; Robert Saltern, who was afterwards a clergyman; William Streete; Gabriel Archer, gentleman and journalist; James Rosier, who wrote an account of the voyage and presented it to Sir Walter Raleigh; John Brierton; and —— Tucker. There were thirty-two persons in all, eight of whom were mariners.

“The design of the voyage was to find a direct and short course to Virginia, and upon a discovery of a proper seat for a plantation, twelve of the company were to return to England till further assistance and supplies could be sent them.”

The fine group of islands known as the Elizabeth Islands was first discovered by Gosnold, and so called in honor of the Queen of England. The island now known as Cuttyhunk they called Elizabeth. Here they made their place of rendezvous, and upon an islet in a small fresh-water pond built a place of defence and a store-house.

“While some of Gosnold’s men labored in building a fort and store-house on the small island in the pond, and a flat-bottomed boat to go to it, he crossed the bay in his vessel and discovered the mouth of the river on the west shore of which New Bedford is now built. On the shore he was met by a company of natives, men, women and children, who with all courteous kindness entertained him, giving him skins of wild beasts, tobacco, turtles, hemp, artificial strings colored (wampum,) and such like things as they had about them. The stately groves,



flowery meadows and running brooks afforded delightful entertainment to the adventurers." *Belnap.*

Their original intention, as will be seen from the preceding extract, was for twenty of the company to remain, and for the others to return to England with the vessel, and bring or send them supplies. But they suddenly changed their minds, and after having loaded their vessel with sassafras root and furs, on the 17th of June they set sail for England, and arrived at Exmouth, Devonshire, after a pleasant passage of five weeks.

Bartholomew Gosnold died in Virginia on the 22d of August, 1607, whither he had gone with Captain John Smith.

About 30 or 40 years after this, the country began to be settled by the English, and owing to the hostility of the Indians they were under the necessity of living in garrisons. In the year 1676, Capt. Church, in his History of the Indian War, speaks of a garrison at Russell's Orchard, which was situated near the head of the Apponeganset River, in Dartmouth. In this garrison was born Joseph Russell, a son of whom, by the same name, I shall have occasion to mention hereafter. There was also another garrison on the east side of the Acushnet River, about one mile north of the village of Oxford, the remains of which are still to be seen.

The following is a copy of the deed from Massasoit or Woosamequin, and his son Wamsutta, or Moanam, who was also called by the English

Alexander. Philip of Pokanoket, whose true name was Pometacom, was also a son of Massasoit, and younger than Alexander.

“Bradford Governour.

1654. A deed appointed to be recorded.

NEW PLYMOUTH, November the 29th, 1652.

Know all men by these presents, that I, Wesamequen, and Wamsutta my son, have sold unto Mr. William Bradford, Captain Standish, Thomas Southworth, John Winslow, John Cooke and their associates, the purchasers or old-comers, all the tract or tracts of land lying three miles eastward from a river called Cushenagg, to a certain harbour called Acoaksett, to a flat rock on the westward side of the said harbour. And whereas the said harbour divideth itself into several branches, the westernmost arme to be the bound, and all the tract or tracts of land from the said westernmost arme to the said river of Cushenagg, three miles eastward of the same, with all the profits and benefits within the said tract, with all the rivers, creeks, meadows, necks and islands that lye in or before the same, and from the sea upward to go so high that the English may not be annoyed by the hunting of the Indians in any sort of their cattle. And I, Wesamequen, and Wamsutta, do promise to remove all the Indians within a year from the date hereof that do live in the said tract. And we, the said Wesamequen and Wamsutta, have fully bargained and sold unto the aforesaid Mr. William Bradford, Captain Standish, Thomas Southworth, John Winslow, John Cooke, and the rest of their associates, the purchasers or old-comers, to have and to hold for them and their heirs and assigns forever. And in consideration hereof, we the above-mentioned are to pay to the said Wesamequen and Wamsutta as followeth: thirty yards of cloth, eight moose-skins, fifteen axes, fifteen hoes, fifteen pair of

breeches, eight blankets, two kettles, one cloak, 2 £ in wampan, eight pair stockings, eight pair of shoes, one iron pot, and ten shillings in another comoditie. And in witness hereof we have interchangeably set to our hands the day and year above written.

In the presence of  
JONATHAN SHAW,  
SAMUEL EDDY. }

JOHN WINSLOW.  
JOHN COOKE.

WAMSUTTA. <sup>His</sup> **MM**  
mark."

A fine picture of the landing of Gosnold upon our shores has been painted by our fellow-townsmen, William A. Wall. From a notice of this picture made by the writer of this history at the time of its exhibition in 1842, the following extract is taken: "The artist has combined the authentic accounts of the event with the natural scenery in a most happy manner. The conception of the whole affair is exceedingly beautiful. The time is early morning—the sun not yet risen; but his strong light is breaking from the east across the water and the Elizabeth Islands in the distance, the light clouds are flying away before the gentle breeze, and the dewy freshness of early day is seen upon all things around, while a thrush, from his seat upon a neighboring tree, is chanting his sweet salutation to the hardy adventurer. Gosnold, with his first officer, Bartholomew Gilbert, Gabriel Archer, 'gentleman and journalist,' and several of his men, are seen upon the shore, which, together with a group of Indians with whom they are trading, forms the chief attraction of this beautiful picture. The figure of Bartholomew Gosnold well represents the 'active, intrepid and experienced mariner,' as he is

called by an old historian. The boat from which they have apparently just landed is held by a sailor with a boat-hook, while another, leaning over the gunwale, is musingly looking up the river. A sweet quiet pervades the whole scene; and the reflection of the British flag, drowsily hanging from its staff at the stern of the boat, is seen upon the glassy water. The 'small bark' which bore them across the Atlantic, with her sails loose, is seen in the offing. The mind is involuntarily carried back to that beautiful morning; and the sweet serenity of the scene must awaken the pleasantest reflections in the mind of the spectator."

Below is a copy of the record of the settlement of the bounds of Dartmouth made with Philip. Record of Deeds, Plymouth Colony, Book 3d, page 323.

"Whereas, according to an order of court, held at Plymouth, bearing date the third day of October, Anno Domini 1664, wherein Phillip, Sagamore of Pokannockett, &c., was desired to appoint an agent or more to set out and mark the bounds of Acushna, Coaksett, and places adjacent, the said Sachem sent John Sassamon, on the 19th day of November, in the year aforesaid, to act in his behalf in the premises, whoe hath set the bounds of the said tract and tracts as followeth, viz.: at Acushena three miles to the east according to the deed bearing date November 29th, 1652, from a black-oak marked on four sides, running upward north into the woods eight miles, and downward south with so much of the island Nakata as falls within the said line; at Akoaksett, from a white-oak marked on four sides, standing on the west side of the head of the cove, ranging up into the woods north six miles and an

half to a great pond, unto a white-oak marked, standing upon the west side of the pond, near the south end of the said pond; by reason of the running of the pond, one mile on the east side upward to a black-oak marked on four sides, standing near a maple tree on the side of the said pond, about the middle of it, which pond is called Watuppa; the upper bounds to run from tree to tree upon a strait line, and at the head of the westernmost arm from the said white-oak to the flat rock expressed in the deed aforesaid."

## CHAPTER II.

THE INDIANS OF DARTMOUTH—TROUBLES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS—ORDER OF COURT RELATIVE TO THE SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY—DIFFICULTY OF ENFORCING THE SAME—ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF DARTMOUTH—RALPH RUSSELL AND THE RUSSELL FAMILY—JOSEPH ROTCH—ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF NEW BEDFORD—EARLY QUAKERS—GOSNOLD'S SETTLEMENT AT CUTTYHUNK—IDENTIFICATION OF THE SAME BY DR. BELKNAP—SURVEY OF THE TOWNSHIP BY ORDER OF KING PHILIP—LIST OF THE ORIGINAL PURCHASERS.

In my former chapter was given the original deed of the purchase of the old township of Dartmouth of Massasoit or Woosamequin, as he is called in the deed, and his son Wamsutta, alias Moanam and Alexander. Massasoit was also the father of Philip, or Pometacom, the great Indian warrior and chieftain. He, as well as his brother Alexander, who succeeded their father, were denominated "kings" by the early settlers. Their home was at Montaup, or Pokanoket, now known as Mount Hope, near Bristol, Rhode Island.

The Indians who inhabited this section of country (Dartmouth,) the Acushnets, Apponegansets, and Acoaxsets, were a part of the great tribe of Wampanoags, over which Woosamequin, or Massasoit, was the chief Sachem. The early settlers of Dartmouth as well as those at Plymouth, found in Massasoit a firm and devoted friend, and he has been called "the good Masssaoit." Although his dying injunc-

tions to his sons Alexander and Philip, (so named by the English from the great Macedonian generals,) were to continue in friendly relations with the English, his counsel was little heeded by the former, and violated in the most savage manner by the latter.

The early settlers of Dartmouth suffered greatly from the depredations and violence of the Indians; and at one time they were completely broken up, and obliged to forsake their homes and resort to garrisons for protection.

This fact reaching the government at Plymouth, the following order of court was passed:

"1675, 14th October. This court taking into their serious consideration the tremendous dispensations of God towards the people of Dartmouth, in suffering the barbarous heathen to spoil and destroy most of their habitations, the enemy being greatly advantaged thereunto by their scattered way of living, do therefore order that in the rebuilding and resettling thereof, that they so order it as to live compact together, at least in each village, as they may be in a capacity both to defend themselves from the assault of an enemy, and the better to attend the public worship of God, and ministry of the word of God, whose carelessness to obtain and attend unto we fear may have been a provocation of God thus to chastise their contempt of his gospel, which we earnestly desire the people of that place may seriously consider of, lay to heart, and be humbled for, with a solicitous endeavour after a reformation thereof, by a vigorous putting forth to obtain an able, faithful dispenser of the word of God amongst them, and to encourage him therein, the neglect whereof this court, as they must and God willing, they will not permit for the future." *Book 5th, Court Orders, page 102.*

As Plymouth was so called from the fact of that being the name of the last port the Pilgrim Fathers left, so I conclude that our old township of Dartmouth was named from the circumstance of the two vessels, the Mayflower and the Speedwell, which it will be remembered sailed together, putting back to the port of Dartmouth on the British Channel, for repairs upon the latter vessel, and consequently it is reasonable to conclude that Dartmouth was early settled by some of the passengers that came over in the Mayflower, as the Speedwell was abandoned on account of unseaworthiness.\*

One of the earliest settlers of Dartmouth was Ralph Russell, who came from Pontipool, England, and had been engaged in the iron business with Henry and James Leonard of Taunton. He set up an iron forge at "Russell's Mills," which place received its name from him. Ralph Russell was the progenitor of the Russell families of New Bedford, and the ancestor in the fourth remove of Joseph Russell, from whom New Bedford received its name. In the year 1765, Joseph Rotch, grandfather of the late William Rotch, Jr., moved from Nantucket to this place, then known as Dartmouth, for the purpose of pursuing the business of the whale-fishery. Here he became acquainted with Joseph Russell, before mentioned, a substantial farmer, who included in his broad domain a large part

\* As no name of those who came over in the Mayflower appears among those of the early settlers, the name of Dartmouth was probably adopted by the original purchasers, all of whom were passengers in the Mayflower.



of the most valuable portion of the land on which New Bedford now stands. His residence, a large old-fashioned farm-house, stood at the head of William street, and near the mansion of Charles W. Morgan. Union street was his cart-path to the shore, at the head of which, on the County road, was a red gate. This way was afterwards called "King street," and subsequently "Main street," a name familiar to the ears of many of our citizens; and one which it is to be regretted has been set aside for the less agreeable and no more appropriate one now adopted. "Bridge street" was about the same time changed to "Middle street," a name far less characteristic of its origin, as well as that of old Main street, the latter having been the original main street of the place, and the former leading to the New-Bedford and Fairhaven bridge — proving that changes are not always improvements. The name King street, as the one in Boston formerly so called, was undoubtedly abandoned from patriotic motives.

As a little village had already begun to appear, it was thought necessary to give it a particular designation from the rest of the old township; and upon a public occasion Joseph Rotch suggested that the name should be "Bedford," in honor of Joseph Russell, who bore the family name of the Duke of Bedford, which was readily adopted by the rest of the inhabitants, and the old gentleman was afterwards known as "the Duke." This, it will be remembered, was in "the Old Colony days, when we

lived under the King." It being afterwards ascertained that the same name had been previously given to a town in the state, it was called New Bedford. Many of the early settlers of Dartmouth were Quakers, who probably sought this then sequestered region as an asylum for the enjoyment of their peculiar religious faith.

In the year 1671, the following order of court was passed, which probably grew out of the scruples of the settlers, as Quakers or Friends :

"1671. In reference unto the town of Dartmouth, it is ordered by court, that whereas a neglect the last year of the gathering in of the sum of fifteen pounds according to order of court to be kept in stock towards the support of such as may dispense the word of God unto them, it is again ordered by the court that the sum of fifteen pound be this year levied to be as a stock for the use aforesaid, to be delivered unto Arthur Hatheway and Serjeant Shaw, to be by them improved as opportunity may present for the ends aforesaid." *Book 5th, Court Orders, page 41.*

This order of court does not appear from the following one passed several years afterwards to have proved effectual. The good people at Plymouth appear to have been particularly exorcised for the spiritual interests of our early settlers.

"1674. Wednesday, the 24th of this instant, is appointed by the court for the inhabitants and purchasers of Dartmouth to meet together for the settling of the bounds of their town, at which time the Governour, Mr. Hinckley, the Treasurer, Mr. Walley, Lieut. Morton and John Tomson did engage to give meeting with others to propose and endeavour

that some provision may be made for the preaching of the word of God amongst them." *Book 5th, Court Orders, page 102.*

Capt. Gosnold, in 1602, named a round hill in the present township of Dartmouth, "Hap's Hill," lying between two good harbors, which fall within the limits of the said town, being Pascomanset and Apponeganset. The hill is unquestionably one of those now known as the "Round Hills," near "Dumpling Rock."

In my last chapter I made mention of the occupation of the island Cuttyhunk by Gosnold. On the 20th of June, 1797, Dr. Belknap, the historian, visited this island, and saw the cellar of a storehouse, built by Gosnold in 1602. The authenticity of this important relic has been doubted by some; but the writer of this history has the authority of several eye-witnesses in corroboration of this important fact. "It is a vestige of the first work performed by Europeans on the New England shores. Here they first penetrated the earth; here the first edifice was erected. And from this humble beginning have arisen cities, numerous, large and fair, in which are enjoyed all the refined delights of civilized life." Although Bartholomew Gosnold cannot be considered as the founder of New Bedford, yet, as he was the first Englishman or European who visited our shores, our history may with much propriety take its date from the time of his visit. Here, during the last of May or the first part of June, A. D. 1602, this "active, intrepid, and experienced seaman, from the west of England," landed upon our

shores, eighteen years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers upon Plymouth Rock. A more permanent settlement was intended, and had not the slight disagreement before alluded to taken place in the company, it would undoubtedly have been made.

“Prince Governour.

1660. A writing appointed to be recorded, as followeth :

At a general meeting of the purchasers, at Plymouth, the seventh of March, 1652, it was ordered and fully agreed unto and concluded by the whole that all that tract of lands lying from the purchasers' bounds on the west side of Acoughcusse to a river called Accusshaneck and three miles to the eastward of the same, with all islands, meadows, woods, waters, rivers, creeks, and all appurtenances, thereunto belonging, should be given to those whose names are hereunder written, containing thirty-four shares, and was then given, allotted, assigned and set over to them by the whole, to have and to hold to them and their heirs and assigns forever, to divide and dispose of the same as they should see good ; and they are to satisfy the Indians for the purchase thereof, and to bear all other due charges that shall any way arise about the same, according to their several proportions.

WILLIAM BRADFORD, a moiety.

CAPTAIN STANDISH.

MR. COLLYARE and SARAH  
BREWSTER.

MR. ALDEN.

MISTRESS WARREN.

ROBERT BARTLETT.

JOHN FAUNCE.

MANNASSES KEMPTON.

GEORGE MORTON.

JOHN DUNHAM.

WILLIAM PALMER.

THOMAS MORTON.

EDWARD HOLMAN.

MISTRESS JENNEY.

JOSHUA PRATT.

MR. HICKES.

THOMAS SOUTHWORTH.

JAMES HURST.

EDWARD DOTY.

JOHN SHAW.

FRANCIS COOKE.

JOHN COOKE.

SAMUEL CUTBERT.

JOHN CRACKSTON: the one-half of John Crackston land, which was Mr. William Brad-

ford, Senr. His land was passed  
over to the said William Brad-  
ford, to Mr. John Howland.

STEPHEN TRACYE.  
FRANCIS SPRAGUE.  
HENERY SAMPSON.  
PETER BROWNE.

CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH.  
GEORGE SOULE.  
PHILLIP DELANOY.  
MOSES SIMONS.  
EDWARD BUMPAS.  
FRANCIS EATON.

Whereas these purchasers, who by agreement of the whole had their proportions of purchase land falling unto them in the places above mentioned, who by agreement had their several names entered into a list together, with some other old-comers, under the hand of the Hon<sup>d</sup> Gov<sup>r</sup> late deceased, they did desire that the list of their names might be recorded, but the above-written original list of names, and the agreement, could not be found in some years, so that it was judged lost, these purchasers notwithstanding still desiring that what was their right might be recorded, whereupon order was given by the aforesaid Governour that it might be done, in which record, for want of the original list, the names of some are entered contrary to the original grant and agreement of the purchasers, as appears by it, and also by divers other purchasers as well as themselves, which is an occasion of some difference already, and may be of more, therefore it is ordered by the General Court held at Plymouth, the 8th June, 1660, that the abovesaid original list should be entered, and the other to stand in the book not defaced, but to be void, null and of none effect."

The following record, although nearly a recapitulation of the survey made by order of King Philip, as published in the first chapter, is interesting and valuable, as containing a full list of the names of the original purchasers of Dartmouth. This list was for several years lost, and the preceding record from memory was made; but the original being

afterwards found, it was recorded, and the other made null and void. Record of Deeds, Plymouth Colony, Book 2d, page 107.

“The names of those who by order of the purchasers met at Plymouth the seventh day of March, 1652, who by joint consent and agreement of the said purchasers are to have their parts, shares or proportions, at the place or places commonly called and known by the names of Acushena, alias Acquesent, which entereth in at the western end of Weecatay, and to Coaksett, alias Acoakus, and places adjacent, the bounds of which tract fully to extend three miles to the eastward of the most easterly part of the River or Bay called Acusshna aforesaid, and so along the sea-side to the river called Coaksett, lying on the west side of Point Pritt,\* and to the most westernmost side of any branch of the aforesaid river, and to extend eight miles into the woods, the said tract or tracts of land so bounded, as abovesaid, which is purchased of the Indians, which were the right proprietors thereof, as appears by a deed under their hands, with all marshes, meadows, rivers, waters, woods, timbers and other profits, privileges, emunities, commodities and appurtenances belonging to the said tract or tracts above expressed, or any part or parcel thereof, to belong unto the parties whose names are underwritten, who are in number thirty-four whole parts or shares, and no more, to them and their heirs and assigns forever:

MR. WILLIAM BRADFORD, one whole part or share.

CAPTAIN STANDISH, one whole part or share.

MR. JOHN ALDEN, one whole part or share.

MR. COLLYER and SARAH BREWSTER, one whole part or share.

MR. HOWLAND and WILLIAM BASSETT, one whole part or share.

GEORGE MORTON, one whole part or share.

MANASSES KEMPTON, one whole share.

JAMES HURST, one whole share.

JOHN DUNHAM, SENR., one whole share.

JOHN SHAW, SENR., one whole share.

\* Gooseberry Neck (Point Peril.)

FRANCIS COOKE, one whole share.  
JOHN COOKE, one whole share.  
JOSHUA PRATT, one whole share.  
GEORGE SOULE, one whole share.  
CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH, one whole share.  
THOMAS SOUTHWORTH, one whole share.  
Miss JENNINGS, one whole share.  
STEVEN TRACYE, one whole share.  
JOHN FAUNCE, one whole share.  
HENRY SAMPSON, one whole share.  
PHILIP DELANOYE, one whole share.  
Miss WARREN, one whole share.  
ROBERT BARTLETT, one whole share.  
WILLIAM PALMER, one whole share.  
EDWARD DOTYE, one whole share.  
SAMUEL HICKES, one whole share.  
PETER BROWNE, one whole share.  
FRANCIS SPRAGUE, one whole share.  
MOSES SIMONS, one whole share.  
SAMUEL EATON, one whole share.  
THOMAS MORTON, one whole share.  
SAMUEL CUTBERT, one whole share.  
EDWARD HOLMAN, one whole share.  
EDWARD BUMPASS, one whole share.

In all thirty-four parts or shares.”

So it appears that the whole township of Dartmouth in 1652 belonged to thirty-six persons:

## CHAPTER III.

CHARACTER OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF DARTMOUTH—  
 DESTRUCTION OF THEIR PROPERTY BY THE INDIANS—  
 ORDER OF COURT 1678, FOR MORE COMPACT SETTLE-  
 MENTS—OLD COLONY RECORDS—FREEMEN OF DART-  
 MOUTH—NAMES OF THE ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS—  
 PROPRIETORS' RECORDS—OLD HOUSES—INDIAN RELICS.

THE last chapter closed with the list of the names of the original purchasers of Dartmouth, but few of whom, however, settled here; and I have been able to trace but five or six out of the whole number, which was thirty-six, in the early records of the town. The land appears to have been taken up by a class of people not particularly identified with the Puritans, and many of them Quakers, whom the government at Plymouth, as will be seen by their Court orders, found it difficult to control. A frugal and industrious people, busily engaged in agriculture, the early settlers of Dartmouth do not appear to have been guilty of any other offense than the want of obedience to the rigid requisitions of the Court, in regard to the support of a ministry, and the observance of the Sabbath, according to the views of the government. But the sturdy Dartmouthians, with their strong admixture of the nonconformity of the disciples of George Fox, baffled their efforts with a steady perseverance, and in the year 1691 refused the payment of taxes, and sent no Representative to the Court.



The people of Dartmouth having suffered a great deal in the loss of property destroyed by the Indians, owing to their scattered way of living, the following Order of Court was passed:

"1678. To John Cooke, to be communicated to such of the former inhabitants of Dartmouth as are concerned herein. The Councell being now assembled, considering the reason and necessity of that order of the General Court made the 14th October, 1675, respecting the rebuilding or resettling the Town of Dartmouth, a copy whereof is herewith sent, and considering withall that all the people of that place, by their deserting it, have left it to the possession of the enemy, which through the good hand of God on the endeavours of this Colony is now recovered again out of the enemies' hand, do so much the more look at it as a duty incumbent on this Council to see the said order effectually attended, do therefore hereby prohibit all and every of the former inhabitants of the said town of Dartmouth, or their or any of their assigns, to make any enterance or building or settling in any part of the said former Township of Dartmouth untill satisfactory security be first given to the Court or Council by some of the principle persons heretofore belonging to that place that the said Court Order shall in all respects be attended by them, as the transgressors of this prohibition will answer the contrary at their peril." *Book 5, Court Orders, page 124.*

For a copy of the order referred to, see the previous chapter.

With the following orders, I shall close my extracts from the Old Colony Records. They are valuable as addition to the scanty materials afforded for my history of this early period.

"1664, June. At this Court all that tract of land commonly called and known by the name Acushena, Ponagansett and Coaksett is allowed by the Court to be a township, and the inhabitants thereof have liberty to make such orders as may conduce to their common good in town concernments, and that the said town be henceforth called and known by the name of Dartmouth." *Book 4th, Court Orders, page 72, Colony Records.*

"1665, June. Dartmouth proportion of the rates or taxes, 10 £." *Book 4, Court Orders, page 103.*

"1667, June. Serjeant James Shaw and Arthur Hatherway are appointed by the Court to exercise the men in armes in the town of Dartmouth." *Book 4th, Court Orders, page 104.*

"1667, July. John Cooke, of Dartmouth, is authorized by Court to make contracts of marriage in the town of Dartmouth, and likewise to administer an oath to give evidence to the Grand Inquest, and likewise to administer an oath to any witness for the trial of a case as occasion may require; and in case any person or persons residing in this jurisdiction shall have occasion to commence a suit against any stranger or foreigner, it shall be lawful for the said John Cooke to issue out warrants in His Majestie's name, to bind over any person or persons to answer the said suit at His Majestie's Court, to be holden at Plymouth at any time, by attachment or summons, as occasion may require, and that he shall give forth suppœnies to warn witnesses." *Book 4, Court Orders, page 163.*

"An exact list of all the freemen in Dartmouth on the 29th May, 1670:

JOHN COOKE,  
JOHN RUSSELL,  
JAMES SHAW,  
ARTHUR HATHERWAY,

WILLIAM SPOONER,  
SAMUEL HICKES,  
WILLIAM PALMER."

*Court Orders, Book 5, page 205.*

"1671, July. Arthur Hatheway, of Dartmouth, is appointed by Court to administer an oath to any witness, to give evidence to the Grand Inquest in that town, as occasion may require." *Book 5, Court Orders, page 48.*

"1673, 4th March. John Smith, of Dartmouth, is appointed to be Lieutenant of the military company of Dartmouth, and Jacob Michell to be ensign-bearer of the said company." *Book 5, Court Orders, page 96.*

But few of the original purchasers of Dartmouth settled here, as will be seen by comparing the following list of the names of the proprietors in the confirmatory deed of William Bradford, November 13th, 1694 :

MANASSEH KEMPTON,  
SETH POPE,  
JOHN RUSSELL,  
ARTHUR HATHAWAY,  
PELEG SLOCUM,  
STEPHEN WEST,  
JAMES SISSON,  
JOHN RUSSELL, Jr.,  
ABRAHAM TUCKER,  
JOHN TUCKER,  
THOMAS BRIGGS,  
JONATHAN RUSSELL,  
JOHN HATHAWAY,  
GEORGE CADMAN,  
JACOB MOTT,  
ELEAZER SMITH,  
RETURN BABCOCK,  
BENJAMIN HOWLAND,  
WILLIAM SHEARMAN,  
THOMAS TABER,  
JONATHAN DELANO,  
JOSEPH RUSSELL,  
STEPHEN PECKHAM,  
ISAAC POPE,  
ELEAZER SLOCUM,  
JOHN LAPHAM,  
JOSEPH RIPLEY,  
DANIEL SHERMAN,

MARY DAVIS,  
THOMAS TABER, Jr.,  
LETTICE JENNEY,  
SAMUEL ALLEN,  
VALENTINE HUDDLESTONE,  
EDMUND SHEARMAN,  
SAMUEL JENNY,  
MARK JENNY,  
AARON DAVIS,  
GILES SLOCUM,  
RALPH EARLE, Jr.,  
WILLIAM EARLE, son of R. E.,  
JOHN SHEARMAN,  
SAMUEL SPOONER,  
WILLIAM SPOONER,  
JOHN SPOONER, Jr.,  
JOHN SPOONER,  
THOMAS MITCHELL,  
JOHN TINKHAM,  
JOSEPH TRIPP,  
JAMES TRIPP,  
WILLIAM MACOMBER,  
SAMUEL CORNWELL,  
SAMUEL SHEARMAN,  
GERSHOM SMITH,  
SAMUEL HICKES,  
ELIZABETH RICKETSON,  
JOSEPH TABER.

By this it appears that Dartmouth at the date of this deed was owned by fifty-six persons, called proprietors.

The land was afterwards surveyed by Benjamin Crane, and divided, apportioning 800 acres to each proprietor — called in the old records “the eight-hundred-acre division.” Crane held a commission in the reign of Queen Anne, as surveyor, and became quite celebrated. His name is familiar to all who have consulted the “Proprietors’ Records.” These records are of much value in establishing the original boundaries of land, and are often brought into court for that purpose.

There are still standing several of the houses built by the original settlers, dating back to the time immediately succeeding “King Philip’s War,” which commenced in the year 1675. During the war the inhabitants of Dartmouth were completely dispersed by the Indians, and it is probable that most of the houses, except such as were used as garrisons, were destroyed. One of these old houses, now an interesting ruin, is owned by Thomas Wood, and stands about a mile to the northeast from the village of Acushnet, another in Oxford Village, Fairhaven, built by the ancestor of the late John Taber, still older. These are in the present township of Fairhaven. The next is in Dartmouth, about three miles from New Bedford, and on a cross road about one mile northeast from the village of Padanaram, lately occupied by David Howland, who died a few years since at an advanced age. The other, still in good preservation, and occupied, stands about four

miles to the south-west of Russell's Mills, owned by Peleg Sherman, and known as the "old Ricketson house," which was built by William Ricketson, who died in 1691. His wife was Elizabeth Ricketson, whose name appears in the list of proprietors. William Ricketson was one of the original proprietors of Dartmouth, and the ancestor of those who bear his name. All these houses, except the one in Oxford, were substantial two-storied buildings, with huge stone chimneys and capacious fireplaces with ovens, seen only in the oldest houses, capable of receiving several feet of wood, from four to six feet long, so that the children used to sometimes sit upon the ends of the logs, and look up the chimney at the stars. These houses were severally built by the ancestors of families still living upon or near the homes of their fathers.

The old stock of people of Dartmouth was an industrious, as well as a hardy and vigorous race; and to this day a good share of these qualities remains, giving enterprise and endurance to their possessors.

Besides the garrison at "Russell's Orchard," near the head of the Apponeganset River, there was another on the east side of the Acushnet River, a short distance northeast of the Isle of Marsh. The locations of both these garrisons are discernible, and there is a spring of water near each, the spot having probably been chosen with reference to them. Several Indian burial-places have been discovered in the vicinity of New Bedford within a few years, near the shores of the Acushnet, upon high and dry places. The remains of a large num-

ber of these once noble possessors of our soil have been exhumed, and at one time the writer examined the skulls of a number. In most of these, every tooth was preserved, and sound, both upon the upper and lower jaw, and many of them indicated an advanced age, the back or molar teeth being much worn and grooved. On some of these skulls the coarse black hair still remained. Arrow-heads, stone hatches, adzes, gouges, &c., have been from time to time turned up by the plough-share. The writer has in his possession a handsome and curiously wrought tobacco-pipe, manufactured from a dark-colored soft stone, taken from one of the Indian graves—also a quaint glass bottle and some trifling brass ornaments, indicating the burial to have taken place after the arrival of the white people. The bottle undoubtedly contained the Indians' great curse, "fire-water," as it was found with its nose resting upon the mouth of the skeleton. How great must have been the fall and degradation of the poor native, thus to desire the companionship of his greatest betrayer and destroyer, beyond the grave!

## CHAPTER IV.

THE EARLY FRIENDS OR QUAKERS—FIRST MEETING-HOUSE, BUILT IN 1699—VISIT OF EARLY ENGLISH FRIENDS—JOSEPH RUSSELL, SEN.—CAUSES OF THE DECLINE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS—RECORD OF MEETINGS—EARLY BUSINESS—JOSEPH RUSSELL, JR.—HIS ANCESTOR RALPH RUSSELL.

As I have before stated, the Friends early found their way to Dartmouth. Their first meeting-house was built in the year 1699, but a monthly meeting had been established previous to this time, which was held at a private house. This meeting-house was very large, and occupied the spot where the present Apponeganset meeting is held. The old house, having become somewhat dilapidated, and larger than was needed, was taken down many years ago, and the present, a smaller one, erected upon the same place. A yearly, or half-yearly meeting was at one time held here. The land, containing six acres, was given to the society by Peleg Slocum, in the year 1698. The name of this ancient Friend is mentioned in the journals of travelling ministers of the society at this time.

The Friends of Dartmouth were a numerous and influential people, and in the early part of the last century comprised a considerable portion of all the inhabitants. The influence of their principles and peculiarities are observable among the people generally of this quarter even at this day. Living at

peace with all men, of frugal but hospitable habits, the Friends soon became a prosperous and happy body. Devoted to agriculture and other simple and honorable pursuits of life, their homes became the abodes of comfort and cheerfulness, and so they continued until the unfortunate schisms entered among them, which, as has proved the case with other large Christian bodies, have broken and weakened their numbers and influence. Many of the early distinguished ministers of the society from Great Britain, as well as those from other parts of this country, visited the Dartmouth Friends. Although the devoted founder of the sect, George Fox, was in New England, and at Newport, in the year 1672, it does not appear that he reached Dartmouth, or the other meetings in this quarter. But Thomas Story and Samuel Bownas, who were among the original Friends, were here; the former as early as 1699, and again in 1704; the latter was in America as early as 1702, but did not reach Dartmouth until his second visit, in 1727. Samuel Bownas was a man of vigorous intellect, and an eloquent minister. He appears also to have been of a liberal spirit and a peace-maker, as the following extract from his journal shows. Speaking of a circumstance which occurred at that time in the meeting at Dartmouth, he says:

“A narrowness of spirit did some hurt amongst them, and produced some uneasiness, which I endeavored to remove; it was chiefly occasioned by a young man’s being, as some thought, too much in the fashion, although plain compared with some



others; yet some thought this reason sufficient to refuse his proposal of marriage among them, although well recommended from the monthly meeting where he was a member; upon which I shewed them that as he was so well recommended by certificate, they could not reject his proposal according to our discipline. The meeting, after we had some further conference about it, let the young people proceed, and matters grew easy, and the cloud of difference dispersed and vanished, which was like to have hurt both monthly meetings.

From thence [he adds] I went five miles to Joseph Russell's, in order to take shipping to Nantucket."

This Joseph Russell was the father of Joseph Russell, Jr., before spoken of as the founder of New Bedford. His house stood near the head of Walnut street.

The first Friends' meeting-house in New Bedford was built in the year 1785; this too was the first house built expressly for religious worship in New Bedford. A school-house had previously been their place of meeting. This building stood on the east side of Third street, between School and Walnut. The old meeting-house, having become too small for the society, was removed, and the present large and commodious brick edifice was built upon the lot the other had occupied, on Spring street, about thirty years ago. The land, comprising nearly half an acre, was given them by the afore-said Joseph Russell, who was a member of the society.

Until within a short time previous to this, the society of Friends in New Bedford as well as in

Dartmouth had continued to prosper, and among its members were still included a large portion of the most respectable and enterprising inhabitants. But the palmy days of the society were fast passing away, and even as early as 1807, a writer on Nantucket says:

“The number of the Quakers [there] is probably diminishing, for many are driven from their society by the strictness of their discipline.”

But the great schism, principally on doctrinal grounds, which commenced about thirty-five years since, gave the destructive blow to the society, and here as well as elsewhere its influence was severely felt. Many who had long been among the most influential and exemplary members withdrew, or were disowned upon grounds of a difference of opinion on doctrinal points. Those who adhered to the doctrine of the Unity were denominated by the one party, “Hicksites,” and those who adhered to the doctrine of the Trinity (although they repudiate this term) were called by the other, Orthodox. These distinctions still remain; but each party has suffered still further divisions in its ranks.

The society of Friends has done a good work; and the cause of truth and humanity will ever be indebted to them for their support and promotion. Could they but exercise still further the true spirit of Christian liberality, their usefulness in the cause of human progress would be greater; but the rigor of their rules and regulations (“the discipline” of the society, so called) is thought to be unfavorable to their increase as a sect.

The early Friends were a plain and self-sacrificing people, and the testimonies which they bore with so much heroic fortitude against the bitterest persecution, were not without their influence upon many not members of their society.

It is fervently to be hoped, then, that a society on the perpetuity of whose peaceful principles so much of the well-being of mankind depends, will once more, forgetting all minor differences of opinion, become, in the language of the poet Cowper, "like kindred drops united into one."

There are at present 14 meetings of Friends within the limits of the old town of Dartmouth, — two at Apponeganset (the oldest,) one each at Smith's Neck and Allen's Neck, two in Westport, two at Newtown (Smith's Mills,) two in New Bedford, and one each at Acushnet, Long Plain, Rochester and Fairhaven. These are divided into three monthly meetings, so called. According to a pamphlet published in 1849, Dartmouth had at that time 202 members, Westport 178 members, New Bedford 445 members—the aggregate 825 members. There are two quarterly meetings held annually in New Bedford, viz., on the first 5th-day in the 4th and 12th months, forming a part of the Sandwich quarterly meeting. The other two quarters are held at Sandwich and Falmouth.

The early business men, and many of the mechanics, were members of the society of Friends, and to their industry and enterprise the present prosperity of New Bedford is much indebted. They laid the foundation on which the superstruct-

ure of our great commercial establishment has been built, now the third seaport in the tonnage of sailing vessels in the United States. Though the war with the mother country crushed the business of New Bedford, a portion of the place, as well as the shipping, having been burnt by the British troops, still they persevered, until finally, by the beginning of the present century, the village of Bedford had become next to Nantucket in number of vessels and amount invested in the whale-fishery. It is to be hoped that the example of these worthy men of business for probity will be respected and emulated, so that we may reasonably hope for a continuance of that prosperity which their honest enterprise did so much to produce.

It is my intention in this history to make a few biographical notices of some of the early settlers of New Bedford and the old township of Dartmouth, and of a few of the more prominent ones of a later date,—those identified with the growth and prosperity of our place. In these records I shall endeavor to be just and true, “nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice.” Should I therefore give offence to any friend or relative of a subject under notice, it will be unintentional.

Joseph Russell, of whom I have before spoken as the founder of New Bedford, was born in the old township of Dartmouth, near the head of the present Walnut street, September 8th, 1722, O. S., and died at his house, which, as before stated, stood at the head of William street, September 16th, 1840, aged 82 years. He was descended from

Ralph Russell, before mentioned, whose name appears the earliest among the settlers of Dartmouth, having established an iron-forge at "Russell's Mills," so called from this circumstance, and who had previously been connected with the Leonards in the iron business at Taunton, as will appear by the following record:

"In 1652, the first extensive iron-works in North America were erected at Taunton by James Leonard, Henry Leonard, and Ralph Russell, who came from Pontypool, Monmouthshire, England, and settled first at Braintree. It was at a town meeting conferred and agreed upon between the inhabitants of Taunton and Henry Leonard of Braintree:

*'Imprimis.* It was agreed and granted by the town to the said Henry Leonard, and James Leonard his brother, and Ralph Russell, free consent to come hither and join with certain of our inhabitants to set up a bloomery-work on the "Two Mile River."'

Ralph Russell removed to Dartmouth and was the progenitor of a numerous and respectable posterity." *Baylies' History Plymouth Colony, part II, page 268.*

## CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST REPRESENTATIVE TO THE OLD COLONY COURT,  
JOHN RUSSELL—NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAD TAKEN  
THE OATH OF FIDELITY, 1684—OLD RECORD—EARLY  
LAND-OWNERS—LONGEVITY OF EARLY INHABITANTS—  
FIRST HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE OF BEDFORD—FIRST  
SHIP—HER PART IN THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

1665. THE township of Dartmouth was represented at the Old Colony Court, Plymouth, for the first time, by John Russell, who was probably a son of Ralph Russell, before mentioned, who established the iron-forge at Russell's Mills. This village was at that time and for many years afterwards the head-quarters of Dartmouth. It is pleasantly situated upon the west side of the Pascamanset or Slocum's River, and the scenery around is remarkable for its picturesque beauty. This river takes its rise in the north part of the township of New Bedford, at the beautiful little lake near the residence of Jonathan Tobey, about eight miles from the city. This lake or pond is generally known as "Myles's Pond," but the Indian name for it was "Sassaquin."\* The stream affords valuable water-power in its course, particularly at the pleasant and thriving little village of Smith's Mills, North Dartmouth, where there is a substan-

\* Sassaquin was probably the name of a chief who resided upon the shore of this lake; as Tispaquin, a small lake in Plymouth County, was so called from the sachem of that name—sometimes in the old records written Watuspaquin.

tial stone grist-mill and a factory, owned by Messrs. William & John Cummings.

John Russell represented the town of Dartmouth from 1665 to 1683, with the exception of two years, 1666 and 1673, when John Cooke, whose name, as well as that of John Russell, is among those of the original proprietors mentioned in the confirmatory deed of 1692, was chosen. 1685, Joseph Tripp was the representative; 1686, John Cooke; 1689-90, Seth Pope. It is probable for several of the first years the representative made his journey to Plymouth on foot and by the old Indian paths. The distance from Russell's Mills to Plymouth could not have been less than forty miles. This journey in the winter season must have been quite a formidable affair, as the snow would be deep in the woods and render snow-shoes necessary. We can imagine one of these sturdy yeomen, warmly wrapped up in his home-manufactured wool, perhaps with a friendly Indian as guide, plodding his way through the narrow forest path, his mind possessed with the importance of his office and his mission. The number of representatives would undoubtedly be satisfactorily small to the closest economist if such a mode of reaching the seat of government were now required.

"1684. Here follows the names of those that have taken the oath of fidelity:

JOHN COOKE,  
JOHN RUSSELL,  
JOHN SMITH,  
ARTHUR HATHAWAY,  
SAMUEL ———,

RICHARD KIRBY,  
JOSEPH TRIPP,  
JONATHAN DELANO,  
THOMAS TABER,  
JONATHAN RUSSELL,

JAMES LAWSON,  
JOHN SHEARMAN,

WILLIAM WOOD,  
SAMUEL CORNELL.”  
*Dartmouth Records.*

The books in which these early records were kept are in a very dilapidated state, and a considerable portion on separate leaves, without any order or arrangement. They have evidently been consulted a great deal, appearing much worn, and in some parts quite illegible. Those descended from the early settlers who are desirous of making a genealogical record will find these old books of value for reference.

The “Proprietors’ Records”\* are quite voluminous, and contain records of the original purchases, and the surveys made by “old Crane,” as he is familiarly termed, who held his commission, as before stated, under Queen Anne. I shall for the present leave these old records for future reference, and make such extracts from them from time to time, as may be necessary for my object.

Previous to the Revolution, the land of New Bedford lying between the “Cove” and the “Head of the River” was mostly owned by a few families; commencing south with the Allens, thence north, the Russells, Kemptons, Willises, Peckhams, Hathaways, and the Wrightingtons. These people were substantial farmers, and the old large and comfortable farm-houses of each of these families generally stood upon the west side of the County road, and within the memory of many now living.

\* These are now in the safe of the Register of Deeds office, New Bedford.



Their farms extended to the river on the east, and about the same distance on the west, embracing extensive fields, pastures, and woodlands. The observer will be surprised to ascertain upon survey how large a portion of this section was arranged into farms more than a hundred years ago, regularly walled, with the stone in their natural state, and in many places standing as firmly at the present day as when first built. The amount of labor done by these worthies in clearing, fencing, and bringing into a state of culture these large tracts of land, must have been very great. There was no complaint of poor soil in those days; large families were reared; and the products of the soil supplied all the necessaries and many of the comforts of life. A more robust, happy, and prosperous people than the old yeomanry of Dartmouth could hardly be found. The original stock of the people of New Bedford was a long-lived race, many of them reaching ninety years; and one case of extreme longevity, that of Patience Kempton, who died in the year 1779, aged one hundred and five years six months. She was a daughter of Elder John Faunce, of Plymouth, who died in 1745, aged ninety-nine years. It is my intention hereafter to make a record of those of our inhabitants remarkable for longevity.

“In the winter of 1760, John Loudon of Pembroke purchased of Joseph Russell an acre of land, the first lot that was sold from his homestead farm, a few rods south of what is now called the Four Corners, on which he erected a house in the sum-

mer of 1761. The deed of the land was drawn by Jireh Willis, Esq. This was the first house erected within the limits of the then contemplated village. Several other houses had been erected previous to the year 1765, when Joseph Rotch made his purchase."

The older houses upon the farms along the County road were not included in the village.

In the year 1767 the first ship was launched. She was built under some buttonwood trees, near where Hazard's wharf now lies. Her name was the Dartmouth, and belonged to Francis,\* son of Joseph Rotch. The first voyage she made was to London, with a cargo of whale oil, and while going out of the bay struck upon a ledge of rocks, but was not materially injured. This was one of the vessels that carried the tea into Boston harbor which was thrown overboard.

The following account of this affair, so important in its consequences, is from Gordon's History of the American Revolution, the oldest record of the circumstances I have been able to obtain, and written by a cotemporary. The author, William Gordon, D. D., although an Englishman, appears in this sketch, as well as in his other historical records of the events of the Revolution, to have been free from undue bias against the Americans.

"The day before the last meeting [the meeting of the Governor and his Council, 29th November, 1773] Captain Hall, in the Dartmouth, came to an

\* The widow of this gentleman is still living in this city at an advanced age, by whom I am informed that it was her husband, and not his father, who owned the Dartmouth.

anchor near the castle, having on board one hundred and fourteen chests of tea; and on the day of their meeting comes into the harbor. On the same day a notification is posted up in all the parts of the town, inviting every friend to his country to meet at nine o'clock to make united resistance to the most destructive measures of the administration.

The meeting of the people at Boston and the neighboring towns is continued by adjournment to the next day (November 30th,) when it is determined that the tea shall be returned. Faneuil Hall being too small for the assembly, they adjourn to the Old South meeting-house, and confirm the former determination by voting 'that the tea shall not be landed, that no duties shall be paid, and that it shall be sent back in the same bottom.' They further vote 'that Mr. Rotch, the owner of the vessel, be directed not to enter the tea at his peril, and that Captain Hall be informed, and at his peril not to suffer any of the tea to be landed.' They also appointed a watch of twenty-five men to be a guard upon the Dartmouth, lying at Griffin's wharf. A letter is received from the consignees, offering to store the teas till they can write and receive further orders, but the proposal is rejected. Mr. Greenleaf, the sheriff, appears, and begs leave to read a proclamation from the Governor, which requires the people forthwith to disperse, and to surcease all further proceedings. He is allowed to do it; and upon finishing, there is a loud and general hiss. The people afterward vote 'that Captain Bruce on his arrival do conform to the votes respecting Hall's vessel; that no tea from Great Britain be landed or sold till the act imposing the duty is repealed; that the captain of the present watch be desired to make out a list for the next night, and so on until the vessels leave the harbor; that should the watch be molested, that the inhabitants be alarmed by the tolling of the

bells at night, and the ringing of them in the day; that six persons be appointed to give notice to the country towns upon any important occasion; that every vessel with tea have a proper watch; and that their brethren in the country be desired to afford their assistance on the first notice.’”

“December 14th. The people of Boston and the neighboring towns that have agreed to act in concert with Boston meet at the Old South meeting-house, and conclude upon ordering Mr. Rotch to apply immediately for a clearance for his ship. Meanwhile the Governor receiving intimation that she would be sent to sea, and that it might not be through the ordinary channel by the castle, acquaints Admiral Montague, and desires him to take the proper precautions; on which the Admiral orders the *Active* and *King Fisher* to be fitted for sea, and to fall down and guard the passages out of the harbor. The Governor likewise renews in writing his orders to Colonel Leslie to suffer no vessel, coasters excepted, to pass the fortress from the town without a permit signed by himself. A sufficient number of guns are loaded on this special occasion.”

“The assembly are acquainted that the Collector cannot give Mr. Rotch a clearance until the vessel is discharged of dutiable articles.

November 16. Mr. Samuel Phillips Savage, of Weston, is chosen moderator. The number assembled from town and country is thought to be some thousands. Upon the present crisis several gentlemen deliver their sentiments; and Mr. Josiah Quincy, Jr., his, to the following purpose:—

‘It is not, Mr. Moderator, the spirit that vapors within these walls that must stand us in stead. The exertions of this day will call forth events which will make a very different spirit necessary for our salvation. Whoever supposes that shouts

and hosannas will terminate the trials of this day entertains a childish fancy. We must be grossly ignorant of the importance and value of the prize for which we contend; we must be equally ignorant of the power of those who have combined against us; we must be blind to that malice, inveteracy, and insatiable revenge, which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, to hope that we shall end this without the sharpest conflicts—to flatter ourselves that popular resolves, popular harangues, popular acclamations, and popular vapor, will vanquish our foes. Let us consider before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw.’

About three o’clock in the afternoon the question is put: ‘Will you abide by your former resolution with respect to not suffering the tea to be landed?’ It passes in the affirmative, *nem. con.* Mr. Rotch is ordered to make a protest and procure a pass for his vessel. He waits upon the Governor at Milton, who offers to give him a letter to the Admiral for protection, which he declines, fearing in that case the rage of the people, and being in no concern about his ship, as that is not the object of resentment, but the tea. He intimates to the Governor that some of the leaders of the people wish the ship to go down and be stopped at the castle, ‘for then they will be rid of the affair, and may say they have done all in their power.’ While Mr. Rotch is absent, the speakers in the meeting keep the people together by engaging their attention till he returns, which is before six o’clock, when he informs the body that upon applying to the Governor for a pass, he received for an answer, ‘I cannot give you a pass consistent with the laws and my duty to my King, unless the vessel is properly qualified from the Custom-House.’ Upon this there is a great deal of dis-

puting, when a person disguised like an Indian gives the war-hoop in the front gallery, where there are few if any besides himself. Upon this signal it is moved and voted that the meeting be immediately dissolved. The people crowd out and run in numbers to Griffin's wharf. At the same instant a number of persons, chiefly masters of vessels and ship-builders from the north end of the town, about seventeen, though judged to be many more as they run along across Fort Hill, dressed as Indians and repair to the tea-ships, and in about two hours hoist out of them and break open three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, and discharge their contents into the salt water. They are not in the least molested. The multitude of spectators upon and about the wharf serve as a covering party. The whole business is conducted with very little tumult, and no damage done to the vessels or any other property; when finished, the people return quietly to their own towns and habitations."

I have made an extract of this full and particular account of that famous event sometimes styled the "Boston Tea-Party," for the purpose of showing the part which one of our early citizens and his ship held in the matter.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE WHALE-FISHERY—BURKE'S TRIBUTE TO THE EARLY  
 WHALEMEN—EARLY ENTERPRISES—THE EFFECTS OF  
 THE REVOLUTION—THE OLD SHIP REBECCA—ANEC-  
 DOTE OF THE EARLY STRICTNESS OF FRIENDS—RELICS  
 OF WHALING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE beautiful and eloquent tribute of Edmund Burke to the early whalers of New England, in his noble speech before the British House of Commons in behalf of the American colonies, has been often quoted; but I do not know of a more appropriate introduction to the sketch of this most important branch of commercial enterprise, in which our history is so intimately interested, than by bringing it before my readers in this place.

“Look at the manner in which the people of New England have carried on the whale-fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis' Strait—whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold—that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equatorial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Af-

rica, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No ocean but what is vexed with their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this perilous mode of hardy enterprise to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people,—a people who are still, as it were, in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.”

And this people, so justly eulogized for their hardy and noble daring and enterprise, were natives of Nantucket and New Bedford,—men whose youth and manhood were spent upon the ocean, and in whose declining years many of us remember as among our most useful and honored citizens. The debt our nation, as well as ourselves, owes to them is very great, and their virtues and sacrifices should ever be duly remembered.

The whale-fishery is of a very ancient origin, and dates back even before the time of Alfred the Great. But the information in regard to it at this early period, as well as for several centuries afterwards, is merely incidental, yet sufficient to establish the fact that it was an enterprise early engaged in by those adventurous pioneers upon the ocean, the old Northmen. The whale was not only sought after by these hardy seamen for the oil it produced, but also for the food which they obtained from the tongue. And even at the present day the whale is nearly as important and necessary to the natives of the Northwest Coast, as a means of livelihood, as



the buffalo is to the Indian beyond the Rocky Mountains, or the reindeer to the Laplander.

At this early period it is not probable the whale-bone was deemed of much importance; but in the fifteenth century it became an article of commerce, and was estimated at an enormous value; and the tail of every whale taken by her subjects was reserved for the especial use of the Queen of England.

The Portuguese, during the same century (the 15th,) were noted for their marine adventures, pushing their hopeful enterprises beyond the stormy cape of Africa, which in their enthusiastic confidence they named "the Cape of Good Hope." The Portuguese as well as the Spaniards, those upon the maritime districts, have ever evinced a strong love for the ocean; and for many years the former have been more or less to be found among our whalers, many of them excellent seamen, but unfortunately too often of a violent and revengeful nature. A part of New Bedford at the south end of Water street is now known as Fayal, from the large number of the Portuguese from that and other ports in the Portuguese dominions. In fact our city is a microcosm. Not only the Portuguese and Spaniard, but Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, German, French, English, Scotch, Irish, and other natives of Europe, as well as of Asia and Africa, the Sandwich-Islanders, New-Zealanders, &c., &c., are to be found among our seamen, and more or less of them in port the greater part of the time.

The Dutch were also early famous for their maritime exploits, and the whale-fishery was for a

long time prosecuted by them with great vigor. To them is attributed the improvement if not the invention of the harpoon, the use of the reel and line and the lance. At one time the Dutch had a fishing settlement, or place of rendezvous, on the island of Spitzbergen.

The attention of the early settlers of New England was early called to the whale-fishery, from the unyielding nature of the soil, which rendered it necessary for them to look to the sea for their sustenance. As early as 1690 they had reached the banks of Newfoundland in their pursuit of whales. But the voyages of the early whalers of Nantucket and New Bedford were upon the coast, and for several years did not reach beyond the capes of Virginia and Cape Hatteras. The "right whale," *balæna mysticetus*, was the only species known to the first adventurers. The "sperm whale," the *cachelot* or *physeter macrocephalus*, was not found until they had reached more southern latitudes.

In the 16th century the Biscay fishermen, following in the track of Sebastian Cabot, had pursued the whale-fishery to the banks of Newfoundland, and probably farther south, for in the abstract made by Dr. Belknap from the journal of the voyage of Gosnold to this coast, is recorded the following passage:

"From a rock which they called 'Savage Rock,' a shallop of European fabric came off to them, in which were eight savages, two or three of whom were dressed in European habits. From these circumstances they concluded that some fishing-

vessel of Biscay had been there, and that the crew were destroyed by the natives."

The war with England completely broke up the whale-fishery, for, notwithstanding the noble effort of the great statesman before quoted, the government of Great Britain turned a deaf ear to all the advice and remonstrance of her friends.

The mother country, not satisfied with having so completely frustrated the business of our forefathers by the war of the Revolution, after peace had been declared, continued to offer the bounty, equal to forty dollars for each man employed, which they had done previous to the war. But few Americans, however, accepted this bribe; and notwithstanding the efforts of the King of France, Louis XVI, who fitted out several vessels on his own account, and offered a bounty of nine dollars to every American whaler who should emigrate to France, the whale-fishery here continued to increase, and in the year 1789 an average of one hundred and twenty-two vessels was employed.

The whale-fishery has claimed the attention of many literary and scientific men, and the works of Scoresby and other English writers upon the Arctic regions and the Northern whale-fishery,\* are full of

\* *An Account of the Arctic Regions; with a History and Description of the Northern Whale-Fishery.* By William Scoresby, Jr., F. R. S. E. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1820.

*Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale-Fishery, &c., in the Summer of 1822.* By William Scoresby, Jr., &c. Edinburgh, 1823.

"DEATH OF DR. SCORESBY. Dr. Scoresby, the veteran of Arctic enterprise, died at Torquay, England, on the 21st of March, 1857, after a lingering illness. Science loses a great deal by his death. His father was one of the most daring and successful seamen in the northern whale-fishery, when that service was among the chief sources

interesting and instructive matter. The speech of the Hon. William H. Seward before the United States Senate in 1852 is a valuable compendium of all the most important statistics of this great branch of commerce. And to these productions I am indebted for many of the most important facts and statements herein made.

To Joseph Russell, the founder of New Bedford, is also attributed the honor of being the pioneer of the whale-fishery of New Bedford. It is well authenticated by the statements of several cotemporaries, lately deceased, that Joseph Russell had pursued the business as early as the year 1755. As early as 1765, "the sloops Nancy, Polly, Greyhound, and Hannah, all from forty to sixty tons, owned by Joseph Russell, Caleb Russell, and William Tallman, were employed in the whale-fishery."

These vessels made their voyages during the warm weather, and the whales were taken off the capes of Virginia, so that but a few weeks' absence was required for the accomplishment of the

of the commercial wealth of the nation and one of the best nurseries of the British navy; and the deceased, from his youth, was inured to the hardships and perils of the Arctic seas. After his retirement from active service at sea, says the Literary Gazette, he resolved to enter the church; and after holding appointments in less congenial localities, he found in the maritime town of Hull a sphere which afforded full scope for his benevolent efforts for the social and spiritual welfare of sailors.

His scientific career in the latter years of his life is well known. His reports to the British Association, and his numerous observations on the influence of the iron of vessels on the compass, were connected with inquiries of the utmost importance to navigation. It was in prosecuting these researches, and with a view to determine various questions of magnetic science, that Dr. Scoresby undertook a voyage to Australia, from which he returned in 1856, with his constitution much enfeebled from the arduous labors to which he had subjected himself."

voyage. The process of trying out the oil was deferred until their arrival home, when the vessels were brought as near as possible to the shore upon the broadside, and the butts containing the pieces of the whale called blubber were drawn to the try-house near the shore by ox teams. The place of landing, with the original try-works, was near the foot of Centre street.

The account-books of our first merchant as well as the founder of New Bedford, Joseph Russell, are now in the possession of his grandson, William T. Russell, of this city. They were kept with great accuracy, in sterling currency of course, and the penmanship very handsome. They commence in the year 1770 and continue to 1777.

Other vessels were added by Mr. Russell, viz.: the brig Joseph & Judith, the latter name for his wife, whose maiden name was Judith Howland; the brig Patience, for one of his daughters; the brig No Duty on Tea; and the brig Russell. These vessels were all employed in the whale-fishery, which had now reached to the West Indies, the Bay of Mexico, Western Islands, and even to the coasts of Brazil and Guinea.

The war with the mother country, as before stated, put a stop to the business, but it was again resumed immediately after the declaration of peace. The voyages now became more arduous, and were extended to the Indian and Pacific Oceans.

“The ship Rebecca, Joseph Kersey, master, is said to have been the first American whaler that doubled Cape Horn and obtained a cargo of oil in the Pa-

cific Ocean. She was owned by Joseph Russell & Sons, and Cornelius Howland, and sailed from New Bedford the 28th of September, 1791, and returned the 23d of February, 1793, with a full cargo of oil."

The late Captain Joseph Wheldon of North Fairhaven was a boatsteerer in the Rebecca on this voyage. On a visit to him a short time previous to his death, he stated to the writer that he received two hundred dollars in silver from the late Gilbert Russell in the settlement of his voyage, and that he never felt richer in his life than at this time.

The Rebecca was built in New Bedford by George Claghorn, and was launched in the month of March, 1785, near the spot now occupied by the wharf of the late firm of Wilcox & Richmond. Col. Claghorn was also the builder of the United States frigate Constitution.\*

A handsome female figure-head had been made in Philadelphia for the Rebecca, and was placed upon her previous to launching; but there being considerable objection made to it on the part of members of the society of Friends, of which the owners were members, it was removed. A mock funeral was held over it by a few gay young men, one or more of them sons of Joseph Russell, when it was buried in the sand upon the shore.

\*The following advertisement appeared in "Russell's Commercial Gazette," Boston, Sept. 11, 1797:

**NAVY YARD, BOSTON.**

**T**HE Constructor has the honor to inform his Fellow-Citizens that the Frigate CONSTITUTION is to be launched into her destined Element on Wednesday, the 20th inst., at 11 o'clock. **GEORGE CLAGHORN.**

Although the Rebecca was only of 175 tons, she was considered a very large vessel, and was visited as an object of wonder. It was no small matter to obtain a captain sufficiently experienced to take charge. At length Capt. Haydon, who had made several foreign voyages, was engaged, and the late Capt. Cornelius Grinnell was her first mate. The ship proceeded to Philadelphia, and thence took a cargo to Liverpool. The captain on the return passage was taken ill, and rendered incapable of continuing the command, which devolved upon the first mate, who conducted the voyage so much to the satisfaction of the owners that the command of her was given to him on the next voyage. Capt. Grinnell was one of our most successful ship-masters, a gentleman of the old school, and one of that class of worthies with which the rise and progress of New Bedford is inseparably connected. The Rebecca was finally lost on her homeward passage from Liverpool in the winter of 1803-4. She is supposed to have foundered during a severe gale which occurred on the coast of England soon after she left port.

The Rebecca was so named from the eldest daughter of Joseph Russell, the wife of Daniel Ricketson. She died 3d mo. 1st, 1836, aged 90 years, at the house of her son the late Joseph Ricketson.

The following reminiscences of the whale-fishery, furnished by William C. Maxfeld of this city, and previously published in the *New-Bedford Mercury*, are interesting and valuable:

“The first, a license issued from the Custom-House at Newport, bearing date the 4th day of September, 1770, to the sloop called the Wren, is signed by Joseph Wanton, Esq., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty’s Colony of Rhode Island, &c., and countersigned by Charles Dudley, Collector, and bears the broad seal of the Colony of Rhode Island, and also the seal of the Customs of the port of Newport. Stephen Davis, of Dartmouth, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, is master of the Wren, and takes the necessary oath. She is a square-sterned vessel of eighteen tons burthen, was built in Dartmouth in 1770, and was owned by the master, Caleb Tripp, and William Davis of Dartmouth. By indorsements on the back, we find that she was afterwards commanded by William Tillinghast, Fortunatus Shearman, Jonathan Soule, Daniel Tripp and William Smith.

We have next a journal of the whaling-voyage of the sloop Betsey, of Dartmouth. The first page of this is missing. The first date is July 27th, 1761. We give the following extracts from the log. It will be seen that the names of the captains spoken with are given, but not those of their vessels.

‘August 2d, 1761. Lat. 45 54, lon. 53 57, saw two sperm whales; killed one.’

‘August 4th. Lat. 44 27, lon. 51 36, sounded on the Grand Bank, in 45 fathoms. Saw humpbacks.’

‘August 6th. Spoke with John Clasbe; he had got 105 bbls.; told us Seth Folger had got 150 bbls. Spoke with two Nantucket men; they had got one whale between them; they told us that Jenkins & Dunham had got four whales between them, and Allen & Pease had got 2 whales between them. Lat 42 57.’

‘Sunday, August 9th. Saw sperm whales; struck two and killed them between us,’ (naming their consort.)



'August 10th. Cut up our blubber into casks ; filled 35 hhds.; our partner filled 33 hhds. Judged ourselves to be not far from the Banks. Finished stowing the hold.'

'August 14th. Sounded; got 45 fathoms. Tried for codfish, but got none.'

'August 20. Lat. 44 deg. 2 min. This morning spoke with Thomas Gibbs; had got 110 bbls.; told us he had spoke with John Akin and Ephraim Delano and Thomas Nye; they had got no oil at all. Sounded; got no bottom. Thomas Gibbs told us we were but two leagues off the Bank.'

'August 22. This morning saw a spermaceti and killed her. Saw a sail to leeward, standing westward.'

'August 23. Went to work on the head; filled six hhds. Went on board Capt. Shearman and rafted blubber.'

'August 28. This morning saw a sloop; spoke with her; it was Wilmot West; had got 65 bbls. Saw a spermaceti; it set in foggy; lost sight of him. Lat. 43 deg. 22 min.'

'August 30. Saw a spermaceti, but could not strike her. Lat. 43 deg. 14 min.'

'August 31. Squally; thunder and lightning. Saw spermaceties plenty.'

'Sept. 2. Saw a spermaceti spout. It set in thick and foggy.'

'Sept. 3. This morning at 8 saw a spermaceti; got into her two short warps and the tow-iron; she drew the short warps and the tow-iron, and ran away. In the afternoon came across her; got another iron in, but she went away. Judge ourselves to be nigh the Banks.'

'Sept. 5. Saw spermaceties; chased, but could not strike.'

‘Sept. 6. Yesterday afternoon saw whales; struck one, but never saw her again.’

‘Sept. 7. Saw a school of small spermaceties; Captain Shearman struck one out of the vessel and killed her; brought her alongside of our vessel; cut in her body. Lat. 43 deg.’

On the 17th Sept. they made the land, and supposed to have ended the voyage. The rest of the log for that voyage is missing. The captain’s name of the sloop Betsey does not appear. No estimate is given of the oil taken.

This journal shows that sperm whales were taken near the Newfoundland Banks, and that several vessels cruised about that ground as early as 1761.

We now give the following abstracts from the journal of a whaling voyage dated 1762, in the same hand-writing as the preceding journal. The journal of the commencement of the voyage, and while they were on the cruising-ground for whales, is missing. The first date of the journal is 2d Sept., 1762; at this date it appears they had put away for home; oil obtained not stated.

‘Sept. 2, 1762. This day judged ourselves to be abreast of Cape Race. Spoke with Shubel Bunker and Benjamin Paddock; they told us that we were 15 leagues to the westward of the Bank.’

‘Sept. 3. Kept her W. by N.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N.; wind east; moderate, but a bad sea. Knocked down try-works.’

‘Sept. 15. Spoke Henry Folger and Nathan Coffin; they judge they came off of Brown’s Bank yesterday, and off George’s this morning.’

‘Sept. 17. Made land, the Highlands of Cape Cod.’

Here the journal ends, without giving the name of the port they arrived at.

We have next the following, illustrative of what would be called a poor voyage in these days:

## SETTLEMENT OF SLOOP BETSEY'S WHALE VOYAGE, 1767.

Tuns.	Bbls.	Gals.		
8	6	2½	body oil, at £150 per tun,	£1313 17 6
1	7		head matter, at £200,	375
				<hr/>
Sundry charges for settling the voyage,				£1688 17 6
				56 19 8
				<hr/>
Men's shares,				£1631 17 10
				709 19
				<hr/>
Sundry bills against the sloop for outfits,				£921 18 10
				1140 12 1
				<hr/>
Leaving a loss to the owners of				£218 13 3

Upon the back of the log we find some figure-work, headed 'What we judge we owe Joseph Rotch & Sons for sloop Betsey,' which throws some light upon the cost of fitting a whaler at that time. It is as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Before we began to fit for whaling,	45	00	0
4 bbls. of Pork,	103	10	0
60 lbs. of Tallow,	15	00	0
60 lbs. of Butter,	20	10	0
1 Tow-line,	53	00	0
45 bushels of Corn,	50	12	6
3 cwt. of Bread,	14	00	0
66 qr. of Flour,	17	10	0
Leather and sundries,	15	00	0
Coffee—1 Cheese,	18	00	0
2 bushels of Beans,	4	00	0
1 cwt. of Cordage,	34	00	0
2 lbs. of Twine and Brecks,	11	18	0
<hr/>			
	£402	00	6

We then have the following additional memoranda of expenses:

Tallman & Russell, to 5 lbs. tea,	10	12	6
Two pails, and 1 shovel, and boards,	9	10	0
Tabour, for mending boats,	12	00	0
Richard Dilno and Abisha Dilno,	22	10	0
Jonathan Smith & Sampson, blacksmith,	35	00	0
Louden & Hudson,	10	00	0
William Claghorn, sundries,	134	00	0
<hr/>			
Carried over,	£635	13	0

	£	s.	d.
Brought over,	635	13	0
David Shepherd, new cask,	150	00	0
Sundries put in,	40	00	0
John Slocum, sundries,	288	00	0
Cheese,	23	00	0
Jethro Hathaway, beef, 166 lbs.,	14	00	0
	<hr/>		
	£1100	13	0

Thus it will be seen that when our fathers began to do business upon the great waters, it was by no means upon the scale of our present great commercial enterprises. It does not become us, however, to forget the debt we owe so entirely to their enterprise, bravery and hardihood."

The following is a description of the interesting picture of "The Origin of the Whale-Fishery," by William A. Wall, made by the author of this work at the time of its exhibition in 1853: "Upon the shore lies keeled over on her side one of the small vessels then employed for whaling; the model of the craft, a sloop, indicates a primitive idea of naval architecture, and was undoubtedly the workmanship of some old Dartmouth mechanic. By the side of this sloop, but otherwise concealed from view, is seen the sail of another little vessel, with the union jack of old England drooping from the mast-head. The river lies peacefully outstretched, with a view of the west side of Palmer's Island and the shore along by the 'Smoking Rocks,' and Naushton in the distance. Where now stand our wharves and ware-houses, the primeval forest trees are seen extending their roots to the water's edge. In the foreground of the picture, and that which will be to most its chief interest, is seen a group of the early inhabitants of New Bedford, or rather

Bedford, as it was then called, busily employed. Under an old shed is seen the try-pot, with its attendants; also the jaws of a whale thrown upon the roof. More conspicuous, and nearer the beholder, stands one man in a red flannel shirt, with a patch on the breast, pouring oil from a long-handled dipper into a wooden-hooped barrel; another handling over the blubber; and still more prominent, a fine-looking fellow is coopering a barrel, in conference with an Indian, who, with his baskets and moccasins for sale or barter, is seated upon a broken mast. Further on, seated upon the frame of a grindstone, and giving directions to a colored man (evidently one of the old stock of Guinea negroes, some old 'Pero,' 'Quash,' or 'Pompey') who is holding his master's horse by the bridle; is seen in his broad-brimmed hat and Friendly coat, the founder of New Bedford and the father of her whale-fishery, Joseph Russell."

Previous to the Revolutionary War, a sloop from New Bedford commanded by Captain John Howland captured a whale in the Strait of Belle Isle, which yielded 215 bbls.

I would refer those desirous of further information relative to the sperm whale to the valuable work of Lieut. Maury, U. S. N., on the Winds and Currents of the Sea. Washington, 1851.

I shall conclude this chapter with the following old Whaling Song, probably the oldest extant. The author, Dr. John Osborn, was born in Sandwich, C. C., in the year 1713. He was educated at Harvard College, and was afterwards a physician in Middletown, Ct.

## A WHALING SONG.

When spring returns with western gales,  
 And gentle breezes sweep  
 The ruffling seas, we spread our sails  
 To plough the wat'ry deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,  
 Our nimble boats on board,  
 With craft and rum, (our chief regard,)  
 And good provisions stored.

We view the monsters of the deep,  
 Great whales in numerous swarms;  
 And creatures there, that play and leap,  
 Of strange, unusual forms.

Cape Cod, our dearest native land,  
 We leave astern, and lose  
 Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands,  
 While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,  
 Our sandy shores produce;  
 With monstrous fish they dare engage,  
 And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east  
 We speed our course away,  
 With eager minds and joyful hearts,  
 To meet the rising day.

Then as we turn our wandering eyes,  
 We view one constant show;  
 Above, around, the circling skies,  
 The rolling seas below.

When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,  
 We stem the frozen pole,  
 We see the icy islands stand,  
 The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,  
 Surprising scenes we find;  
 We lengthen out the tedious day,  
 And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions, where  
 Eternal winter reigns;  
 One day and night fills up the year,  
 And endless cold maintains.

When in our station we are placed,  
 And whales around us play,  
 We launch our boats into the main  
 And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,  
 For an assault designed;  
 The sea beneath us foams and roars,  
 And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,  
 And in our irons throw:  
 She sinks her monstrous body down  
 Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,  
 We soon renew the fight,  
 Thrust our sharp lances in amain,  
 And all her rage excite.

Enraged she makes a mighty bound;  
 Thick foams the whitened sea;  
 The waves in circles rise around,  
 And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,  
 And blows her redd'ning breath;  
 She breaks the air, a deaf'ning sound,  
 While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson flood  
 She stains the frothy seas,  
 And gasps, and blows her latest blood,  
 While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,  
 And on the surface lay;  
 While all with eager haste apply  
 To save our deathful prey.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE VILLAGE OF BEDFORD—STATISTICS BY ABRAHAM SHEARMAN, JR.—CAPTAIN WILLIAM GORDON'S ACCOUNT OF THE INVASION BY THE BRITISH TROOPS DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR—SCHEDULE OF PROPERTY DESTROYED—ANECDOTE OF THE INTREPIDITY OF A WOMAN—FIRST CANDLE-WORKS—CAUSES OF PROSPERITY.

Our place was for a long time known as the village of Bedford; and to many, even at the present time, the sound of this time-honored designation is much more familiar than that of *the City*. In fact, a considerable portion of the natives of New Bedford, those who have reached the meridian of life or older, usually omit the prefix (which as before stated was not originally adopted) when speaking of the place, and call it only Bedford. Offices have been and still are held under the present city organization by those even the names of whom are not known to many of the older portion of the inhabitants, and to whom the name of City is as though it were not; and Bedford is the only place they recognize or know. This may be considered a fitting prelude to the following interesting sketch from the 13th volume 2d series of the Massachusetts Historical Collections, supposed to have been written by one of our most estimable fellow-citizens, the late Abraham Shearman, for many years a prominent member of the Society of Friends,



whose sterling virtues, and the important part he contributed to the early history of our place, will deserve a more extended notice among our worthies.

“The village of New Bedford stands in a pleasant situation, upon the west side of Acushnet River, in latitude 41 deg. 37 min. 30 sec. north, longitude 70 deg. 52 min. 30 sec. west from Greenwich, according to Knight’s Survey. It lies north and south, upon a gradual ascent from the water, and exhibits a pleasing view of the harbor. The streets (three running north and south, and twelve east and west) are of good width, and cross each other at right angles. The houses, which are with few exceptions built of wood, are in general well finished, and possess an air of neatness. In the year 1765, there were two or three small vessels employed in the whale-fishery. In the course of ten years, at the commencement of the year 1775, when a period was put to business, the number of whalemén increased to forty or fifty.

According to the valuation of 1801, the number of dwelling-houses in the village was a hundred and eighty-five. The public buildings are a meeting-house for Friends, one for Congregationalists, two large school-houses, one for each of those societies, an alms-house, and a small market-house. The principal dependence of the inhabitants is on commerce. In 1790 there were only two or three square-rigged vessels; there are now [1802] nearly twenty sail of ships. During the late war they have principally been employed in the freighting business from New York and the southern ports of Europe. Voyages have also been made to Europe and the East and West Indies directly from this port. Since the peace they have been returning in some measure to whaling. Ship-building, the manufacture of cordage, for which purpose there are two ropewalks, and the manu-

facture of spermaceti candles, are advantageously pursued.

In 1796 a company was incorporated to build a bridge across the Acushnet River, to connect Bedford with the villages of Fairhaven and Oxford; which has since been accomplished at the expense of about thirty thousand dollars. The bridge, including the abutments and the space taken up by two islands which it crosses, is upwards of four thousand feet in length."

I also find in said volume the following additional "note of July 24, 1807," probably by another hand:

"In Bedford there are seven wharves; between ninety and a hundred ships and brigs, containing each on an average two hundred and fifty tons; and between twenty and thirty small vessels: twelve of the ships are whalemén. In 1805 there were belonging to this place seventy-three ships and thirty-nine brigs. A lot of a quarter of an acre of land sells for five hundred dollars to two thousand dollars. Bedford contains a little short of three hundred dwelling-houses; Fairhaven about one hundred. There are three ropewalks in Bedford, and one in Fairhaven. The depth of water in the harbor is from three to four fathoms. Common tides rise five feet. The lighthouse, which stands on Clark's Point, shows one light. The bridge mentioned above was this year in the month of March swept away by the tide. It is now rebuilding and will soon be finished."

The following interesting account of the preparations for defence of our place during the Revolutionary War, and its burning by the British troops, I received in the year 1831 from the late

Captain William Gordon, who was an eye-witness of the events:

“During the early part of the Revolution, the inhabitants of Bedford and Fairhaven, thinking it necessary to have a fortress to protect them from the depredations of the British privateers, erected the small fort at the entrance of the harbor, on the east side of the river, upon the rocky prominence called by the native Indians Nobscot. It contained ten iron cannon of different calibre, namely: one eighteen-pounder, three twelve-pounders, five nine-pounders, and one six-pounder, mounted on garrison carriages. The garrison consisted of a captain, one lieutenant, several non-commissioned officers, and about twenty privates. It had sundry commanders during the interval between its erection and demolition.

In the early part of the Revolution, when many privateers were fitted out of Boston and Providence, Bedford harbor became a receptacle for the prize vessels which they captured, it being the only port this side of the Chesapeake that was not in the power of the British. On this account, the government of Massachusetts, thinking it proper to aid in its protection and defence, sent a detachment from the Massachusetts Train Artillery, furnished with four field-pieces and an ammunition wagon laden with munitions of war, from Boston, which arrived at Bedford March 1st, 1778. At this time the town was stored with prize goods of every description, which being discovered by the British, Sir Henry Clinton dispatched an expedition under the command of General Gray against it. On the 5th of September the fleet entered Clark's Cove, and formed a bridge of boats to the shore, on which landing between four and five thousand men, they marched into town. When they arrived, most of the inhabitants, having been

alarmed by a discharge of cannon at the fort, had fled. They immediately began their work of plunder and conflagration, and in a short time most of the town was in flames. About seventy sail of shipping, beside a number of small craft, were destroyed. The damage done at this time amounted to the value of \$422,680. After having committed their spoliation at Bedford and about the town, they marched to the head of Acushnet River, and down the east side into Sconticut Neck, where they encamped until Monday. While stationed here, a party of their troops entered the fort, which the garrison had abandoned on the arrival of the British, knowing their number, which was but a handful of men, unable to cope with so strong a force. Here they spiked up the cannon, knocking off their cascabels and trunnions, burnt the platform and gun-carriages, and totally dismantled it. After this they reembarked on board their shipping.

The night after their embarkation, they attempted to land a large number of troops at Fairhaven, in order to burn that village; but when they were beginning to land, and had set fire to two or three stores, Major Israel Fearing, who had the command of about one hundred or one hundred and fifty men, fired upon them and they immediately retreated aboard their ships, taking their dead and wounded with them.

On Tuesday following they departed, and proceeded to Martha's Vineyard, from which they took off a large number of oxen and about ten thousand sheep."

The following is a copy of a list of the property destroyed at this time by the British troops, made at the time by the late Gilbert Russell:

"Ship Harriet.  
Ship Mellish (Continental.)

Ship Fanny (French prize.)  
Ship Hero.

Ship Leopard.	Brig No Duty on Tea.
Ship Spaniard.	Schooner Sally (Hornet's prize.)
Ship Cæsar.	Sloop (Bowers.)
Barque Nanny.	Sloop Sally (12 guns.)
Snow Simeon.	Brig (Ritchie.)
Brig Sally (Continental.)	Brig Dove.
Brig Rosin.	Brig Holland.
Brig Sally (fish.)	Sloop (Joseph R.)
Schooner Adventure.	Sloop Bociron.
Schooner Loyalty (Continental.)	Sloop Pilot Fish.
Sloop Nelly.	Schooner (the other side.)
Sloop Fly Fish.	Brig Sally.
Sloop (Captain Lawrence.)	Sloop Retaliation.
Schooner Defiance.	Sloop (J. Brown's.)
Schooner Captain Jenny.	Schooner (Eastward.)"

Amounting to 7 ships, 1 barque, 1 snow, 8 brigs, 7 schooners, 10 sloops—34 sail.

“DWELLING-HOUSES.

Benjamin Taber,	2	V. Childs,	1
Leonard Jarvis,	1	Joseph Rotch,	1
J. Lowden,	1	Joseph Rotch, Jr.,	1
J. Gerrish,	1	Joseph Russell,	1
W. Claghorn,	1		

SHOPS, &c.

Isaac Howland's distilhouse,	1	Shops (small,)	} Joseph	2
Cooper's shop,	1	Candle-house,	} Russell's,	1
Warehouses,	3	L. Kempton,		1
Joseph Russell's barn,	1	Rotch & Jarvis's shop,		1
Joseph Russell's shop,	1	Warehouses,		2
Church's shop (shoe,)	1	Joseph Rotch's barn,		1
Store,		Chaise-house,		1
Warehouses (old,)	} Joseph			
	} Russell's,			2

Ropewalk, and one house; A. Smith's blacksmith shop; Benjamin Taber's shop."

In all 11 houses 20 shops, &c., and 1 ropewalk.

The intrepidity of a woman, who remained in her house while the British soldiers were performing their work of destruction, is worthy of note. A company of the plunderers entered the house, and after having stripped her pantry of its stores, such as doughnuts, apple dumplings, &c., came into the room, where she sat unconcernedly knitting, and,

taking the fire from the hearth, were preparing to burn the house, when she, not being able to retain her patience any longer, seized a pail of water, and dashed the fire out. They again set fire to the house, and she again extinguished it. The marauders then threatened her with death if she still persisted, and were preparing to fire the building the third time, when orders came for their march, and they departed without accomplishing their design. Thus this courageous woman preserved the house for its owner, who, being a wealthy man, gave her the exorbitant recompense of *five pounds of rice*.

A short time previous to the Revolutionary War, a wealthy merchant of this place (Joseph Rotch, or his son, William Rotch, Sen.) was concerned with Aaron Lopez, an eminent Jew of Newport, in a fleet of about fifteen sail, most of which was fitted here. These vessels were to assemble at the Falkland Islands, and thence pursue the whale-fishery. A part of the fleet was to be employed in taking the oil, and the remainder in transporting it to London. They intended to have settled at Port Egmond, or to have made this their place of rendezvous; but the intervention of the war frustrated the undertaking, and but one vessel of the whole fleet arrived at the destined port. The remainder was supposed to have been captured by the British cruisers.

When we contemplate the discomfitures and heavy losses of our early merchants by the war of the Revolution, the embargo, the last war with England, and by French privateers, our admiration

is excited at the composure with which these adversities were met, and the renewed courage with which they entered upon the work of repairing their broken fortunes.

Previous to the Revolutionary War a candle-house, the first in the place, was built by Joseph Russell; and Capt. Chafee, who had been engaged in manufacturing spermaceti in Lisbon, was employed by Mr. Russell at the then large salary of \$500 per year. This building stood near the corner of Centre and Front streets, and was burnt by the British during the general conflagration of the place.

To the industry, enterprise, and above all to the honorable commercial character of our early merchants and men of business, are we indebted for that foundation upon which all the future success and prosperity of New Bedford is built. No doubt but the principles of the society of Friends, of which order was a large proportion of our predecessors, contributed greatly to the support of that character for honesty, prudence, and morality, which so much distinguished them. That our continued prosperity and future success depend upon the support of such a character among our men of business, no one who has been a careful observer of the real causes of success or failure in a commercial community can doubt.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MARCH OF THE BRITISH TROOPS TO ACUSHNET AND FAIRHAVEN — DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY ON THE WAY — NEW-BEDFORD AND FAIRHAVEN BRIDGE — LIGHTHOUSE AT CLARK'S POINT — THE BEDFORD BANK — NOTICE OF JOHN PICKENS, JOSEPH RICKETSON AND GEORGE HOWLAND — REFLECTIONS UPON THOSE TIMES.

THE last chapter contained a list of the buildings, shipping, &c., destroyed at "Bedford" by the British troops on the 5th of September, 1778. The vessels, which besides our own numbered several privateers and prizes, were lying up the river, from Oxford point to the old wharf at Belville, then known as "McPherson's wharf."

After having finished their work of destruction in the village of Bedford, the troops marched up the County road to Acushnet, and on their way stopped at Belville. Here they burnt a large two-story house, barn, and cooper's shop, the property of Walley Adams. They also burnt a large warehouse of John McPherson, the owner of the wharf, a Scotchman by birth.

Previous to the Revolutionary War, there was considerable business done at this place, and the number of whalemén owned and fitted here was about as many as at Bedford. A village was at one time laid out here by Capt. William Gordon, under the name of Belville. The name of Glasgow had been proposed, in honor of Mr. McPherson.



Here, and farther up the river, were the ship-yards of the noted ship-builders, the Stetsons, by whom several of the best of our earliest ships were built.

But the village of Oxford at this period fairly rivalled her neighbor across the river. Here were owned and fitted out several large vessels, — ships, brigs, &c., owned by the Bennetts, Huddlestons, and others. The substantial old houses still there evince a state of prosperity at that period.

But the New-Bedford and Fairhaven bridge so altered the current of the river as to fill up their channel, and, in the words of one of the present residents, “completely ruined the business of the place.” We suppose, like other corporations, “having no souls,” they are remorseless at such baleful consequences. The elements of nature, however, seem to have waged a warfare against this bridge. The act of incorporation was granted in 1796, and in 1807 the bridge was washed away by a great tide. It was soon after reconstructed, and destroyed again by the September gale of 1815. The present structure was built in 1819, and has been the source of much contention, on account of the injurious effect it has upon the harbor, by filling up the channel, as well as being a great obstacle to that portion of our business above the bridge. Although great improvement has been made by the construction of a wider draw within the past two years, the bridge is still thought by many to be a great public damage. It is undoubtedly a great convenience on many accounts; but it is questionable whether it accommodates the public better than

might be done by ferry-boats; and that the value of our harbor and of property above the bridge, as well as the beauty of the river, is much impaired by it, few will question. Our object is not, however, to make an attack upon this concern; and as the "bridge question," since the repairs made by the Company, seems to be, for the time at least, in a settled state, we shall leave it.

About the time the first bridge was constructed, a wooden lighthouse was built at Clark's Point; at the *raising* of which, to induce the people to assist, and for the sake of a general jollification at so important an event, a hundred gallon try-pot of chowder, with other entertainment, was prepared. Much to the credit of the sobriety of our predecessors, no one became intoxicated on this occasion. This lighthouse occupied the same spot where the present one stands. It was burnt during a severe thunder-storm in the night, either by lightning or, as some suppose, by a sea-fowl which, being attracted by the light, flew through the glass and overturned the lamps.

In the year 1803, the business having much increased, a bank was incorporated, with a capital of \$60,000, styled "The Bedford Bank." Even this amount was supposed to be more than could be loaned, but after the bank had been in operation a few years, it was found insufficient, and the capital was increased to \$160,000. The charter expired in 1812, and was renewed, but this country then being at war with England, the new charter was not accepted, and it was determined to conclude

the affairs of the institution. I have not been able to find the business records of the "old bank," but so far as I have ascertained, the officers were as follows:

THOMAS HAZARD, President.	
JOHN HOWLAND,	} Directors.
CORNELIUS GRINNELL,	
WILLIAM ROTCH, Jr.,	
THOMAS NYE,	
And others,	
JOHN PICKENS, Cashier.	

The Bedford Marine Insurance Company was established in the year 1805, with a capital of \$150,000. The following is a list of the officers of this institution:

JOSEPH RICKETSON, President.	
CORNELIUS GRINNELL,	} Directors.
JOHN H. HOWLAND,	
WILLIAM ROSS,	
THADDEUS SWAIN,	
STEPHEN HATHAWAY, Jr.,	
JAMES HOWLAND,	

It was at first intended to occupy the "hall" of the Bedford Bank; and Cornelius Grinnell, who had been duly authorized, had procured the consent of the directors of the bank for this purpose; but this intention was finally abandoned, and the Company afterwards purchased of Joseph Austin the old house at the corner of Elm and Water streets, and the office of the Company was in the "two south rooms." The remainder of the house (with the garden and barn) was occupied by Asa Russell, at the rent of eighty dollars per year. The company paid four thousand dollars for the lot and buildings. I am thus particular in this affair, thinking it may be a pleasant reminiscence to those who can look back to those days, as well as

to many of a later generation. The operations of this institution, owing to great losses during the war, were closed 11th mo. 23d, 1818. The date of the charter was February 11th, 1805. Joseph Ricketson was the President during the whole time. His salary was \$500 per year.

From the close of the affairs of the "old bank" in 1812, until the year 1816, there was no bank in New Bedford, when the Bedford Commercial Bank was established, with a capital of \$100,000, which was soon increased to \$150,000, and in 1831 the amount had reached \$250,000. The present capital, 1858, is \$600,000.

As this bank has held an important position in the business affairs of our place, the following Notice, and the proceedings in pursuance of said Notice in the choice of the first board of directors, and the subsequent choice of president and the appointment of a cashier, copied from the business records of the time, are interesting reminiscences :

#### NOTICE.

THE Subscribers to the Capital Stock of the BEDFORD COMMERCIAL BANK are notified that their first meeting will be held on Seventh-Day, the 23d instant, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Office of the BEDFORD MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, for the purpose of establishing By-Laws and Regulations, for the orderly conducting the affairs of the Corporation; for the choice of nine DIRECTORS, and such other officers as they may see fit to choose; and also to transact any other business they may deem necessary.

WILLIAM ROTCH, JR.,  
JOSEPH RICKETSON,  
JAMES HOWLAND,  
GIDEON HOWLAND, JR.,  
JOHN A. PARKER,  
OLIVER CROCKER,  
SETH RUSSELL, JR.

New Bedford, 3d mo. 1; 1816.

"At a meeting of the Directors of the Bedford Commercial Bank, held at the office of the Bedford

Marine Insurance Company, 5 mo. 11th, 1816, John A. Parker, Cornelius Grinnell, Gideon Howland, Jr., George Howland, Seth Russell, Jr., James Arnold, Joseph Ricketson, Thomas Nye, and Samuel Rodman, Jr., were chosen Directors of the Bedford Commercial Bank, by the Stockholders on the 23d day of 3d month last, who are all present, except the two last named. Having proceeded for the choice of a President by ballot, George Howland had six votes, and is accordingly chosen. Adjourned to meet at this place on the 13th inst., at half-past 7, P. M. In behalf of the Directors.

JOSEPH RICKETSON."

"5th mo. 13th, 1816. Met by adjournment. Present, George Howland, Cornelius Grinnell, John A. Parker, Gideon Howland, Jr., Joseph Ricketson. Appointed Joseph Ricketson Cashier of the Bank, who has agreed to serve at and after the rate of Five Hundred Dollars per year, it being understood that the Bank shall be opened every day in the week, (First-days excepted,) from 9 o'clock A. M. till 1 P. M. JOSEPH RICKETSON."

The old bank building\* was taken down in the year 1833 to make way for the present building of the Bedford Commercial Bank, which occupies the same location, but is considerably larger upon the base. The old building was a quaint, substantial-looking affair, and deserves a passing notice. The foundation, or first story, which included the vaults, was of stone; and laid in solid masonry; above this arose two more stories of brick, painted a dark red and the lines of the brick obliterated

\* The building of the old bank was conveyed to the President and Directors of the Bedford Commercial Bank 8th mo. 30th, 1816, by John Howland, Isaac Howland, Jr., Samuel Rodman, William Rotch, Jr., Trustees.

by the paint; the windows were fortified with heavy cased shutters. A flight of substantial stone steps at the north and the south mounted to a wooden portico, within which was a huge heavy iron-cased door, the peculiar creaking of which is probably remembered by many even at the present day; which door opened into the main room, a large square old-fashioned place, a counter running around three sides, and desks—three in number—protected by railings on the top of them. Behind the front counter, and opposite the entrance door, was the fireplace for wood, which in the earlier days and up to 1826 was the only method of warming the room, and on the cold days of winter usually a cheerful fire was to be seen within it, sputtering and singing away to the chime of the jingling gold and silver. On the south side a flight of stairs, with handsome and substantial balusters, led to what was originally the directors' room, but, as the writer remembers it, a dark, cob-webbed place, the shutters being kept constantly closed, and no longer used except as a deposit for old books, papers, &c. This room was also furnished with a fireplace, and to his boyish fancy afforded a nice and cosy place in the winter time, when well warmed and lighted, for the good old directors to meet together in, and after the business of the day was done to have a social chat upon some subject of local interest or national gossip. But to return to the room below: on the south side was suspended a block-tackle for hoisting up a heavy wooden trap-door, and a still

heavier one beneath, opening to the steps that led to the subterranean vaults where the *specie* was kept. This iron door was fastened by a long tongue-bolt running lengthwise with the door, and drawn by a secret process in another part of the building. There is probably no vault or patent safe of the present time with their wonderful locks, that offers a surer defiance to the attempts of burglars. Behind the desk, upon the left hand of the bank room, might usually be seen busily employed in writing a tall and elderly gentleman, his cropped gray hair brushed back from his forehead, with a white neck-cloth closely drawn about his throat, a pepper-and-salt-colored suit, the coat long-skirted, with large pockets on the sides, one row of buttons, and of Quaker curve, but with a collar, and small-clothes, with knee-buckles, which, with the style of shoes worn by the older men of that day, complete the personal appearance of the venerable and worthy ex-cashier of the old Bedford Bank, John Pickens, Esquire.\* At the desk next west, and in the winter time to be near the wood fire, stood a man of small stature, with a care-worn but a benignant countenance, a true index of his character, dressed in a kind of half-Quaker style; this was the first

\* The following are the inscriptions taken from a white marble shaft in the old graveyard at Acushnet village:

“JOHN PICKENS, of New Bedford, died July 31st, 1825, aged 82 years. He was an officer in the army of the Revolution, and afterwards served the town in various offices. He was long esteemed for his piety, integrity, and exemplary life.”

“Mary Spooner, his wife, died Nov. 26th, 1809, aged 63 years.”

“This stone was erected by John Pickens of Boston, son of John and Mary Pickens, and their only surviving son.”

cashier of the Bedford Commercial Bank, Joseph Ricketson, who through a series of misfortunes and heavy losses in business, wherein he had sustained an unblemished character for integrity, was now procuring the support of himself and family upon a salary, as before stated, of \$500 per year. He was cashier of this Bank from 5th mo. 13th, 1816, to 10th mo. 6th, 1834. His age at the time he was appointed cashier was 45. He died at his house, No. 179 Union street, 10th mo. 9th, 1841, in his 71st year.

George Howland, the first President of the Bedford Commercial Bank, died at his house, 77 Walnut, corner of Seventh street, 5th mo. 21st, 1852, in his seventy-first year. He was chosen President at thirty-five, and remained in that office until his death, having been half of his life President of this institution.

In looking over the dust-laden books of the old Bank, the Insurance Company, and the early books and records of the present Bedford Commercial Bank, the mind is involuntarily led back to those days when they who are now sleeping beneath the sod of the valley, or fast declining in the vale of years, were the active representatives of our then little business community. Their simple habits, their quaint costumes, their open and unceremonious manners, growing out of a large admixture of the principles of the Society of Friends, are brought into contrast with the present bustling and hurrying crowds in our streets, the jealousies, the animosities and general unconcern for each other's



weal. Undoubtedly in those days they had their faults and their troubles, but compared with the present time, even making all due allowance, the old and simple customs of our predecessors appear to have afforded greater comfort. It is, however, usually the case that the immediate successors of an industrious and thriving people become extravagant in their tastes and pursuits. The value of mental culture is not at once learned, unless brought into contact with those more intellectually endowed, but usually follows, by the next generation, if the means for acquiring it are not squandered by their predecessors. That the value of education and the cultivation of the higher and more intellectual tastes are advancing in New Bedford, the interest now manifested in schools, libraries, and lectures, and works of art generally, sufficiently declares. It is thought, however, that as a people the inhabitants of New Bedford are not as considerate in their expenses as those of many other places in New England; that there is a great deal of rivalry in domestic arrangements, in houses, equipages, &c.; of which strictures a portion of the members of the Society of Friends is not exempt. It is to be hoped that the rising generation will learn to place a higher value upon more solid and lasting treasures in the different spheres of science, philosophy, the fine arts, and polite literature.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE ACUSHNET RIVER FROM ITS RISE TO THE HARBOR  
OF NEW BEDFORD—ISLANDS IN THE RIVER—THE NA-  
TIVE INDIANS—THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS—  
SETTLEMENT OF FAIRHAVEN.

My readers must pardon me if I linger upon that part of our ancient township which to the antiquarian and lover of nature is particularly interesting. The great features of any country or part thereof, it is generally thought, have much to do in the formation of the character of the people which lives within their influence. A peculiar character belongs to all islanders; and those who live by the seashore, or upon the sides of rivers, lakes, or mountains, partake in a greater or less degree of these natural characteristics. Even a few miles separation changes wholly the prominent features of character; and before our population became so much mixed up with those from more distant parts of the country, a decided difference was even perceptible between the inhabitants of New Bedford and those from a few miles back in the country. I do not allude to the commercial character, which of course would be observed, but a certain kind of marine influence, seen in the eye, the complexion and the bearing of the one,—a kind of salt-water look, when contrasted with him brought constantly in contact with woods, fields, domestic animals, and agriculture.

It will not for my purpose be necessary any further to attest to the importance of the natural features of our section, under the head of its topography. We have no mountains, or even very high hills, yet the surface of the country is gently undulating, and of that more quiet order which often affords the most pleasant landscapes. Many people, particularly those of the more sensitive order, tire of or become overpowered by the greater and sublimer features of nature, such as mountains, cataracts, &c., and gladly return from the contemplation of these mighty demonstrations of divine power to more gentle and familiar scenes. Charles Lamb, while on a visit to his friend Coleridge, at Keswick, complained of being every morning, on looking out of his window, confronted by Skiddaw, which to his metropolitan eye appeared overpoweringly sublime, although its height is but about three thousand feet, or half that of Mount Washington. No scenery in England has received greater admiration, or become more immortalized in verse, than that about the villages of Olney and Weston, near the river Ouse, as described in the *Task*, as well as in the elegant letters of the poet Cowper, which have made these otherwise undistinguished places classic ground. And after all, the scenery so beautifully described by the genius of the poet is said to be inferior in natural charms to most of the rural districts of England. But Cowper returned to it with the greatest pleasure, after a visit of six weeks at Earham, in Sussex, the

beautiful seat of his friend and brother poet, William Haley. The discerning eye will find beauty and interest in almost every haunt of nature, however unattractive to the general observer; not, however, that our own district requires this illustration in the way of apology, for it cannot be admitted for a moment but that New Bedford, and the old township of Dartmouth, have their full share of pleasant and picturesque scenery. With an extent of sea-coast, inclusive of the creeks and inlets, of not less than thirty or forty miles, with three fine rivers like the Acushnet, the Pasca-manset, and the Acoaxet or Nocochoke, the old township of Dartmouth, which, as my readers are by this time well aware, included the present township of New Bedford, cannot be regarded as possessing but a small degree of natural beauty.

The Acushnet\* River, commercially, is the great object of interest to the inhabitants of New Bedford and Fairhaven, and as before mentioned, having no mountains or other remarkable natural characteristics, it must ever be considered the great natural feature of our vicinity. Rivers of no greater merit than ours have been celebrated in history and song; and few probably are aware of the picturesque beauty which it affords. But such is the case; there are views upon our river, and the adjoining banks, which would attract the eye of the most fastidious lover of nature, and, transferred to

\* Sometimes also spelled *Aquesnet* and *Quishnett*.

canvas by a skilful landscape-painter, would equal any scenes of a quiet character in New England.\*

Our river take its rise near the south shores of two of the beautiful Middleborough ponds, Aponequet or Long Pond, and Aquitticaset, in a richly wooded dell, about ten miles from New Bedford, and for some distance on its course is known by the humble name of "Squin's Brook," so called from Watuspaquin, a noted sachem of the Nemas-ket or Middleborough Indians, and one of the most prominent allies of the great tribe of Wampanoags in the time of Pometacom, alias King Philip. The little stream, of crystal purity, flows quietly along through the woods and fields, occasionally intercepted in its course, as its size increases, by those obstacles and usually deformities to most rivers, mills and their dams, to the village of Acushnet, a little less than four miles from the city. From this place its course is unobstructed until it reaches the New Bedford and Fairhaven bridge, increasing in breadth until it empties into the harbors of the latter-named places, formed by an arm of the sea which makes up from Buzzard's Bay.

There are several small islands in our river which add much to its beauty and interest. The southernmost, "Palmer's Island," at the entrance of the inner harbor, was, before the cedar trees had been destroyed, an interesting spot, and to the youth of New Bedford formerly afforded a kind of embryo Juan Fernandez for their Saturday adventures.

\* I should not omit that our fellow-townsmen, William A. Wall, has already painted one or more of these views.

The craggy rocks and old cedar trees formed a fine opportunity for the exercise of youthful romance, and many will remember with pleasure their experiences in this way.\* The next island north lies near the Fairhaven shore, and is known as "Crow Island." A ropewalk formerly extended from the main to this island. Pope's Island still retains some of the primeval cedars, and is a very pleasant feature of the river. Fish Island has entirely lost its natural beauty by the wharves, railway, workshops, &c., located upon it, forming one of the busiest marts of our busy town. The great draw of the New Bedford and Fairhaven Bridge lies between this island and the main on the New Bedford side. Further up the river is the rocky bluff called the "Isle of Marsh," which, however, is only insulated at high water. A pretty little island without a name, but which might be called Fish-Hawk Island, from the fact of an old tree which stood there until within a few years having been a place of resort for this bold and rapacious bird of prey, may be seen from the Acushnet road in the front of "Woodlee," and belongs to the farm of Willard Nye. These islands, as before stated, add materially to the beauty

\* I find the following interesting historical fact connected with this island, in Drake's Book of the Indians:

"When Little Eyes was taken at Cushnet in 1676, Lightfoot was sent with him to what is now called Palmer's Island, near the mouth of Cushnet River, where he held him in guard until he could be safely conducted to Plimouth."

Little Eyes, as well as Lightfoot, was a warrior of the squaw Sachem Awashonks, who resided at Sogonake or Seconet. The former was inimical to the whites, but the latter joined Capt. Church with Awashonks.

of our river; and it is desirable that their natural characteristics, particularly those having trees upon them, should be preserved.

The views for most of the way from the source or fountain-head to the village of Acushnet are limited, but many of them very pleasant and picturesque—one in particular, just above the old paper-mill. Here the stream is rendered quite expansive by the mill-dam, and on the eastern side is an undulating landscape, well interspersed with trees, and other objects of interest.

From the high grounds at the north-west part of the city, known as the "Acushnet Heights," the view up the river is rarely surpassed for beauty; broad, extensive, stretching for several miles into the north-east, the blue river diminishing gradually in the distance, calling to mind the truthfulness of those lines of Longfellow,

"So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky."

The view from this point is said to have attracted the admiration of that great genius in literature and lover of nature, Washington Irving, while on a visit here a few years ago.

The view of the harbor and the villages of Oxford and Fairhaven, Sconticut Neck, the broad bay, and the islands in the distance, presents a different, but little less pleasing scene. Approached from the south while sailing up the harbor into New Bedford or Fairhaven, the eye stretches for miles up the river and its sides studded with pleasant farms and country seats, terminated by

the spires of the pleasant little village of Acushnet, so well known to the inhabitants of both the above places. The ride "around the river," despite the new road around Clark's Point, is still the favorite drive of all who love the quiet and beauty of rural scenery.

Our river affords an abundant variety of scale and shell-fish, such as tautog, scup, bass, &c., quahaugs, clams, and formerly oysters.

To the native Indians, the Acushnet river must have been a most valuable source of livelihood, as well as of pleasure. In the eye of imagination, we can revert to those days before the white man had reached these shores, when the noble forest trees grew down to the water's edge, with an occasional clearing upon some dry spot for the growth of Indian corn, and where in wild and silent beauty stood the wigwam, its wreath of blue smoke rising above the trees, the noble sons of the forest, with their bows and arrows, pursuing their game, or in the light canoe of birch bark shooting across the river, or moored upon its bosom catching their scaly prey. So it appeared to the eye of the first discoverer of these shores, before spoken of, Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602.

The noble old forest trees have long since fallen beneath the woodman's axe, and the corn-fields, meadows and pastures, with the younger growth of woods, now present a pleasant but far different scene to the eye of the beholder; yet however interesting they may prove to us, in the words of the poet we may say —



“Methinks it were a nobler sight  
 To see these vales in woods arrayed,  
 Their summits in the golden light,  
 Their trunks in grateful shade;  
 And herds of deer that bounding go,  
 O’er rills and prostrate trees below.”

Old Dartmouth appears to have been at the time of the advent of the first settlers thickly peopled with Indians belonging to the powerful tribe of Massasoit, the Wampanoags; and the shores of the three great rivers before mentioned were their favorite residences. Even the Indians from the interior, those about the Middleborough ponds, and elsewhere, were in the habit of going occasionally to the sea-shore for shell-fish. The old post-road leading from New Bedford to the said ponds was originally the Indian foot-path; and it is also probable that most of the old roads leading from place to place had a similar origin. During the middle and even to the latter part of the last century, a few of the lingering remnant of the once noble possessors of this soil remained, retaining to the last their ancient form of habitation, the wigwam, or a hut. But one solitary specimen of a full-blooded native is now to be found within the precincts of the old township of Dartmouth,—an aged woman by the name of Martha Simons, who lives in a small house upon an Indian reservation, near the end of Sconticut Neck. She is the last of her race, a lone and almost forsaken creature, a sad but interesting sight to visit, and of so little consequence, even in her own estimation, as to be surprised that any stranger should find anything in her, or her race, to interest him. It must remain a sad commentary

upon the cruelty and avariciousness of the white man, that a whole race of a once powerful and noble people should be thus swept away.

“Like the shadows in the stream,  
Like the evanescent gleam  
Of the twilight’s failing blaze,  
Like the fleeting years and days,  
Like all things that soon decay,  
Pass the Indian tribes away.”

The following lines were written after viewing a fine picture, entitled

#### THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS: \*

Sad and alone the warrior sank him down  
Beneath the branches of a riven oak.  
Like leaves before the autumn blast, had flown  
His once brave comrades, by the white man’s stroke.

He looked upon the ancient forest trees,  
Within whose fostering shade his fathers slept;  
And as their tops waved ’neath the passing breeze,  
He sighed adieu, and, though a savage, wept.

His bow unstrung, his hatchet cast aside,  
His war-plumes vainly placed upon his brow;  
His manly breast no longer swelled with pride—  
But doomed at last beneath his fate to bow.

His heart is broken; and from death alone  
He seeks a refuge, where he may again,  
In broader fields and hunting-grounds unknown,  
Meet his lost race, no more to suffer pain.

So stretched upon the mossy woodland turf,  
He wraps his robe around his heaving breast;  
The brown November leaves upon him fall,  
And here alone he finds a final rest.

The moaning winds throughout the forest drear  
A fitting requiem for the warrior lend;—  
But naught to him, now death hath sealed his ear,  
And kindly to his woes has made an end.

D. R.

\* The Wampanoags were a large and powerful tribe, over which Massasoit (Wasamequin,) and after him his son Metacomet (Pometacom, or King Philip,) presided. The Dartmouth Indians belonged to this tribe.

At the north end of the township is the beautiful little sheet of water, known as Myles's or Sassaquin's Pond. It lies about 8 miles north of New Bedford, and is included in the farm of Jonathan Tobey. The Pascamanset River, which passes through Smith's Mills, and empties into Buzzard's Bay, about 4 miles below Russell's Mills, takes its rise from this pond.

The scenery around Smith's Mills is very pleasant, and around Russell's Mills very picturesque, probably more so than any other within the precincts of the old township of Dartmouth. The view of New Bedford from the fort at Fairhaven, with the harbor, shipping, &c., is admired by all strangers, as well as our own people, and that of Fairhaven from the shore near the Smoking Rocks, on the west side of the outer harbor, is also very fine, and entitles the village to its pleasant name.

The interests of New Bedford and Fairhaven are in a great degree identical, the chief business of both places being the whale-fishery. Fairhaven is a thriving place, and in 1855 contained 4693 inhabitants. It is a cool and pleasant summer residence, having the south-west breeze from the bay, and in this respect possesses advantages over New Bedford; but on the other hand it is also more exposed to the cold blasts of winter, particularly from the north-west. Although the two places are but one mile or less apart, and connected by a bridge, each place possesses its individual character, quite distinct from the other. From the early influence of the Quaker principles, New Bedford has been,

until within a few years at least, a peculiar place, while our neighbor across the river has resembled more other New England towns along the seaboard. In fact, Fairhaven always strikes us as possessing a more marine character, arising probably from the principal part of the village lying near the water, and which peculiarity, as the town extends back, will to a considerable degree, as in New Bedford, disappear. After the division of the old township of Dartmouth in 1787, Fairhaven and New Bedford remained as one township until 1812, when a division was made between them. At this time, and for many years after, the post-office and custom-house were at the foot of Bridge street, New Bedford.

Joseph Rotch, who came from Nantucket to New Bedford in the year 1765, not being able to obtain as much land as he wished in New Bedford, made an extensive purchase of land in the rear of the village of Fairhaven. He wished to purchase upon the shore, but not being able to do so, relinquished his intention of settling at Fairhaven, and located himself in New Bedford. The particulars of this event I have given in a previous chapter.

Among the original proprietors of Dartmouth mentioned in the confirmatory deed of William Bradford, the Deputy-Governor of Plymouth Colony, November 13th, 1694, who probably settled on the Fairhaven side of the Acushnet River, were Seth Pope, Thomas Taber, Jonathan Delano, Isaac Pope, Lettice Jenny, Samuel Jenny, Mark Jenny, Valentine Huddleston, Samuel Spooner, William

Spooner, John Spooner, Joseph Tripp, James Tripp, Daniel Sherman, Edmund Sherman, Aaron Davis, &c.

At the time the British troops marched around the river, after committing their spoliations in New Bedford, &c., they passed through the villages of Oxford and Fairhaven, without destroying any property, directly to the fort. The troops however landed at Fairhaven the next night; but through the bravery of a young man by the name of Israel Fearing, a major of the militia, and a few others, they were successfully repulsed, and abandoned their object, which was undoubtedly to burn the place.

## CHAPTER X.

THE WHALE-FISHERY, CONTINUED FROM CHAPTER VI—  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES—ARCHITECTURE OF OLDER  
AND MORE MODERN BUILDINGS, &C.

To our sister queen, the ocean-bound island, Nantucket, must be awarded the palm of pioneership in this noble enterprise. Other branches of commerce have their attractive and important features, in a greater or less degree. Those who spread their broad canvas and stretch across the almost boundless deep, and bring from foreign climes the comforts and luxuries which have become, as it were, the necessaries of life, bringing into intimate relationship people remotely situate from each other, are full of interest, and afford subjects of philosophical study and research, expanding the energies, and affording as they do employment to whole nations; but for noble daring, heroic enterprise, and thrilling interest, none is so fertile of material as may be found in the annals and history of the whale-fishery. Capt. Scoresby, a practical seaman, as well as a gentleman and scholar, has given in his elaborate works a valuable record of his experiences; but it would require the pen of a Defoe or Cooper to do justice to the romance of real life to be found in the experience of many a sailor employed in this arduous service. Launching out into the great deep in their small and clumsily constructed vessels, our early adventurers became

noted for their courageous and hardy exploits; and with all the improvements in naval architecture, and the modern appliances of comfort introduced on board our whaling vessels, the business may still be considered as the most heroic and hazardous of all maritime pursuits. Cases are not infrequent where serious calamities occur, either by the dying struggles of the monster of the deep, or an intended attack by him: boats are shattered, and their whole crews exposed to the double danger of the sea and the exasperated monster; even large vessels are sometimes destroyed.\* The case of the

\* The ship *Union*, of Nantucket, of which Capt. Edmund Gardner, now one of our most respected citizens, was master, was so badly injured by striking a spermaceti whale, in the year 1807, Oct. 1, when only twelve days from Nantucket, that she soon after sunk. The conduct of Capt. Gardner upon this terrible occasion, although a very young man, and this his first voyage as master, is represented as highly judicious and praiseworthy, for by "his prudence, courage and fortitude" they were effectual in preserving good order and in encouraging the crew to use their best exertions for the common safety. After being at sea seven days and eight nights, Capt. Gardner, with his officers and crew, consisting of nine in all, reached the island of Flores, one of the Azores.

The ship *Essex*, Capt. George Pollard, on the 20th of November, 1820, in latitude 40' south, longitude 119° west, was attacked by a whale, "which, coming with full speed, struck the ship a little forward of the fore chains," injuring her so much as to place her in a sinking condition; but not satisfied with one blow, the same whale struck the ship a second blow, and nearly stove in her bows. By the time the ship's company had got on board the boats "the ship fell upon one side and sunk to the water's edge." A narrative of the loss of this ship and the great sufferings of the crew has been published.

"A WHALE ATTACKING A SHIP. The ship *Cuban*, of Greenock, Captain Galloway, which arrived at that port from Demarara in 1857, met with a most extraordinary adventure on her homeward voyage. When in latitude 43 39 north, longitude 26 50 west, the ship, which was running before the wind at the rate of 9½ knots an hour, received such a severe shock that she heeled over several strakes, and her way was completely stopped, while the men who were sleeping in the star-board berths of the top-gallant fore-castle were thrown out upon their chests. Shortly after the shock an immense whale rose at a short distance from the ship's quarter, and after lying motionless for a short

destruction of the ship *Ann Alexander*, of New Bedford, Capt. John S. Deblois, by a whale, in the Pacific Ocean, August 20th, 1851, and which gave occasion to the following humorous lines in the London "Punch" of December 6th, 1851, will be remembered by many.

### THE WONDERFUL WHALERS.

(*See the Bedford [U. S.] Mercury.*)

Fathers of the oratory,  
List to my surprising tale,  
Hearken to a wondrous story  
More than very like a whale;  
Each mesmeric marvel-monger,  
Lend to me your ears likewise;  
If for miracles you hunger,  
You shall ope both mouth and eyes.

In the ship *Ann Alexander*,  
Cruising in pursuit of whales,  
Bold John S. Deblois, commander,  
With a crew so gallant, sails.  
In the South Pacific Ocean,  
Reaching to the Off-Shore Ground,  
'Mong the waves in wild commotion,  
Several monstrous whales they found.

These two boats did follow after,  
Larboard boat, and starboard too,  
And with shouts of glee and laughter,  
The leviathans pursue;

time, as if stunned by the blow, swam towards the vessel, as if with the intention of repeating the attack. It was a moment of intense anxiety on board. But fortunately when close to the stern the monster wheeled round in the opposite direction, and dived, throwing with his tail as he did so a quantity of blood and water on board. It was a moonlight night, and the bulk of the huge animal could be seen distinctly, towering to a considerable height above the surface. When he dived, his tail appeared to those on board to be from 30 to 40 feet out of the water. The pumps were sounded, but the ship was found to be making no water. From the force of the blow, and the fact that the second mate thought he heard a whale blowing a short time before the shock occurred, it is supposed that the fish made a regular attack upon the ship, and was not come in contact with while asleep. An estimate of its immense size and power may be formed from the fact of its bringing to a stand-still a deeply laden ship of 500 tons, sailing at the rate of nearly 10 knots an hour."



When the larboard boat, commanded  
 By the stout first mate, did soon  
 In a whale, with force strong-handed,  
 Deeply plunge a sharp harpoon.

Off the mighty monster started;  
 Pain and anguish gave him cause;  
 Suddenly he backwards darted,  
 Seized the boat between his jaws;  
 Into smithereens he cracked it;  
 Or, as witnesses declare,  
 Who beheld the thing transacted,  
 Bits no bigger than a chair!

In the starboard boat, the captain  
 Quickly to the rescue struck,  
 And, although the bark was snapt in  
 Pieces, saved the crew — by luck.  
 Now the good Ann Alexander  
 To their aid the waist-boat sent;  
 Half the band then having manned her,  
 At the whale again they went.

Soon the ocean-giant nearing,  
 They prepared to give him fight,  
 Little thinking, never fearing,  
 That the beast again would bite.  
 But without their host they reckoned;  
 At their boat he also flew;  
 Like the first he served the second,  
 Snapped it into pieces too.

Sure his jaws, together clapping,  
 Had the gallant seamen crushed;  
 But, when they perceived him snapping,  
 Straight into the sea they rushed.  
 To afford the help they needed,  
 Bold Deblois repaired again;  
 Once more, also, he succeeded,  
 In the aim to save his men.

Tired, perhaps, of sport renewing,  
 To their ship this time they hied,  
 When, behold the whale pursuing,  
 With his jaws extended wide.  
 Gloating with revenge, he sought 'em;  
 But, with blubber pierced, and gored,  
 He was crippled, or had caught 'em;  
 But they all got safe on board.

Risk the heroes little cared for;  
 Speedily they set their sail  
 In the ship herself — prepared for  
 One more tussle with the whale.

Now they reached him — plunged a lance in  
 The infuriate monster's head;  
 Then — of course they had no chance in  
 Close encounter — onward sped.

For the ship they saw him making,  
 But the chase he soon gave o'er,  
 Which the animal forsaking,  
 Down on him again they bore:  
 Fifty rods below the water,  
 There they saw the monster lie;  
 So, despairing him to slaughter,  
 They resolved no more to try.

At this time, Deblois was standing  
 Sternly on the larboard bow,  
 Ready, with harpoon his hand in,  
 To inflict a deadly blow:  
 Up he saw the monster rising,  
 With velocity and power,  
 At the rate of speed surprising  
 Of full fifteen knots an hour.

In an instant — Heaven defend us! —  
 Lo, the whale had, near the keel  
 Struck, with such a force tremendous,  
 That it made the vessel reel;  
 And her bottom knocked a hole in,  
 Into which the water poured;  
 And the sea so fierce did roll in,  
 That the billows rushed and roared!

Yet the ship was saved from sinking,  
 Though so riddled by the whale,  
 And Deblois and his unshrinking  
 Crew survive to tell the tale.  
 Strong are those daring fellows,  
 Doubtless, the harpoon to throw;  
 And — to judge from what they tell us —  
 Stronger still to draw the bow!

Truly the perils of the whale-fishery are great, and a record of the adventures and escapes on the part of our seamen would make a volume that for romantic interest the most fertile imagination would in vain attempt to excel. But for the present my object is to enter a little more minutely into the origin, rise and progress of the whale-fishery than was given in my former article.

Although from their greater enterprise in the whale-fishery, its origin is usually acceded to Nantucket, still the early settlers of Cape Cod, according to the historian of Nantucket, Obed Macy, had made greater proficiency in the art of whale-catching than themselves; "so that in the year 1690 they sent thither and employed a man by the name of Ichabod Paddock to instruct them in the best manner of killing whales, and extracting their oil."

The attention of the people of Nantucket was peculiarly directed to the whale-fishery, for the first whale, "of the kind called 'scragg,' killed by them, came into the harbor, and there remained for three days, giving them time to manufacture suitable weapons for their purpose;" and "the first spermaceti whale known to the inhabitants of Nantucket was found dead and ashore upon the south-west part of the island."

As previously stated, the whale-fishery was at first carried on in boats near the shore, and subsequently in small sloops, which ventured along the coast, and extended their cruises to several weeks. The process of trying out the oil, it will be remembered, was done on shore, the "blubber," or pieces of the whale in the crude state, forming the cargo.

"The first spermaceti whale taken by the Nantucket whalers [according to the before-mentioned author] was killed by Christopher Hussey. He was cruising near the shore for right whales, and was blown off some distance from the land by a strong northerly wind, where he fell in with a school of that species of whales, and killed one and brought it home. At what date this adventure

took place is not fully ascertained, but it is supposed not far from 1712.

In 1715, the number of vessels engaged in the whaling business was six, all sloops of from thirty to forty tons burthen each, which produced £1100 sterling or \$4,888.88."

At this period, and for many years afterwards, the whale-fishery was confined to the island of Nantucket; but by the middle of this century (the 18th) it had been commenced in a small way in New Bedford by Joseph Russell and others. As I have already given this part of its history as connected with New Bedford, I shall hasten on to events of a later date.

The enterprise of our early merchants had been severely tested by the complete prostration of their business during the Revolutionary War, by the ruinous effects of the embargo, the war with England, and the later European war; and it was not until the year 1818 that the whale-fishery in New Bedford was entered into with that spirit and perseverance which has brought it up to its present important and elevated position in commercial pursuits.

At this time the older class of ship-masters had relinquished their calling, and many of them had settled down with their families to enjoy the products of their honestly acquired wealth. From a familiar acquaintance with the practical part of the whaling business, their knowledge was of great value, and as most of them were interested still as owners in the whaling vessels, they soon became

among our most enterprising and successful merchants. As a body, no marine service has produced a larger number of high and honorable-minded men and valuable citizens than the whale-fishery. From an extensive acquaintance, not only with their own particular department of business, but in their intercourse with the people of foreign nations during the time of the freighting business previous to 1812, our older class of ship-masters in particular were men of extensive practical knowledge, and marked for their general kindness, hospitality, and urbanity of manners. The foundation of the wealth now enjoyed by a large number of our inhabitants was laid by them, and it is desirable that their example may be cherished.

“The following is an abstract of the duties collected in this port” for the years inclusive:

Years.	Duties.	Years.	Duties.
1801,	\$58,964	1806,	\$26,972
1802,	15,527	1807,	40,018
1803,	13,824	1808,	1,324
1804,	27,344	1809,	6,306
1805,	35,163	1810,	10,703

At this date (1810) the whole township of New Bedford, which then included that of Fairhaven, contained but 5651 inhabitants.

Although to Joseph Russell must be accredited the honor of being the father of New Bedford, the founder of its whale-fishery, and the first manufacturer of spemaceti into candles, yet to Nantucket we are indebted for those distinguished merchants and noble-minded men, the Rotches—Joseph, William, and William, Jr.—as well as for other enterprising citizens, merchants, and shipmasters.

Joseph Rotch, the first of the name that went to Nantucket, was born in Salisbury, Eng., 3d mo. 6th, 1704, N. S. He was an enterprising merchant, and as a man was held in high estimation. His family consisted of three sons, William, Joseph, and Francis. He removed to New Bedford in the year 1765, but returned to Nantucket during the war of the Revolution, and remained until 3d mo. 25th, 1782, when he again removed to New Bedford. He died 11th mo. 24th, 1784, in his eighty-first year, and was buried in the ground belonging to the old Friends' meeting-house in Dartmouth. His wife was Love Macy, daughter of Thomas Macy, 2d, and Deborah Coffin, of Nantucket. She was born 4th mo. 20th, 1713, N. S., and died at Nantucket 3d mo. 25th, 1767, aged 54 years.

William Rotch, Sen., son of Joseph and Love Rotch, was born in Nantucket 10th mo. 4th, 1734, O. S., or 12th mo. 15th, 1734, N. S., and died in New Bedford 5th mo. 16th, 1828, aged 93 years 5 months and 24 days. Elizabeth Rotch, his wife, the daughter of Benjamin and Lydia Barney, was born 4th mo. 3d, 1735, N. S. They were married 10th mo. 31st, 1754. She died in New Bedford 5th mo. 14th, 1824, aged 89 years 1 month and 11 days. Their residence was the "Mansion House," corner of Main (now Union) and Second streets.

William Rotch, Jr., was born, as per record, on Nantucket 11th mo. 29th, 1759, and died in New Bedford 4th mo. 17th, 1850, in his 91st year. Elizabeth Rotch, his wife, sister of Samuel Rodman,

Sen., died in New Bedford 1st mo. 30th, 1828, in her 69th year.

Joseph Rotch, the ancestor of the Rotch family, lived during the last part of his life in the old house at the corner of Main (now Union) and First streets, lately taken down; and the spot is now occupied by the east end of "Thornton Block." His former house, which stood where his grandson, William Rotch, Jr., afterwards built, on what was formerly known as "Rotch's Hill," Water street, was burnt by the British troops during the Revolutionary War, at the time of the general conflagration.

William Rotch, Sen., by whose judicious and persevering efforts his native island was saved from the twofold danger of the refugees and the British troops in the time of the Revolution, did not make his residence here until the year 1795. Soon after the Revolutionary War he had gone to England, with the intention of establishing himself in the whale-fishery there, the business being ruined in this country by the heavy alien duty imposed by the British government upon oil, Great Britain being then "the only market of any consequence for sperm oil." Sperm oil was sold at Nantucket after the peace at £17 sterling per ton, which before the war was worth nearly £30; and £25 was necessary to cover the expenses, and leave a very moderate profit for the owners. In this desperate state of things, Mr. Rotch saw no alternative for the prosecution of his business, "but to proceed to England, and thence endeavor to

pursue the whale-fishery." He accordingly, in his fifty-first year, in company with his son Benjamin, sailed from Nantucket 7th mo. 4th, 1785, in the ship *Maria*, William Mooers, master, and arrived in England after a passage of twenty-three days. Not being able to make satisfactory arrangements for the pursuit of his business with the English government, he proceeded next to France, and there receiving favorable terms from that government, in connection with his son Benjamin, established their business at Dunkirk. After having so settled his business that his son could attend to its prosecution in Dunkirk, Mr. Rotch prepared to return to his native country. Having purchased a ship in England, the name of which I have not learned, but of which William Mooers was master, he left the Downs 10th mo. 11th, 1786, and "after a tremendous passage of sixty-eight days, in which they had twelve heavy storms, they arrived in Boston."

"After remaining at home nearly four years," he again, taking his family, or a part thereof, with him, embarked from New Bedford in the ship *Maria & Eliza*, Abisha Hayden, master, for Dunkirk, 7th mo. 29th, 1790, and after a passage of thirty-eight days they arrived. Here he remained until the beginning of 1793, when the war between England and France being expected, Mr. Rotch was obliged to relinquish his business at Dunkirk, and after a year's or more residence in London, finally left Europe on the 24th of the 7th month, 1794, with his family, in the ship *Barclay*, David



Swain, master, and after a long passage of sixty-one days once more reached his native land.

After a year's residence on Nantucket, he together with his family removed to New Bedford in 1795, then in his 61st year. Here he remained until his death in 1828, in his 95th year, beloved and respected by all. His venerable and patriarchal appearance during the latter part of his life is well remembered by the writer. Tall and dignified in his person, his face, expressive of benevolence, with his long silvery locks, and the drab-colored suit of the style of the Society of Friends, combined with his noble and philanthropic character, rendered him an object of profound respect to his fellow-citizens, as well as to his numerous friends among distinguished merchants, and men in public life at home and abroad.

"Friend Rotch," as he was called, was a fine specimen of a merchant, a man of the strictest integrity, frank, generous, high-minded in its truest sense, but truly humble in his own self-estimation, of broad and liberal views, devoted to the principles of peace and good will, a friend of the oppressed and down-trodden; in fine, a more perfect character has never fallen to our lot to know, and is probably rarely to be met with in any community. May his noble example encourage others engaged in mercantile pursuits to emulate his virtues. And truly in this community the sweet savor of his life and influence should not be suffered to die out. The writer remembers often to have seen him in one of the old-fashioned square-topped chaises, with a fa-

vorite colored man upon a seat in front of the foot-board, driving, as faithfully depicted in the pleasant picture of "the old Four Corners" by William A. Wall.

It is pleasant to recall by the aid of memory those days of simplicity and peace, when our busy, bustling place was little more than a village. Although the streets have been graded and many new ones added, and many large and costly edifices have since been built, in the eye of the lover of simple beauty, the village of New Bedford then afforded a far more agreeable sight. The old houses that stood at respectful distances apart, upon what was then and should now be known as Main street, with their front yards, the rows of the now despised but then thrifty and admired Lombardy poplars that graced either side for most of the way, the stately mansion of Abraham Russell at its head, and the mansion of the venerable Friend Rotch, then possessing ample grounds, with extensive out-buildings, stables, carriage-houses, &c., all these, and much more of the same character, have been, so far as beauty and comfort are concerned, poorly supplanted by our modern improvements. The buildings of that day, not only the houses, but the old shops with their bow windows in the best of them, and the warehouses where the old merchants had their counting-rooms, were far more graceful in their outlines than those of a later date. Some of these houses and their surroundings have been rarely surpassed, and please the eye of the cultivated architect, even at the pres-

ent day, much more than the *pseudo* attempts, and generally abortions, in the way of town and country residences. The houses of the two distinguished merchants, William Rotch, Sen., and his son William, with their fine gardens and grounds, were substantial and pleasant residences, but more particularly that of Mr. Russell before mentioned on County street, and further down, that of Gilbert Russell, before mentioned. The latter, now owned by William R. Rotch, is still, although wanting its former extensive surroundings, one of the finest specimens of a genteel residence to be found in our "city of palaces," as it has been called by strangers.

Now that I am upon this subject, it may not be inappropriate to make a few suggestions upon our style of building. It is to be regretted that so many of our more costly houses are built in a style of architecture which, however imposing at the time of their construction, will not bear a judicious criticism. The form of the Greek and Roman temple, however beautiful and classic, was never intended for domestic residences. The houses of the ancient cities were built in an altogether different style from their public buildings, and their villas were models of grace, domestic ease, and retirement. Every building, whether public or private, should express the purpose for which it was intended to be used. In a climate like our own, any style of building which does not admit of the sight of those objects that are essential to domestic comfort is at once to be set aside. The temple form, from the necessity of concealing as much as

possible the chimneys as incongruous, is particularly objectionable. The chimneys, in fact, are considered by all good architects, when properly built and located, as among the most expressive and ornamental features of a domestic residence; and they have been by some old writer very appropriately called "the windpipes of hospitality." There are but few styles of domestic architecture of European origin adapted to the climate of our country as well as to the wants and genius of our people. Those edifices, with their rich ornamental work built of enduring stone, when imitated in perishable wood, are always disgusting to the eye of a person of taste, and suggestive of weakness and decay. The style called the Elizabethan, however beautiful in the old substantial stone or brick houses of England, surrounded by their extensive lawns, parks, and pleasure-grounds, is simply ridiculous when built of wood, and as usual with some of the most important details omitted, or supplanted by an altogether different style, and placed in a lot of perhaps not more than half an acre of ground. If wood is to be the chief material for our dwelling-houses, and there is much to be said in its favor, owing to its exemption from that internal dampness which, on account of our penetrating frosts, renders most houses of stone or brick so objectionable, let us adopt a less ornate style of building than that which appears now to be so much in fashion. Every house, no matter how small and humble or how large and imposing in appearance, should have a *home* look;

and if this idea is kept in mind, instead of the present glaring, staring, illy constructed edifices, we shall witness a harmony of effect which all must admire. Several of our public buildings and blocks are very good; and the new Library building is generally considered an ornament to the city: but the churches or meeting-houses, with one or two exceptions, are too outrageous to attempt a criticism upon. The Court-House, for which the citizens of New Bedford are not alone responsible, is a perfect *abomination*. The architect of this *monster* should have been indicted for malefeasance. These strictures do not apply any more, and perhaps less, to New Bedford than to most other places in New England; for we have really many not only elegant but graceful residences, and a few plain but substantial mansions upon County street which are almost unexceptionable. A very little alteration, and that generally in the roof, would render many of the at present distasteful though costly mansions of our citizens beautiful residences. In such a case, the so-called "pediment end," and huge pillars of *wood*, would speedily disappear.

## CHAPTER XI.

BUZZARD'S BAY—ITS DISCOVERY BY THE NORTHMEN, AFTERWARDS BY BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD—ORIGIN OF ITS PRESENT NAME—THE ELIZABETH ISLANDS—NAUSHON AND THE BOWDOIN HOUSE—TRIP TO NAUSHON IN 1856.

BUZZARD'S BAY was discovered by the Northmen in the tenth century,\* and by them named *Straumfiord*;† by Gosnold in 1602, and named "Gosnold's Hope;" and by the early settlers of Dartmouth, "Buzzard's Bay;"—the latter name probably given from the fish-hawk, (which in old works upon natural history is called the buzzardet, or little buzzard,) as I suppose, from the great number of this bird of prey being seen about the shores and isl-

\* *Antiquitates Americane*: ante Colum. in Amer. Hafniæ, 1837.

† *Straumfiord*: Stream Bay, or Bay of Currents.

The Northmen resided in New England eight years, as appears from the following summary made from the account given in the *American Antiquities* by the author of "The Northmen in New England," Joshua Toulmin Smith:

"They left Greenland in the spring of 1007; stayed at *Straumfiord* (Buzzard's Bay,) during the following winter (1007-8,) in the autumn preceding which Snorri Thorfinnson was born; stayed the following winter (1008-9) at Hop; and the next (1009-10) again at *Straumfiord*; and returned to Greenland in the spring of 1010, after an absence of three years. You will remember that Thorvald's party resided here for the space of three years also, from the summer of 1002 to the spring of 1005; and that Leif's party resided here one year, from 1000 to 1001; in addition to which Freydis and her husband remained here one year, from 1011 to 1012."

While the Northmen were living upon the shores of our bay a son was born, in the year 1007, to one of the commanders of the expedition, Thorfinn and named Snorri Thorfinnson. There were six women in the company. From this child the celebrated sculptor, Thorwaldsen, is said to be descended.

ands of the bay. To a maritime people like ourselves, this noble sheet of water becomes an object of great interest. In fact, this "stately sound," as it is termed by the old journalist, Gabriel Archer, who accompanied Bartholomew Gosnold on his voyage to these shores, in 1602, is one of the noblest bays upon the coast of North America. To the people of New Bedford, as well as those who border upon its coast, our bay has always been highly valued. How beautiful its broad and blue expanse of waters must have appeared to those early and hardy adventurers, who upon the deck of their little vessel first beheld it on the morning of the 25th of May, 1602! They were indeed much delighted with its noble and attractive appearance. Here they came to anchor in eight fathoms of water, a quarter of a mile from the north shore of Cuttyhunk. The same old journalist whose account I am tracing says "This island Captain Gosnold called Elizabeth Isle, where we determined to make our abode. From Elizabeth Island unto the main is four leagues. On the north side, near adjoining unto the island Elizabeth, is an islet in compass half a mile, full of cedars, by me called Hill's Hap, [now called Penekese,] to the northward of which, in the mouth of an opening on the main, appeareth another, the like, that I call Hap's Hill, [probably the Round Hills,] for I hope much hap may be expected from it."

This island, Elizabeth, or Cuttyhunk, now so completely divested of trees or shrubbery, was then finely wooded with trees of various kinds, such as "oaks, ashes, beeches, walnut, witch-hazel, sassa-

fras and cedars, with divers other unknown names." The old journalist goes on to say, "In this island is a stage or pond of fresh water, in circuit two miles, on the one side not distant from the sea thirty yards, in the centre whereof is a rocky islet, containing near an acre of ground, full of wood, on which we began our fort and place of abode, disposing itself so fit for the same." Here then they landed on the day before mentioned. In another account of this voyage, written by John Brereton, the author says, in speaking of this important event, "Captain Gosnold, myself, and some others, went ashore, and going round about it we found it to be four English miles in compass."

The island was not inhabited by the Indians, although it was frequented by them for hunting and fishing. They found the ruins of an old wigwam, and part of a fishing-weir. The island was thickly wooded, the principal trees being beech and cedar. They also found red and white strawberries, which he describes "as sweet and much bigger than ours in England," raspberries, gooseberries, whortleberries, vines running upon the trees, also springs of excellent sweet water. He also describes the lake of fresh water, "near the sea-side, an English mile in compass, which is maintained with the springs running exceedingly pleasantly through the woody grounds, which are very rocky." They also found "great store of deer and other beasts, as appeared by their tracks," also great numbers of sea-fowl, "geese, mallards, teals, &c." On the north side of the island they "found many huge bones and ribs



of whales." The little island in the fresh-water pond was also covered with trees; and they feasted and grew fat upon the young sea-fowl which they found in their nests upon the banks and low trees.

The description given of this island, Cuttyhunk, leaves no room for a doubt of its being the one on which Gosnold and his company landed; and the identity of the fresh-water pond, the islet within it, and the fact that they erected a "place of abode" and fortified the spot are also beyond a doubt. The cellar of Gosnold's house and fort were distinctly to be seen until within a few years; and although the ground of this little island has been sacrilegiously ploughed over and cultivated, so as almost to obliterate the last vestige of this interesting and important ruin, still the exact location of the first abode made by Europeans upon this coast can be identified; and it is highly probable that upon a careful examination of the spot, and an excavation being made, the cellar might be again found. In the year 1797, Dr. Belknap, the historian, visited this spot, and found the remains of the cellar. In the year 1817, July 23d, a party of gentlemen from Boston, taking a sloop from New Bedford, also visited this island, and in a letter published in the *North American Review*, vol. 5, an account of this visit and its results is given, from which I make the following extract:

"In the western end of the pond is a high islet, surrounded by a rocky margin and covered with a very rich soil, in which were growing the wild gooseberry, the grape, elder, mallows, primroses,

eglantine, yarrow, sumach, wild parsnip, beach-plum, wild cherry, wild pea, Solomon's seal, the convolvulus, thoroughwort, and red clover. The stump of a red cedar stood near the shore, and we brought home a piece of it as a remembrance of our expedition. On the northern bank of the islet, about ten yards from the water, we found a small excavation overgrown with bushes and grass, on one side of which were three large stones in a row at the distance of three feet from each other, having under them other stones of the same size lying in the same direction. Between these were smaller stones, which appeared by their form and smoothness to have been taken from the beach. In another slight excavation twenty yards south of the former, near the centre and highest part of the islet, were similar stones, but very few in number and not disposed in any apparent order. On digging in other parts of the islet, we found more of the same kind. We conjectured that the first excavation was all that remained of Gosnold's cellar, and the latter a part of the trench dug for the purpose of forming the fort."

A few weeks after this, a party of gentlemen of New Bedford made a visit to this spot, among whom was James Howland, 2d, who informs me that they discovered upon the highest part of this islet what they concluded to be three sides of the cellar of Gosnold's house, which he estimates to have been about fifteen feet square.

There can be no doubt that this was the place of his residence, for there is no other pond containing an islet in any one of the Elizabeth Islands. The building and fortifications must have been quite substantial, as they were employed three weeks in constructing them. As no mention is

made of masonry or the use of lime, it is probable that the house was either built of stones and turf or mud, or in imitation of an Indian wigwam, the remains of one of which it will be remembered was found by them upon the main island. In either case, it would in a neglected state have soon fallen down. The old journalist speaks of their being employed at one time in "rubbishing their little fort or islet," by which I understand that they used the bushes and smaller trees for this purpose. So that should nothing more be found than the remains of the old cellar, or should even that be obliterated, sufficient will be left to satisfy any reasonable mind that upon this little islet was erected the first human habitation by the Europeans. Here was the first settlement made by them; and from this little isolated spot the history of the settlement of this country by the English or any other European nation takes its date.\* It is truly a consecrated spot, and should henceforth be devoted to the fostering of that noble and adventurous spirit, as well as the kind and friendly relations between mankind, manifested in the intercourse of these hardy adventurers with the natives they here met. In the name and to the memory of Bartholomew Gosnold, whose bones lie in an unknown grave in Virginia, where he died 22d August, 1607, let it be consecrated. Gosnold's islet has lately come into the possession, by purchase, of Thomas Nye, Jr., of New Bedford.

\* As I find no mention in the "*Antiquitates Americanæ*" of any building erected by the Northmen, and as no subsequent settlement here was made by them I conclude this statement to be correct. The Northmen probably lived in their vessels.

A small round and castellated form of tower, built of stone in a rude but substantial manner, would be in good keeping with the historical associations of this spot, which might be called Gosnold's tower or fort. This, with a flag-staff and, at such times as occupied, with a blue flag spread to the ocean breeze, and inscribed with the name of Gosnold, or 1602, or any other appropriate device, would present a truly picturesque and spirited appearance. The Indian name of this islet was *Quawck*, and that of the main island now known as Cuttyhunk, *Poocutohhunkunnoh*. This island contains about five hundred and sixteen acres, and the soil is said to be very fertile; but how changed from the richly wooded sylvan retreat which it offered to its discoverers in 1602, where among the stately trees the deer browsed or at the sight of man bounded away into some fancied place of safety! The lofty promontory running out from the centre of the island to the northward was called by the Indians *Copicut*, which name it still bears.

On the 31st of May, Capt Gosnold sailed across the bay, and came to an anchor near the shore, not far from the Round Hills. As I have before stated, there are two distinct accounts of this adventure; and one of these would seem to place their landing not far from Gooseberry Neck, for the journalist speaks of a neck of land which they "imagined had been severed from the main, but finding it otherwise we perceived a broad harbor or river's mouth." This would answer for the mouth of the Acoaxet or Westport River; but as this neck of land

was not seen until the close of the day, and as they had been following the coast westward from Round Hill Point, it is quite certain that the first place of their landing on the main was upon the shore at the Round Hills. In a former sketch of this adventure, I have represented the scene of the first landing upon the main by Gosnold as within our harbor, having taken this information from others; but by a very careful examination of every point and distance mentioned in the old journals of this voyage, and the most accurate charts of the bay, I am well satisfied that Gosnold and his company landed and traced the coast along as before mentioned, to wit: from the shore near the Round Hills westward to Gooseberry Neck. I am thus particular, as it seems desirable that this fact should be established. With the journals in hand, and a correct map or chart, this can easily be seen.

On the shore Capt. Gosnold was met by a number of natives, men, women and children, "who with all courteous kindness entertained him, giving him certain skins of wild beasts, which may be rich furs, tobacco, turtles, hemp, artificial strings colored, chains, and such like things as at the instant they had about them." They returned the same day to the fort. A short time after this visit, and while busily employed upon the house, which they thatched with sedge, they espied eleven canoes with fifty Indians in them approaching the island from that part of the main they had visited; "and being loath they should discover our fortification, we went out on the sea-side to meet them." They

appeared very friendly, although armed with their bows and arrows. The day was "spent in trading with them for furs, which are beavers, luzernes, martins, otters, wild-cat skins, (very large and deep fur,) black foxes, coney-skins, of the color of our hares, but somewhat less, deer-skins (very large,) seal-skins, and other beasts' skins to us unknown." These Indians remained three days with Gosnold and his company, retiring every night to a distant part of the main island. The journalist describes the men as much higher in stature than themselves, and of great symmetry of form. Some of them had thin black beards; they also had beards of the hair of beasts; and one of them offered to exchange a beard of this kind with one of the sailors whose beard was of a red color, which "they judged to be none of his own." They saw but three women, whom they described as of low stature, "fat, and very well favored." Their garments were made principally of deer-skin; and both sexes dressed in a similar manner. The adventurers were delighted with the climate, the beauty of the country, and the fertility of the soil.

Their intention originally was for a part of the company to remain for the purpose of forming a colony, but having loaded their vessel with sassafras-root (which at that time was considered valuable for its medicinal properties) and cedar, those who were expected to remain, thinking the cargo would prove very profitable, for fear of losing their share became discontented, and they finally all left on the 18th of June the same year. The vessel

which bore these hardy adventurers to these shores was very small, but the tonnage is not mentioned, probably less than one hundred tons. Her name was the "Concord," and she belonged to Dartmouth, on the English Channel.

Gosnold sailed from Falmouth, England, March 26th, 1602; landed on Elizabeth Island, or Cuttyhunk, May 24th, 1602; left for England, June 18th, 1602; arrived at Exmouth, on the English Channel, July 20th, 1602; absent 4 months less 6 days.

It is highly probable that the earliest settlers of our old township of Dartmouth came from the English town of the same name, and whence Gosnold obtained his vessel, the "Concord." On the return of this little vessel to her port, the voyage and discoveries of the adventurers would be a source of much interest and inquiry among the inhabitants. It will also be remembered that in a previous chapter I make mention of the fact that the *Speedwell*, which sailed in company with the *Mayflower* from Plymouth, put back into Dartmouth, and was there left. These circumstances undoubtedly excited in the people of this maritime town the spirit of emigration; and it requires but little effort of the imagination to conclude that from this port sailed the first settlers of our old township of Dartmouth.

It does not appear from the journals of Gosnold's voyage I have made use of that they visited all the Elizabeth Islands, but from the description given in the account of Brereton, there is no doubt but that during their stay at Cuttyhunk

they went at least twice to Naushon, which they describe as "greater than they imagined, being sixteen English miles at least in compass." They speak of the soil being "fat and lusty, finding places where the grass grew." "In mid-May we did sow in this island, (for a trial,) in sundry places, wheat, barley, oats, and pease, which in fourteen days were sprung up nine inches and more."\*

Of all the Elizabeth Islands, Naushon may be said alone to retain its primeval characteristics. Here the noble forest trees of beech, oak, &c., with the wild grape-vines growing upon them, and the native fallow deer roaming at large, are still to be seen, affording to the lover of nature a scene similar to that which so charmed the eyes of Gosnold and his company more than two centuries and a half ago.

On the afternoon of the 27th of June, 1856, in company with a congenial friend, I visited this island. Leaving New Bedford, in less than two hours our gallant steamer, the "Eagle's Wing," landed us at Hadley's harbor, upon the east end of the island. Our object being to see the natural beauties and productions of this comparatively unmolested

\* The sources from which I have deduced these historical facts and reminiscences are: "Bartholomew Gosnold's Letter to his Father, touching his Voyage to Virginia, 1602." "The Relation of Captain Gosnold's Voyage to the North Part of Virginia, Begun the Six-and-Twentieth of March, Anno 42 Elizabethæ Reginae, 1602, and Delivered by Gabriel Archer, a Gentleman in the said Voyage." "A Brief and True Relation of the Discovery of the North Part of Virginia, Being a Most Pleasant, Fruitful and Commodious Soil, Made this Present Year 1602, by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, Captain Bartholomew Gilbert, and divers other Gentlemen, their Associates, by the Permission of the Honorable Knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. Written by M. John Brereton, one of the Voyage." London, 1602.



realm of nature, we at once proceeded into the ancient woods, where we were soon amply rewarded by a sight of some of the noblest trees and forest ranges we had ever seen. The beeches, oaks and other trees here grow to a large size, many of them undoubtedly of great age. Soon after our entrance we were greeted by the sight of a beautiful fawn, that stood gazing at us from a thicket at a short distance, but quickly bounded away from our view. The island being private property, the native deer are still preserved; but at certain seasons, we regret to say, these beautiful and noble creatures are hunted and shot. Naushon is the largest of the Elizabeth Islands, and is about seven miles in length and a mile and a quarter in breadth. It was formerly the property of the Hon. James Bowdoin, a Governor of Massachusetts, by whom it was bequeathed to his nephew, James Bowdoin, and by him bequeathed to his nephew, James Temple Bowdoin, who resided in London. It is now the property, by purchase, of William W. Swain, of New Bedford, and John M. Forbes, of Milton. The old mansion-house upon this island, which has been for many years the summer residence of the elder proprietor, Mr. Swain, was built by said James Bowdoin, an old bachelor, who died there while seated in his chair. The house was closed for many years, and had the reputation of being haunted, and was occasionally visited from this cause by the curious.

To the natives, this island, as well as the rest of the group, was a favorite resort, both on account of the refreshing ocean breezes of summer and the

tempered air of winter, besides affording them the necessaries of life in abundance. To the naturalist, this island affords much attraction. The trees, plants, &c., grow in unusual luxuriance; and we saw a grape-vine, which my companion thought might have dated back to the time of Gosnold, that measured twenty-three inches in circumference six feet from the ground, firmly interlaced with a sturdy beech, each apparently striving for the mastery.

The fine old woods were vocal with the songs of birds, and it was singularly pleasing to hear, on this ocean isle, the familiar notes of the wood-thrush, the veery (Wilson's thrush,) the yellow-throat, wood-pewee, &c. So with the plants and flowers which greeted our way. A more genial and heart-moving welcome we could not have desired than was thus afforded us by the bountiful hand of nature.

A melancholy interest is attached to this island in the minds of the readers of the beautiful and instructive narrative of the heroic life, sufferings, and death of Robert Swain, a talented and accomplished young man, the only son of Mr. Swain, who lies buried in a pleasant and retired spot chosen by himself. Here his exhausted body found its last rest; but the beautiful and noble spirit that invested it dwells in the genial atmosphere of kindred natures.

Sacred the spot where virtue lies!  
 Though we may see his form no more,  
 In vain we say the good man dies;  
 He lives more truly than before.

Passing out of the woods, we stopped upon a rising ground to view the hospitable mansion of Mr. Swain, which stands upon an elevated spot at the

north-east part of the island, commanding a fine view of the broad landscape around, the bay, and the adjoining main. This house, the same before spoken of, is a large old-fashioned mansion, fronting the north, hip-roofed, with several tall chimneys, which with its ample piazzas presents an imposing and agreeable appearance. During the past year (1857) this house has been enlarged by the addition of a wing upon each side, and in other respects materially improved by the proprietors. Mr. Swain is familiarly known as "the governor," but truly he belongs to a more gallant and noble class, the ancient Lords of the Isles; and thus regarding him, we were reminded of the hospitable chieftains visited by Doctor Johnson and his friend Boswell during their tour among the Hebrides.

Buzzard's Bay lies between north latitude 41 25 and 41 42, and between 70 38 and 71 10 west longitude from Greenwich; from its entrance between Saughkonnet Point and the ledge of rocks that makes off from the west end of Cuttyhunk, known as the "Sow and Pigs," it stretches away north-east-by-north for thirty miles, with an average breadth of seven miles, laving the southern shore of old Dartmouth, beautifully indented by those fine rivers, the Acoaxet, the Pascamanset, and the Acushnet; with Dumpling Rock and the Round Hills on the north, while on the south lies the beautiful and noble group of the Elizabeth Islands. Pleasant must it be to our seafaring brethren, after a long voyage into distant oceans, once more to behold the familiar objects herein described. With

a fine ocean breeze, the canvas all spread, the signal flying at mast-head, and richly freighted, each moment bringing them nearer to those so near and dear, until the anchor drops in our harbor, every object that meets the eye must extend a welcome. The depth of water in our bay is from six to twelve fathoms.

The Elizabeth Islands are sixteen in number. Beginning north-east, the first island is Nonamesset, which is a mile and a quarter long and half a mile broad, and contains three hundred and sixty acres. The soil is said to be as good as that of Naushon. The next, Onkatonka, is three quarters of a mile in length and half a mile in breadth. It is separated from Nonamesset on the southeast by Hadley's harbor. Between Nonamesset and Naushon are two small islands called the Buck Islands. Naushon (or Naushaun) lies southwest from Onkatonka, separated by a narrow passage. On the south side of Naushon, about midway, is Tarpaulin Cove, which affords good anchorage, being sheltered from all winds except those which blow from east-south-east to east. The Weepeckets, three small islands, the largest of which is not a quarter of a mile long, lie about half a mile north from Naushon. The next island west is Pasque, which is a mile and three quarters long and a mile broad, containing a thousand and two acres. South-west of this island is Nashawena, and between them is Quicks Hole, through which is a safe passage into Buzzard's Bay for ships of the largest class. Cuttyhunk is the westernmost of the Eliza-

beth Islands, and next to Nashawena. This island is two and a half miles long and three quarters of a mile broad. On the south side of this island, which lies open to the Atlantic, is a celebrated beach covered with stones; these being constantly rolled back and forth by the waves, a booming sound is created, which renders it sublime to the imaginative mind. A little north of Cuttyhunk is Penequese, three quarters of a mile long and half a mile broad. This is the island visited by Gosnold, and called by him "Hill's Hap," and from which he took a canoe and carried to England on his return. Gull Island, a mile east of Penequese, is less than a quarter of a mile long. These islands, together with Martha's Vineyard, Chappaquiddick, and No Man's Land, form Dukes County, Mass., so called from the Duke of York, who in 1664 received from his brother, Charles II, a grant of New York, including Long Island, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and the adjacent islands.

The largest of the islands in Buzzard's Bay, not belonging to the Elizabeth Islands, is West's Island, situated on the east side of Sconticut Point, a neck of land which makes out from Fairhaven, and corresponds with Clark's Point on the New Bedford side.\* This island is about a mile and a half long, and three quarters of a mile broad. There are several good farms upon it, the soil being very fertile. It was formerly the property of

\* Sconticut was the Indian name of Fairhaven.

John West, who left it by will to help support the industrious poor of the town of New Bedford, which then included Fairhaven. Since the division of this town in 1812, this island has belonged to Fairhaven. Bird-Island, in the north-east part of this bay, has a lighthouse with a revolving light. Mashno and Ouset, small isles, are situated in the north-east extremity of the bay. Angelica, a very small isle off Sconticut Point, about six miles from New Bedford, makes a very handsome appearance in the summer season from the high green grass growing upon it. The Egg Islands, to which parties for fishing go from New Bedford, were so named from the great quantities of gulls' eggs formerly found upon them.

I am aware that much of the above history does not particularly belong to New Bedford or the old township of Dartmouth, but as connected with our bay, I have made use of it at this time.

For the following additional information relative to the Elizabeth Islands, and the list of explanations of Indian names made by the late Judge Davis, I am indebted to William W. Swain of this city.

“Naushon was granted to Thomas Mayhew, of Martha's Vineyard, in 1641, by the agent of Lord Stirling. It remained in the Mayhew family 42 years, in the Winthrop family 48 years, and 113 years in the Bowdoin family, and with the present proprietors since 1843. Mayhew extinguished the Indian titles by purchase. To one of the owners of Nonamesset the consideration given was two coats.

The following is from the recollections of Samuel Robinson, a tenant of Naushon fifty or sixty years ago. If now living [1857] he would be 98.

‘During the Revolutionary War about two hundred British soldiers were stationed at Tarpaulin Cove for twelve or fourteen months. They built a fort on the east side of the cove, the remains of which are still to be seen. During the war the British came down the bay with eighteen sail of transports and other vessels, and anchored near the Weepeckets. They landed five hundred men, and demanded all the stock there was on the island. Remonstrance or resistance was useless. They marched to the eastern end of the island, and separating, drove the stock to Robinson’s Hole, and carried them in boats on board,—say about fourteen hundred sheep, thirty-five head of cattle, and twenty-five horses. Some time after a privateer with two tenders anchored in Hadley’s harbor, and stripped the island of what stock the fleet left,—perhaps seventy or eighty sheep, some calves, &c., allowing Mr. Robinson’s father first to shear the wool, as it would be of no use to them, and also to retain his cows upon condition he would faithfully deliver up all the sheep, which he did, and worked hard to save the wool.’”

“AN INDIAN TESTIMONY RESPECTING THE ELIZABETH ISLANDS.

Extracted from the Records of Plymouth Colony.

‘1679. Old Hope,\* the Indian of Manomet, saith that he knew the little island, lying next *Saconeeset*, called *Nanomeeset*, and a neck of land, or little island, called *Uckatincet*, belonging to the great island called *Katomuck*, and another little island, lying

\* Old Hope, a respectable native, lived at Manomet, on the back shore of Sandwich. This name occurs on the jury in 1675 which condemned the murderer of John Sassamin.

between the said great island and Nanomeeset, belonged to Job Antiko, his grandfather Comuck,\* and so to Job's father, Thomas Antiko; and the said Hope further saith that the said great island, called Katomuck, and another little island called *Peshchameeset*, to belong to Webacowet.† William Numack † testifies that he hath often heard his father say the same concerning the said islands, commonly called *Nashanow Islands*?

Before we enter upon an explanation of the aboriginal names which occur in this testimony, it is proper to premise that in 1680 Plymouth Colony petitioned for a new charter, and as the Elizabeth Islands were then under the jurisdiction of New York, (being included in the Duke of York's second grant of 1673,) it is probable, from the date of this Indian testimony (1679,) that the government of Plymouth Colony was then collecting aboriginal evidence in order to show that these islands rightfully belonged to certain aborigines who had ever been resident in the territory included in Plymouth Colony.

After the revolution of 1688, these islands were taken from New York; and annexed to Massachusetts, with Plymouth Colony, 1691.

#### EXPLANATION OF INDIAN NAMES.

*Saconeeset* was the aboriginal name of Falmouth and is probably compounded of *sauki* (black) and *anawguck* (shells,) meaning the black or purple eye of the quahaug clam, which abounds there, and of which was made the most estimable aboriginal coin.

*Nanomeeset* has a diminutive termination, and doubtless signifies 'little island,' from *nahen*, which

\*The phrase "grandfather Comuck" may be derived from *sachimo comaco*, which means the house of a sachem, which is longer and larger than a common one, and was probably introduced to show their rightful descent and proprietary.

† Webacowet and William Numack lived at Falmouth.



occurs in the name for island. Lying near a very large island, it is by comparison small.

*Uckatincet* was then, it seems, a neck of land. Time has worn a channel, yet it is fordable for cattle at low water. This name has also a diminutive termination; the first part of the phrase is probably *ohkeh*, one of the terms for 'earth,' or 'ground:' hence it is a simple expression — 'little ground.'\*

*Katomuck* is familiar to the reader and traveller as well as historian by the name of *Nushaun*. The question will be asked, why the natives called it *Katomuck*, as it appears in the testimony. We can only answer that *cautumme* is their name for the natural year; hence they give it to '*planting ground*,' and the planting season. Was not this, therefore, in aboriginal, Planting Island? †

*Peshchameeset* has also a diminutive termination; *pescha* being the root of the name, and by which it continues to be called. The meaning remains a question. The Rev. Experience Mayhew wrote in 1726 '*Paskehtanesit*,' which is the same name, with a synonymic diminutive termination. It is the Tucker's Island of history.

*Nushanow*, according to the testimony, was a collective aboriginal name for the whole group; at the present period, however, it has, with a very trifling variation, become a specific name for two of them only, which is well known. Taking the language for our guide, and keeping the testimony in view, we are enabled to explain this name in our own opinion conclusively. After consulting those

\* It may be remarked that the letter *c* in our old records frequently occurs in the place of *s*, thus giving a hard sound where a soft accent was intended; and this suggestion may account for the whimsical popular variations in some names.

† *Coatoom* signifies "earth," or "planting ground," in the dialect of the Pelew Islands, and which is evidently the same phrase. So universal is this name for the year?

writers \* who have written in the aboriginal dialects, it appears that *nooshun*, with unimportant variations, is used in the *superlative degree* — ‘the best,’ ‘all in all,’ &c., &c. In Mr. Eliot’s specimen of the Lord’s Prayer it is the beginning phrase. And in this sense it is evidently used in the Indian testimony; that is, they mean to say they were *our fathers’* islands, and therefore in their own dialect the *Nashanow Islands*.

The remainder of this group of islands, not included in this descriptive testimony, are the Wepeckets, or Weckpeckets, very small, not far from Falmouth back shore; Cuttyhonk, high and large, the outermost and most westerly of all, with Peniquesse and Pasquineag, two lesser isles, a mile or two north of it. *Ketonck* signifies to ‘depart,’ ‘go away,’ and is given to a launch of a canoe, to a ship, &c., &c. We have occasionally thought this was the meaning of Cuttyhonk; that is, the mere act of going to it gave it the name. Perhaps *Wepeckets* has been derived from *wabacucks* (white-head eagles,) which are very common on the opposite shores, and which may occasionally visit them. *Peniquesse* has a diminutive termination, and *Pasquineag* a collective; but their meaning, as well as the others mentioned in this note, yet remains a question. *Copicut*, the small appendage to Cuttyhonk, is truly *Cappiquat* (thick, dark woods,) which was descriptive in 1602, when it ‘was full of cedars.’”

\* Eliot; Danforth; Cotton.

## CHAPTER XII.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS—SKETCHES OF AN OLD SHIP-MASTER AND MERCHANT—OLD EDITORS OF THE NEW BEDFORD PRESS.

It will be perceived in this history that I have observed but little order of arrangement. In fact, the material is so scattered, and to be obtained from so widely removed sources, that I should despair in my often hasty preparations of any great amount of success, should I make ever so great an effort for that end. I shall attempt but little or nothing more than to rescue from oblivion any facts, however trivial, that may be connected with my object.

“Colligite fragmenta, ne quid pereat.”

Before me lies the first number of the first newspaper printed in New Bedford, entitled “*The Medley, or New Bedford Marine Journal*. New Bedford, (Massachusetts.) Printed and Published by John Spooner, at his Office near Rotch’s Wharf. Number 1. Tuesday, November 27, 1792. Volume 1.” This old sheet, now so dingy and smoky, once presented its fair and welcome morning face to our mothers and grandmothers; and truly welcome must it have been to our honest and simple-hearted predecessors, the villagers of New Bedford. How few of those whose glowing eyes met this humble sheet remain! The great problem of life to them has long since been solved. But as my object is not

to moralize or preach a lay sermon, with the reader's permission I will proceed to examine the contents of this venerable relic of the press. The editor's address to the public is remarkably well written, and seldom, it is to be feared, equalled by like productions of the present day. After having introduced his paper in due form, the editor goes on to say:

"Here is an extensive country, situate remote from a Printing Press—its inhabitants numerous; but a small part of them knowing or being known in the transactions of the world unless they advance a large extra sum for their knowledge. To instruct them in the *ways of man* at a much cheaper rate, and make each one who rightly improves the advantages arising from a weekly Gazette as knowing as his fellow, &c., the EDITOR has undertaken a WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, and with this address introduceth for their inspection, the first number of his MEDLEY."

He concludes with the following:

"The EDITOR flatters himself that so long as his exertions tend to scatter the rays of knowledge, of morality and of refinement among the people, the public will afford him every reasonable encouragement, in proportion to the utility of his exertions.  
JOHN SPOONER."

Honest old John Spooner! we trust that our predecessors duly appreciated thy exertions in their behalf, and that thou wast fairly rewarded for thy labors. Worthy disciple of thy great exemplar, the illustrious Franklin! may the principles of "morality and refinement" thou endeavoredst to

inculcate be ever remembered by thy fraternity and the public. Peace to thy memory!


The first original article after the address, which is also well and clearly written, is upon "The Art of Printing." Next follows what would now be called a fable, but which our editor terms an apologue, taken from a late London Magazine. Then follows a long article in defence of Lafayette, who had lately been impeached by the National Legislature of France, taken from "a Gazette printed in Philadelphia." Then an article entitled "Save your Rags!" signed "Nam-Gar," which the reader can reverse. Then the foreign news, collected from a London paper. The "Congressional Proceedings—Second Congress of Confederated America." "Political Occurrences"—Italy, France, England. "Peace with certain Indians," in which it is stated that "sixteen of the chiefs belonging to the nations with whom Gen. Putnam succeeded in burying the hatchet, are on their way to this city [Philadelphia,] via Pittsburg." No death record: but

"Married, in this town, Capt. William Allen to Miss Mary Taber; Capt. Gamaliel Church to Miss Lydia Alden."

Next follow

"Custom House Office, Port of New Bedford, from Nov. 17th to the 24th.—ENTRIES. Sloop *Mayflower*, Gibbs West, from N. York.—CLEARANCES. Schooner *Lively*, Rowland Gibbs, a whale voyage. Sloop *Jenny*, Nichols Stoddard, for Newbern. Sloop *Lively*, Shubael Bunker, for Philadelphia. Sloop *Friendship*, Job Gibbs, for Savanna. Ship *Dauphin*, Stephen Gardner, a whale cargo."

"TO CORRESPONDENTS. *Thanks to EQUITAS and LEANDER. The EDITOR sincerely hopes their laudable example will be followed by many of the Sons of Minerva; and that originality will henceforth abound in the MEDLEY.*"

" *The PRINTER has been obliged to alter the date for publishing the MEDLEY from THURSDAY as mentioned in his proposals, so as to comport with the arrival of the Northern Mail. While the Stage continues its weekly route, SATURDAY will be the day of publication.*"

#### TAKE NOTICE!

THE inhabitants of the town of New Bedford are hereby notified, that the Town Committee of accounts will meet at Capt. Thomas Cranden's the 30th instant at 10 o'clock A. M., to receive and examine all accounts brought in against said town. Therefore all persons having such accounts are requested to exhibit them at the aforesaid time and place.

WALTER SPOONER, }  
JETHRO HATHAWAY, } Town  
ABRAHAM SMITH, } Committee.

New Bedford, Nov. 23, 1792.

WILLIAM ROTCH, JUN., *Respectfully informs his Customers and Friends*, He has for sale, Wholesale and Retail, At his store in New Bedford, SAIL CLOTH, of an excellent Quality, of No. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8; coarse and fine 5-4ths sheeting; 6 by 8, 7 by 9, 8 by 10, 9 by 11 and 10 by 12 Window Glass; Large and small Looking Glasses, and Plates unframed; Glass Tumblers; Twine and Cordage; Flour and Shipbread; Pork; Salt; Philadelphia and Russia Bar Iron, excellent for cart tire; Paints of several kinds; Sheathing Paper, Wrapping Paper, &c.

New Bedford, Nov. 23, 1792.

Here comes another, full of marine spirit, with a great wood-cut of an old-fashioned brigantine, with a flag-staff at the stern and another from the bowsprit, and a flag flying from each, headed

#### FOR HAVRE DE GRACE.

THE Brig Mary, CORNELIUS GRINNELL, Master, Will sail on the 20th of December. For freight or passage apply to Seth Russell, or to the said Master on board.

New Bedford, Nov. 22, 1792.

A rare chance for the young gentlemen of Bedford to shake hands with "Johnny Crapeau." And

one of them, who for many years was a prominent merchant of this place, and son of the owner of the brig, Seth Russell, 2d, went out as a passenger. While in Havre the captain and his passenger, who were intimate friends, were invited out to dine with the consignee, for which occasion it was necessary to have their heads dressed by a barber. While the knight of the comb and brush was at work upon the hair of Mr. Russell, Capt. G. stood behind, giving the barber directions; and when the operation was finished, his companion's hair was curled, frizzled and powdered in a most charming manner, the excessive fashion even of that day, by the winks and nods of Capt. G., exceeded. So hurrying out of the *friseur's* shop, they returned to the good brig Mary's cabin; and here our worthy friend, who on the way had attracted much attention from the *beaux* and *belles*, got the sight of himself in a mirror, and by the aid of Capt. G. restored his crown to its pristine simplicity.

During their stay in Havre, Capt. G. had the fine old nautical portrait of himself painted which has for several years hung in the house of his son-in-law, William T. Russell. It represents him in the fashion of that day, with sky-blue-colored coat, buff waistcoat, white cravat, ruffled shirt and wristbands, his hair brushed back and powdered, the countenance fresh and expressive of frankness; before him lies a chart, and in his right hand he holds a pair of dividers. Capt. Grinnell was the father of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of this city, Hon. Moses H. Grinnell and Henry Grinnell, the

philanthropic merchants, of New York, — the latter the father of the Kane expedition.

Captain Cornelius Grinnell was one of that class of worthy old ship-masters and merchants, of whom I have before spoken. He was born in Little Compton, R. I., 2d mo. 11th, 1758, and died in New Bedford 4th mo. 19th, 1850, in his 93d year. His ancestors came from England about the year 1710, and settled as farmers in the place of his birth; but more remotely of the Huguenots, who emigrated from France to England during the persecution of their sect in 1572. He came to New Bedford a poor boy, and served his apprenticeship with his brother-in-law, Joseph Austen, as a hatter. By the destruction of his property during the general conflagration of the place by the British troops in 1778, he was left several hundred dollars in debt, having just started in business; but being of an ambitious and energetic character, he chose the life of a sailor, and became a ship-master at an early age. His great nautical skill and experience, and his extensive intercourse with the most intelligent merchants at home and abroad, prepared him for that successful career which he afterwards led as one of our early merchants. Captain Grinnell was a gentleman of the old school, hospitable, urbane, a man of sound judgment and unswerving integrity of character. In his personal appearance, particularly his countenance, he was said strongly to resemble the great Lafayette. He retained until his last years the costume of his earlier days, and was remarkable for the neatness of his person.



When passing through our streets, with his quaint but tasteful costume, usually of dark green broad-cloth of the best quality, his handsome white-topped boots of the highest polish, knee-breeches, and cane in hand, his appearance was pleasing and attractive; and for many years after the death of that pattern of old-fashioned Quaker gentility and neatness, Samuel Rodman, Sen., was to the eye of the writer, and probably to many others; the best-dressed man of our place. The old class of worthies which he so well represented is now all gone; and it will be my endeavor from time to time to make a just and respectful notice of them. Their memories are surely worthy of being preserved.

While the good brig *Mary* was lying at her wharf in Havre, that distinguished merchant, William Rotch, Sen., a sketch of whose life and character I have before given, came on board, and the portrait before spoken of, which had been placed upon the walls of the cabin, was at once recognized by him, and pointing towards it, he said, "That is Cornelius Grinnell." How valuable must such a remembrancer, with so many pleasant associations, be to its present possessor and the rest of his family!

But to return to the old "*Medley*," of which I desire to make thorough work, as it is probably the only copy of this number in existence:\* the next advertisement, headed by a tub-like sloop, with the bowsprit at an angle of forty-five degrees and the main boom to correspond, reads:

\* Since writing the preceding sketch of the old *Medley* newspaper, I have seen a nearly complete file of all the numbers of that paper, which fully sustains the favorable estimate I deduced from the first number.

## FOR NEW YORK AND CHESEPEAKE.

THE sloop Mayflower, Gibbs West, Master, Will sail on or about the first of next month. For freight or passage apply to the Master on board at Rotch's Wharf, or to Elisha West.

I have now reached the last page of this venerable relic of the press; and in the column devoted to the Muses, with the caption "Pierian Spring," I find some original lines on the Acushnet River, which the poet (Elihu Doty, a native of Rochester, Mass.) calls "Quishnet," with this introduction:

"For the Medley.

Mr. Printer, Anxious to please others, and willing to be pleased myself, I have written the following stanzas to be inserted in the first number of the Medley: by doing which you may possibly oblige many, but I dare say none more than yours, &c.

LEANDER."

The modern Leander does not liken his Quishnet to the Hellespont, and Editor Spooner is the Hero of his verse. Here follow the stanzas, which are really very good:

Old pow'rful Quishnet quiet slept,  
Amidst his oozy bed;  
Around his shores the marshes swept,  
And rushes crown'd his head.

O'er his broad back the western breeze,  
With chilly whispers flew,  
When Sol behind the leafless trees,  
The morning curtains drew.

Sloping along the Eastern skies,  
Till almost noon he ran,  
When thus beholding with surprise,  
The shining God began:

"Rouse! King of waters, and survey  
The bliss the Gods design  
For mortal man this happy day,  
And be the glory thine!

See with what diligence and skill,  
The Printer rears his press!  
May its good infl'ence wide distil,  
And in distilling bless."

Apollo spoke, and o'er the waves  
 The sea-green power arose,  
 His breast the dimpling billow laves,  
 And alders shade his brows.

Around the glist'ning shores he view'd,  
 Well pleased with what he saw,  
 A rev'rend horror still the flood,  
 The winds attend with awe.

“SPOONER! the pleasing task pursue,  
 Of spreading knowledge round!  
 Tho' to my shores the deed be new,  
 Yet may the work abound.

My waves shall waft the Medley o'er,  
 To bless the Eastern side.  
 The Gods approve.” — He said no more  
 And sunk amidst the tide.

How many poets are there in New Bedford of the present day who can excel this? Farewell, Leander! thou hast probably long since gone down a stream swifter and more endless than thy admired Quishnet!

Then follows an original article on “Prejudice,” signed “Equitas,” well written and instructive; after which are three capital anecdotes, under the head of “Variety,” also the celebrated Sermon on Malt. Two more advertisements close the page, one of books and bookbinding, by Caleb Greene, and the other of books, by our friend, the editor of the Medley, among which are advertised Watts's Psalms and Hymns, Vicar of Wakefield, Journey to Jerusalem, Expedition of Humphrey Clinker, Devotional Papers, Adventures of Gil Blas, Affectionate Schoolmaster, &c. The latter must certainly have been a *rara avis*. And here I close my catalogue of the Medley, a sheet of which any editor of the present day need not be ashamed.

The successor of the Medley was the "Columbian Courier. Printed and Published by Abraham Shearman, Jun., at the Four Corners, New Bedford. (1 D. 50 cts. per ann.)" This paper continued a little more than five years, from 12th mo. 8th, 1799, to 3d mo. 1st, 1805. Upon the title-page of this humble sheet (even smaller than the "old Medley") and between the words forming its title, is a striking wood-cut, of oval form, representing a maritime city, with its spires, observatory, blocks of buildings, ships at the wharves, with their flags flying at mast-head, and a ship and sloop, both under sail, coming into port, the one evidently from foreign parts and the other coastwise, a courier upon horseback, riding at great speed from the adjoining country, and all with important news and intelligence for the "Columbian Courier!"

In the prices current at New York, by the quantity, March 23d, 1799, superfine flour is quoted at \$8 per barrel; common do. at \$7.50; butter for export, 18 to 20 cents; cheese—English, 23 to 28 cents, American, 8 to 12 cents; beef—cargo, \$6, prime, \$7.50, mess, \$9 per barrel; wheat, per bushel, \$1.50; rye, 75 cents; barley, 94 cents; oats, 33 to 34 cents; corn, 53 to 56 cents; molasses, 50 to 58 cents per gallon; rice, \$2 to \$2.25 per cwt.; sugar—muscovado, \$14.15 to \$16.50 per cwt., Havana, \$13.15 to \$16, do. white, \$19 to \$20, India, first quality, \$15.50 to \$15.87, lump, per pound, 27 cents, loaf, do., 29 cents; bohea tea, per pound, 62 cents, hyson, \$1.35 to \$1.43, hyson skin, \$1.06 to \$1.09, souchong, \$1 to \$1.06; wine—

Lisbon, per gallon, \$1 to \$1.06, port, \$1; gunpowder (English,) 25 pounds, \$12.50; shot, per cwt., \$8.50; cordage, per cwt., \$13; candles—tallow, 15 to 17 cents, sperm, 50 to 62 cents per pound; oil—linseed, per gallon, \$1, whale, per tun, \$75 to \$80, spermaceti, per gallon, 87 to 90 cents; tobacco—very dull—9 to 11 cents per pound.

Attached to a notice directed to Caleb Greene, clerk of the proprietors of the New Bedford bridge, are the following names: William Rotch, Jr., Thomas Rotch, Thomas Hazard, Jr., Preserved Fish, Joseph Maxfeld, Peleg Howland, Benjamin Hill, Isaac Shearman, Ebenezer Perry: New Bedford, 12th mo. 24th, 1798.

In the marine news: December 25th, 1798, "Sailed Ship Maria, Paddack, bound to the Pacific Ocean on a whale voyage." This is the old Maria, the oldest whaler, if not the oldest ship, in the United States, formerly owned by Samuel Rodman, Sen., and lately owned by his grandson, Samuel W. Rodman, of Boston. Her register is 202 tons burthen.

The numbers of the Columbian Courier which I have examined are very much occupied with public matters, home and foreign news: "An Address to John Adams; President of the United States," "Fate of Buonaparte," news from Italy, Turkey, Germany, &c.; "Extract from the British Monthly Review for July, 1797. As a friend to human kind, Mr. Wilberforce is already well known to the public, and his benevolent thought hitherto unsuccessful exertions in favor of an in-

jured race of men must entitle him to the esteem of every philanthropist."

The motto of the *Columbian Courier* is given upon the third page of the number before me:

"To mark th' unfoldings of eventful time."

The only worshippers before the hymeneal altar are given as follows:

"Married, in this town, Capt. Samuel Borden to Betsey Huttleston, only daughter of Peleg Huttleston, Merchant, of this town."

Among the advertisements:

**NEW INSURANCE OFFICE.**

**J**OSEPH RICKETSON, informs the public, That by the request of a number of his Friends he still continues the office of Insurance Broker, &c.

Other advertisers are Howland & Hathaway, Michael Graham, William Ross, Jeremiah Mayhew, Daniel Ricketson & Son, Caleb Greene & Son, William Rotch, Jr., & Co., Seth Russell & Sons, Henry Dean, Jonathan Card; all of whom have passed off the stage of life, and are succeeded by a more ambitious but probably no more happy class in their various pursuits of commercial enterprise.

Of the editor of this newspaper, Abraham Shearman, Jr., I have before spoken, but his superior excellencies entitle him to something more than a passing notice. As a man of sound judgment, pure and refined nature, honest, faithful and truly religious, all who knew him readily acknowledge. His fine moral and literary tastes led him, in his long experience as the chief bookseller of New Bedford, to

furnish his customers with the best works of genius in the different departments of belles-lettres; and many are undoubtedly willing to acknowledge that from this source, they received encouragement in the fields of literature, among whom the writer of this history, if it be not invidious for him so to do, would gladly add his testimony. Friend Shearman was born upon his father's farm, about a mile north of the Friends' meeting-house at Acushnet, 4th mo. 4th, 1777, and died in New Bedford, at the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, 12th mo. 26th, 1847, in his 71st year. He was for a long time a prominent and valuable member of the Society of Friends, and held several important offices in this fraternity. Owing to an injury in his youth, he became quite lame and somewhat of an invalid during the remainder of his life, yet his personal appearance was highly respectable, and during his latter years venerable. He possessed considerable literary as well as business talent, and his acquirements were superior to most of his contemporaries; yet, owing to his great modesty, and conscientious scruples lest he should transcend the good order of the Christian society to which he was so much devoted, his accomplishments were but little known, except to his most intimate acquaintances. His life was one of remarkable purity, and his memory will be long treasured by his friends.

On Friday, August 7, 1807, commenced the "*New Bedford Mercury*," now one of the oldest newspapers in New England. In the spring of

that year, upon a certain day, a tall and well-dressed young man, erect in person, with cane in hand, stepped briskly into the office of the old Marine Insurance Company, at the corner of Elm and Water streets, and inquired for a person with whom he had had some correspondence in relation to the establishment of a newspaper in New Bedford; the "Columbian Courier," as it will be remembered, having ceased on March 1, 1805. 'This gentleman was Benjamin Lindsey, Sen., of Boston; and the interview with the gentleman he sought, who was Joseph Ricketson, Sen., appears to have been satisfactory, as the first number of the Mercury was issued, as before stated, in the following August.

Mr. Lindsey was a man of great energy and industry, an editor of the old school. His constant devotion to his profession much impaired his health, and for many of his last years, as remembered by the writer, he bore the appearance of a valetudinarian; but he retained his quick step and industrious habits to the last. His appearance was remarkably editorial, but decidedly of the olden time, and like his predecessor, John Spooner, of the Franklin school of printers. The New Bedford Mercury during his editorship was of the Federal school of politics, and was ever one of the most consistent and able journals in the State. During the latter part of his life, he was assisted by his eldest son, the present editor, who established the Daily Mercury, not without the distrust of his father for its success, in 1831.



At present there are three newspaper establishments in this city: the Mercury, daily, semi-weekly, and weekly; the Standard, daily and weekly; and the Times, weekly.

Mr. Lindsey was a practical printer, having learned his trade in Boston. He was born in Marblehead, Mass., and died in New Bedford, November 10, 1831, in his 54th year. He was a man of sound judgment, exemplary virtue, unobtrusive in his manners, and died much respected by his fellow-citizens.

## CHAPTER XIII.

RECAPITULATION IN PART OF FORMER MATTERS—PARTIAL GENEALOGY OF THE RUSSELL FAMILY—OLD PROPRIETORS—CASES OF LONGEVITY, &C.

ALTHOUGH I have given this work the title of a History of New Bedford, I have included considerable which more properly belongs to the old township of Dartmouth, of which New Bedford is but a part, the old township having been divided in the year 1787, as before stated; and that territory, once known only as Dartmouth, included the present townships of Westport, Dartmouth, New Bedford and Fairhaven. The two latter were until the year 1812 one township, under the name of New Bedford, at which time Fairhaven was separately incorporated.

The first settlement of Dartmouth, so far as I have been able to ascertain from a diligent examination of the old records, was made at "Russell's Mills," by Ralph Russell, soon after the purchase of the Indian chiefs, Wasamequin and his son Wamsutta, by William Bradford and others, as per deed dated "New Plymouth, November 29th, 1652," a copy of which will be found in my first chapter. Here, upon the west bank of the Pascamanset river, in a beautiful and picturesque region, came the ancestor of the Russell family, the aforesaid Ralph Russell, who, as before stated, had been engaged with Henry and James Leonard in the

iron manufacture at Raynham. In an account of the early settlement of Braintree, Mass., given in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, mention is made of a company of iron manufacturers, who having heard of the facilities for obtaining their ore, had emigrated to that place for the purpose of establishing their business, but were disappointed in the result. Of this company, the said Russell and Leonards moved to Raynham in the year 1652, and established their business on what is known as the "Two Mile River." They originally came from Pontipool, Monmouthshire, Eng., a place still noted for its iron manufacture. Ralph Russell was probably an elderly man at the time he emigrated from Taunton to Dartmouth, and must have died soon afterwards, as the name of John Russell, Sen., who was undoubtedly his son, appears first in the early records of the township as a proprietor. The remains of the old iron-forge established by Ralph Russell are still to be seen at Russell's Mills.

There were thirty-six original purchasers of the township of old Dartmouth, among whom was Capt. Miles Standish, whose portion was purchased by John Russell, as per deed from Edward Gray, attorney to Miles Standish, dated "March y<sup>e</sup> 9th, 1664."

In the year 1665, Dartmouth was represented for the first time at the General Court at Plymouth, by John Russell.

"John Russell, Sen., died y<sup>e</sup> 13th day of Feby, 1694-5. Dorothy Russell, wife of John Russell,

Sen., died y<sup>e</sup> 18th day of December, 1687.” *Dartmouth Records*.

His age is not given, but he was undoubtedly an old man, as it will be remembered he was the representative in 1665, and was probably born in England.

“Joseph Russell, son of John Russell, Sen., was born y<sup>e</sup> 6th day of May in y<sup>e</sup> year 1650, and died December 11, 1739, in the 90th year of his age.

Elizabeth Russell, y<sup>e</sup> wife of Joseph Russell, Sen., was born y<sup>e</sup> 6th day of March, 1657, and died 25th September, 1737.”

Joseph Russell and John Russell, twin brothers, who were born in the garrison on the east side of Apponeganset River, the remains of which are still to be seen, “y<sup>e</sup> sons of Joseph Russell and Elizabeth his wife, were born y<sup>e</sup> 22d of y<sup>e</sup> month called November, in y<sup>e</sup> year 1679.”

“John Russell, Jun., deceased y<sup>e</sup> 20th day of March, in y<sup>e</sup> year 1695-6.”

John Russell, twin brother of Joseph Russell, married Rebecca, daughter of William and Elizabeth Ricketson, 2d mo. 26th, 1704.

Joseph Russell, 1st, son of the aforesaid John Russell, Sen., settled within what is now the limits of the city of New Bedford. His house stood near the site of the “Tyson house,” now owned by Capt. John A. Delano. The original well which belonged to his house is now in the cellar of said Tyson house, and is still in use.

Joseph Russell, 2d, twin brother of John, lived on County street near the head of Walnut street.

His house was standing within the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants, lately deceased, and the well of the same, still in use, is between the residences of Capt. Caleb Anthony and Barton Ricketson.

There is a confirmatory title of land, dated 25th May, 1711, conveying to Joseph Russell, Jr. (2d,) his homestead, made by Her Majesty's (Queen Anne's) Justices of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the County of Bristol: Samuel Hammond, Benjamin Hammond, and Benjamin Crane, surveyors.

Joseph Russell, 3d, the fourth son of the foregoing Joseph Russell, 2d, and Mary his wife, whom I have before mentioned as the founder of New Bedford, was born, as is supposed in the house of his father, near the head of Walnut street, 10th mo. 8th, 1719, and died at his house, near the head of William street, 10th mo. 16th, 1804, aged 85 years.

Caleb Russell, Sen., whose house is still standing upon the south part of County street, and Abraham Russell, the grandfather of the late Seth and Charles Russell, merchants, of New Bedford, were also sons of Joseph Russell, Jr. (2d,) and Mary his wife.

Judith, the wife of Joseph Russell, 3d, and daughter of Barnabas and Rebekah Howland, was born 1st mo. 14th, 1725, O. S. They were married 5th mo. 29th, 1741, O. S. She died 2d mo. 26th, 1807, in her 82d year. Their children were as follows: Barnabas, born 3d mo. 26th, 1745, O. S.;

Rebekah, born 2d mo. 30th, 1747, O. S.; Patience, born 1st mo. 10th, 1749, O. S.; Martha, 12th mo. 14th, 1751, O. S.; Elizabeth, 8th mo. 1st, 1753, O. S.; - Abraham, born 2d mo. 25th, 1756, O. S.; Humphrey, born 5th mo. 25th, 1758, O. S.; Gilbert, born 5th mo. 2d, 1760, O. S.; Mary, born 11th mo. 9th, 1763, O. S.; Judith, born 11th mo. 26th, 1765, O. S.; Joseph, born 12th mo. 13th, 1768, O. S.

Joseph Russell, 3d, was a man of medium stature, and of rather slender figure. He wore the old-fashioned costume of the Society of Friends, of which he was a strict member: the long-skirted coat, long waistcoat, and knee-breeches, with buckles in his shoes, or top boots, and a three-cornered hat. His hair, even in his latter years, was thick, and of dark color mixed with gray, his eyebrows remarkably heavy, and the general expression of his countenance stern, though at times he could enter into the spirit of humor. He was much devoted to the principles of the Society of Friends, and in reading the Bible aloud, as was his usual custom, he adopted the peculiar tone of the preachers of his sect. He was a man of great industry, prudence, and enterprise, and of strict integrity of character, a large farmer, an extensive landholder, and, as before stated, the originator of the whale-fishery and the manufacture of spermaceti candles in New Bedford. He was very hospitable, and his house, as were those of his ancestors, was the headquarters of travelling Friends and other strangers. He gave, as before mentioned, the Society of Friends the lot of land on Spring street upon which

the brick meeting-house stands. His wife was a notable housekeeper, and, although very wealthy people, all her daughters were thoroughly trained in domestic duties, and in their turn became worthy representatives of their mother.

That Joseph Russell was a man of much presence of mind, the following incident in his life will show. He was the owner of Gooseberry Neck, a piece of land which lies in the present township of Westport, near the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, and of which I have previously spoken in my account of this bay. This rocky promontory is completely insulated at high water, and after a heavy blow from the south-west, with the huge Atlantic billows dashing against it, presents one of the sublimest scenes upon our coast. Having crossed over to this place on horseback, he remained there some time, and on his return found the tide had come in so much that he was obliged to swim his horse; but the current setting in very strong, and the distance being considerable, he found when part way over that his horse would not be able to proceed much farther with him upon his back. In this critical situation, he remembered to have read in the journal of Thomas Richardson, one of the early Friends, of a similar circumstance happening to him while fording a stream, who, by slipping off the back of his horse and holding on to his tail, was safely carried over. He at once adopted this expedient, and with like success. A sketch of a similar character may be seen in one of the *tail-pieces* of Bewick's "Illustrated Natural History."

The oil-factory of Joseph Russell, of which I have before spoken as the first in New Bedford, and which was burnt by the British in 1778, stood on the north side of "Centre street square." The art of refining spermaceti was at this time known to but few, and by these kept a profound secret. Captain Chafee, of whom I have also spoken as being employed by Mr. Russell for this purpose, while at work was shut up by himself, lest any one should discover the art.

According to Macy's History of Nantucket, the manufacture of spermaceti candles was not introduced there until the year 1772. From the same source I learn that "the first manufactory of sperm candles in this country was established in Rhode Island, a little previous to 1750, by Benjamin Crab, an Englishman." In 1753 Obadiah Brown erected candle-works at Tockwotten, now India Point, Providence, and engaged the above Benjamin Crab to conduct the business. After this, in 1754 or '55, Moses Lopez engaged in the same business at New York, and was soon followed by Collins & Reveria, Aaron Lopez, Thomas Robinson, and others. Obadiah Brown in 1753 manufactured about three hundred barrels, which was nearly all that was in that year saved separate from body oil, and not sent to England. He was disappointed of the information which he expected to receive from Crab, and was obliged to learn the secret of refining by his own experiments. In 1761 there were eight manufactories in New England, and one in Philadelphia.



In the year 1770, Joseph Russell and his son Barnabas, who were in partnership, owned, in addition to several whaling vessels, a number of other vessels trading to southern ports and the West India Islands. They also kept a store, and imported goods from London, by the way of Boston, and their West India goods in their own vessels. To the time of the Revolutionary War their business was in a very flourishing state. During the war their vessels were taken; and their losses by the depreciation of the continental paper money left them at its close but little beside their real estate.

The following table of the depreciation of paper currency during the Revolutionary War is copied from a memorandum, in remarkably neat penmanship, by Lydia Tallman,\* afterwards the wife of Gilbert Russell, made by her at the age of 17 years.

"1777, January 1, 100 Spanish milled dollars equal to 100 dollars paper currency; February 1, 100 do. equal to 107 do.; March 1, 100 do. equal to 109 do.; April 1, 100 do. equal to 112 do.; May 1, 100 do. equal to 115 do.; June 1, 100 do. equal to 120 do.; July 1, 100 do. equal to 125 do.; August 1, 100 do. equal to 150 do.; September 1, 100 do. equal to 175 do.; October 1, 100 do. equal to 275 do.; November 1, 100 do. equal to 300 do.; December 1, 100 do. equal to 310 do. 1778, January 1, 100 do. equal to 325 do.; February 1, 100 do. equal to 350 do.; March 1, 100 do. equal to 375 do.; April 1, 100 do. equal to 400 do.; May 1, 100

\* An account of a journey this lady made on horseback from Bedford to Nine Partners, Dutchess County, N. Y., with her brother Seth Tallman, her future husband Gilbert Russell, and his father Joseph Russell, will be found in the next chapter.

do. equal to 400 do.; June 1, 100 do. equal to 400 do.; July 1, 100 do. equal to 425 do. 1779, January 1, 100 do. equal to 742 do.; February 1, 100 do. equal to 868 do.; March 1, 100 do. equal to 1000 do.; April 1, 100 do. equal to 1104 do.; May 1, 100 do. equal to 1215 do.; June 1, 100 do. equal to 1342 do.; July 1, 100 do. equal to 1477 do.; August 1, 100 do. equal to 1630 do.; September 1, 100 do. equal to 1800 do.; October 1, 100 do. equal to 2030 do.; November 1, 100 do. equal to 2308 do.; December 1, 100 do. equal to 2593 do. 1780, January 1, 100 do. equal to 2934 do.; February 1, 100 do. equal to 3322 do.; March 1, 100 do. equal to 3736 do.; April 1, 100 do. equal to 4000 do."

The original proprietors of land on the west side of the Acushnet River, beginning at Clark's Point and following the County road to the Head of the River in order, were as follows:

1. Benjamin Allen, who owned the whole of Clark's Point and as far north as the brow of the hill leading down to Clark's Cove.

2. Joseph Russell, Sen. (1st.)

3. Joseph Russell, Jr. (2d.) They were both living in 1711, father and son.

4. Manasseh Kempton.

5. Samuel Willis.

6. Stephen Peckham, whose land extended from Willis's north line (south side of Linden street) northwardly to the "Russell farm," now owned by the heirs of the late Timothy G. Coffin; including the Coggeshall and Tallman farms, the latter now owned by Willard Nye and Charles R. Tucker. The old Peckham house stood a little to the southwest of the entrance gate to "Woodlee," the

residence of the latter-named person. The old cellar has been filled, but the well still remains.

7. John Hathaway, whose land extended from the north line of the "Russell farm" to a little north of the farm of the late Captain William Hathaway, now the property of Benjamin B. Covell.

8. The Wrightingtons, who owned from the Hathaway line to the Head of the River, including the land of the village of Acushnet on both sides of the river. The Swifts early in the last century purchased of the Wrightingtons. Upon a stone in the old graveyard at Acushnet is the following inscription: "In memory of Dea. Jireh Swift, who departed this life March y<sup>e</sup> 16th, 1782, in the 75th year of his age." This was the grandfather of the late Jireh Swift, Sen., of Acushnet, who died recently at an advanced age.

It will be seen by the above statement that the land upon which New Bedford is built originally belonged, as described, to the Russells, the Kempsons, and the Willises; and a portion of the descendants of these old proprietors are landholders in their respective localities at the present day.

I find, upon a further examination of the old surveys of Benjamin Crane, that all the land lying upon the west side of the Acushnet road, from Stephen Peckham's north line to the road leading over Tarkiln Hill, (which was called the "Rhode Island Way," being the road from Plymouth to Newport,) and west for a long distance, and to the

Acushnet River on the east, was originally owned by John Hathaway. His house, a large old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed mansion, stood until within a few years near the corner of the "Nash road," a little to the east of the present residence of Thomas Nash.

The old Wrightington house, a part of the cellar and wall of which are still to be seen, stood upon a knoll a little to the north of the residence of Thaddeus M. Perry, on the Acushnet road.

The following is a copy of an old paper without date; but the account being in sterling currency, and the name of Joseph Rotch, Jr., who died in Bristol, England, previous to the Revolution, place it at an early date:

Estimate of the expense of 75 rods of stone wall made each side of King street, proportioned among the proprietors of Bedford by Bartholomew Taber, Thomas Hathaway and Jethro Hathaway, amounting to £29 2, L. Mo<sup>v</sup>, to be collected by Joseph Rotch, Jr., and William Tallman, and paid to Joseph Russell, viz.:

Joseph Rotch & Son, accountable for	£19 7
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Remains to be collected of the following proprietors by William Tallman, viz.:

John Akins,	£ 7
Jeremiah Childs,	5
Jesse Crossman,	9
Isaac Fish,	7
Isaac Howland,	1
Edward Hudson,	12
John Lowden,	1
William Macomber,	3
Joseph Russell,	2
Barnabas Russell,	15
	<hr/>
Carried forward,	£6 18

Brought up,	£6 18	£19 7
Daniel Ricketson,	7	
Daniel Smith,	10	
William Tallman,	15	
Benjamin Taber,	18	
Benjamin Baker,	6	
	—	9 14
Lawful money,		£29 1

The late William Tallman, son of the one mentioned in the above account, remembered when a boy of riding down King street on horseback and finding it difficult to get along owing to the stones. The writer, a few years before the death of this old gentleman, met him in the hardware store of his son, William Tallman, Jr., who, in a reply to a remark upon the great variety of tools and cutlery to be found at the present time, told the following anecdote to show the contrast to the days of his boyhood. A son of William Ricketson was sent by his father to the blacksmith's to have a horse shod, with the money to pay for it. On the return home with the horse, the father upon inquiry found a penny missing, and that his son had spent it at the blacksmith's in the purchase of a jewsharp: "Ah," said the old man, "these blacksmith's shops are lick-penny places." "Lick-penny places" indeed! What would the simple-hearted old man say at the extravagance of the present day?

A grist-mill belonging to Joseph Russell formerly stood at the head of Main street. It was here when the house of Abraham Russell was raised, 6th July, 1803, and stood a short distance in the rear of the same.

In the latter part of the last century, or the first of the present, Abraham Russell established the

first line of stage-coaches between New Bedford and Boston. At this time there was no one in New Bedford who had seen four horses harnessed, except the wife of Mr. Russell, who was a Philadelphia lady, and the harnesses were brought into her kitchen and laid upon the floor, for her to instruct the coachman the way of arranging them upon the horses. As the road had only been used by foot-passengers or by travellers on horseback, it was necessary to cut off the branches of the trees that overhung the road. The late Miss Hannah West, the daughter of Samuel West, D. D., who lived in the house still standing a little beyond the hill at Acushnet, seeing men lopping off the limbs of some fine trees near their house, was at first quite shocked at the seeming outrage, but on being informed of the great object in view, that the Boston stage-coach could pass, she became quite reconciled. At this period, as we read in the old "Medley" newspaper, one mail per week only was received from Boston.

The following list of aged persons within a circuit of two miles from New Bedford, in a population not exceeding 20,000 inhabitants, was made by the late Elisha Hathaway, of Boston, a native of New Bedford, in the month of September, 1848:

	Years.		Years.
Elizabeth Kempton,	95	Cornelius Grinnell,	90
Nash Stoddard,	94	William Rotch, Jr.,	88
Widow Winslow,	94	James Shearman,	88
Elizabeth Peckham,	92	Bethiah Russell,	87
Rhoda West,	91	William Tallman,	87
Nicholas Taber,	91	Betsey Fuller,	87
Seth Tallman,	90	Benjamin Butler,	87
Elizabeth Rodman,	90	Samuel Borden,	86

	Years.		Years.
Lois Perry,	86	Rhoda Howland,	82
Humphrey Hathaway's widow,	86	Charlotte Brightman,	82
Elizabeth Taber,	86	Susan Delano,	82
Sarah Russell,	85	David Howland,	82
Samuel Tripp,	85	Barnabas Taber,	82
Edith Russell,	85	Ruth Smith,	81
Susan Taber,	84	Mary Taber,	81
Abigail Hathaway,	84	William Holmes,	81
Phebe Meader,	83	John Slocum,	81
Job Akin,	83	Widow Cornell,	80
Elijah Kempton,	83	Pamela Willis,	80
Isaac Negus,	83	Desire Howland,	80
Richard Johnson,	83	Judah Butler,	80
Manasseh Kempton,	83	Francis Taber,	80
Abigail Perry,	82	Abraham Allen,	80
Abraham Pierce,	82	Lydia Foster,	80

Miss Rebecca Spooner, who was born on Scon-ticut Neck April 12th, 1762, O. S., now in her 97th year, possessing her mind but little impaired, and enjoying a good degree of health, resides at Oxford village, Fairhaven.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE MODE OF TRAVELLING IN OLDEN TIMES — SKETCHES OF TWO JOURNEYS ON HORSEBACK, ONE OF WHICH BREAKS OFF RATHER SUDDENLY — REMINISCENCES OF OLD CITIZENS.

IN my last chapter I mentioned a journey on horseback made by Miss Lydia Tallman. When a young woman, during the Revolutionary War, she accompanied her brother, Seth Tallman, her future husband, Gilbert Russell, and his father, Joseph Russell, from Bedford to Nine Partners, Dutchess County, New York, thence via Albany to Saratoga; passing through Rhode Island and Connecticut going, and returning through the western and middle parts of Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, making a journey of between four and five hundred miles, the last day of which they rode fifty miles. How many young ladies, think ye, of the present day, even with the advantages of riding-schools, can excel this? The roads at this time, too, were not what they now are, and a considerable part of the way was through a wild and unsettled country, covered with the primeval woods.

It is pleasant to revert to those days of healthful simplicity; and for a moment let us indulge in a picture of this old-fashioned equestrian party. The place of rendezvous for starting would probably be from the house of the elder member of the company, which, it will be remembered, stood near



the County road, a little to the south-east of the residence of Charles W. Morgan, and near a white mulberry tree, still to be seen there. This journey had undoubtedly been long the subject of conversation, particularly with the young people, and was not undertaken without due consideration. The time of their journey, though not known, was probably in the spring or early summer. The day of their departure having been duly fixed upon, bright and early the young lady, with her fresh and handsome countenance, which she always retained, accompanied by her lover and brother, mounted upon their sleek and well-fed horses, might have been seen proceeding at a brisk trot from her father's house, at the corner of Main and Third streets, to join their elder companion and guide, whom we may conclude they found already mounted at the appointed time before his own door. The usual farewells being made, the young lady already in the advance, they cheerfully commence their journey up the old County road. Behind each saddle are the leathern bags which contain their luggage. The gentlemen with smart top-boots and spurs, three-cornered beaver hats, and genteel Quaker costume throughout, the young lady with a neat and tasteful though simple travelling dress, with pieces of gold quilted into her skirt for security, and hood, all made by her own hands; thus equipped, we may infer they presented quite a janty appearance for the occasion. The old woods echoed to the hearty laughter and the good-humored

sallies of the young couple. An occasional farmhouse and rural fields only interrupted the nobler features of nature, while in the pauses of conversation might be heard the sweet and welcome notes of the wood thrush, or the rougher salutations of the blue jay, and crow. Onward they jog, and crossing Slade's-ferry, are fairly entered upon their way; so bidding them farewell, we must leave the remainder of the journey, for want of proper information,\* to be filled up by our younger and more imaginative readers, hazarding only the conclusion that a more auspicious prospect of happiness has rarely fallen to the lot of youthful lovers. And of this I have unquestionable proof at hand in the sequel, as the happy young couple were afterwards married, *videlicet*, on the 13th of November, 1783.

I have by me a pocket memorandum, or itinerary, which it is refreshing, in this age of unquiet and haste, to peruse, kept by Gilbert Russell on a subsequent journey, and, as will be seen, a few years after his marriage, through the same route, accompanied by his uncle, William Russell, which will in some measure throw light upon his previous, and as we may conclude happier, journey. The time of absence having been duly calculated upon a broad margin, he records his almanac for the months of October and November of the year 1786 upon the first page of the cover of the book,

\* The memoranda which I had relied upon for notes of this journey, I unexpectedly found to belong to another one—that which I have herein recorded.

the shape of which was chosen to be readily used from an inside breast pocket. Next follows the description of his watch, as follows:

“Marks of my watch: silver watch, made by Robt. Ovington, London; No. 38594 M. Steel chain; brass key; pinchback seal, with frame—figure, man’s head. Middling size figures for the minutes, and dots.”

“Steel portmanteau key; chain figured, stampd I. R. inside.”

“Cash taken with me: 2 Jos, (48,) 4 16—3 guineas, (28,) 4 4—1 do., 1 8 5—£10 8 5; 20 dollars, 6—change, 4 2—£16 12 7.”

“Wearing apparel taken with me: 3 shirts, 3 stocks, 3 pair stockings, 2 waistcoats, 1 pair breeches, 1 pair shoes, 1 pair buckles, 2 razors—besides what I have on.”

Next follows—

“Description of my mare: about 14 hands high, dark chestnut colour; trots all; mane hangs upon the left side; star on her forehead; brand on her left thigh—marked thus, WP.; interferes. About 10 years old.”

Mr. Russell was at this time in his twenty-seventh year, of small but genteel figure, modest and retiring manners, and great neatness of person and dress, which he retained throughout his life. All things thus ready, at half past two P. M., the 22d of October, 1786, they took their departure, the weather “cloudy and cold, wind N. E.”

A shade of sadness undoubtedly passes over the mind of the younger gentleman at the thought of his former companion, his now fair young wife,

left behind him; but pleasant remembrances, and a slight dash of romance, take the place of sadder thoughts, and clapping his spurs to the old mare he hurries forward, calling to his more staid uncle William, to hasten on.

That evening they reach their friend Thomas Durfee's, in Fall River—eighteen miles,—where they remain over night.

The next morning (23d) the weather having changed to “warm and fine,” they set off at quarter before eight, and dine three miles from Providence, R. I., on “pork, boiled mutton, cabbage, &c.,” and reach Coventry, where they put up for the night, at William Love's, riding forty miles that day.

The next morning they “turn out at three o'clock, get under way at six, with a small air from the westward, clear and warm,” ride five and a half miles, and oat their horses; cross Plainfield River, Connecticut, quarter past nine, eight miles from last stage, and breakfast. Passing through Ripley, “a small town,” Windham, “a very pretty town,” where they again oated, and dine at Lebanon on “fried pork and eggs.” The landlord “gone a courting an old maid of fifty-six, having buried his wife only six weeks before—he at the age of sixty.” Starting again at four o'clock, they reach a tavern at nightfall; find the landlord at the door, who informs them that “the doors *was* shut.” Fatigued, they “put on” in the dark for the next tavern, which they find full. Riding two and a half miles farther, they reach East Hartford, in all

fifty miles that day, "sup on bread and milk," and put up for the night.

25th. "Fine weather. Got under way a little before sunrise." Cross Hartford-ferry at eight o'clock, and breakfast on steaks and chocolate in "the city." At eleven they arrive in Farmington, ten miles from Hartford, oat the horses, and then put on for Litchfield, our journalist in severe pain; but persevere, and reach their port a little after sunset, having rode thirty-eight miles. "Sup on one cup of chocolate, and no appetite."

26th. Good weather. Get under way before sunrise, although still "quite meagre," cross Mount Tom at eight o'clock, and breakfast on chocolate ten miles from Litchfield. Noon finds them at New Milford, where they oated; and at half past three arrive at their desired port, Nine Partners, after a ride of thirty miles,—a pretty good ride for a sick man; but it appears to have cured him, for no further mention is made of pain or "meagre."

This journey of one hundred and seventy-six miles they accomplished in a little less than five days, making a fraction over thirty-five miles per day. Here they remained among their friends and relatives, ten days. While here they attended a "quarterly meeting" of Friends, of which society they were members, and lodged at Daniel Davis's, where they found "a couple of funny men from Danbury, Conn., who kept them up till twelve o'clock, telling stories." These were undoubtedly joking Quakers, who, although rather rare, yet exist, and are usually found to be quite equal to the humorists of other sects.

On the afternoon of the 5th November, they start on what our journalist calls, the second part of their journey, and put up for the night at B. Thomas's.

The next day get under way at eight o'clock, cross Plymouth Hill, and "make the mountains on the west side of North River, thirty-six miles distant, although appearing not to be more than four; arrive at Redhook, twenty-two miles from Hudson, riding thirty-eight miles that day. Sup on chocolate, and pass the night at a Dutchman's house."

The next day (Nov. 7th) start at sunrise, ride fourteen miles, and breakfast in Livingston Manor, eight miles from Hudson, at a Dutchman's, on tea and buckwheat cakes; arrive in the city of Hudson at 11 A. M. Dine at Captain Marshall Jenkins's on corned beef, and sup at the inn on tea and steaks. "Supposed to be nearly two hundred dwelling-houses in this city, of all sizes. Thirty-four miles from Albany."

8th. Fine weather and warm. Leave Hudson, pass through Kinderhook, eighteen miles from Hudson, and "at sunset arrive at the ferry, daylight down."

Pass the night at Albany, and the next day (the 9th November) they cross the Mohawk River, and at 11 A. M. reach their long looked for port, Daniel Shepherd's, at Niskayuna.

On the 10th, attend a Justice's Court. Weather cold.

11th. Clear and pleasant. Go to Schenectady, sixteen miles distant. "The town contains about

five hundred houses, chiefly Dutch; a few English buildings that are very clever."

12th. They attend a Shaker meeting, and witness the usual ceremonies, which are faithfully described.

On the 15th they proceed on their journey north-easterly; pass the battle-ground at Saratoga; and at sunset cross the North River again, pass through two miles of pine woods, and arrive at Thomas Dennis's, in Saratoga, at 7 P. M.

Here he was joined by his father, Joseph Russell, whose son Barnabas subsequently settled in Easton, opposite Saratoga, remaining until the 19th, when he "turned his face homeward," accompanied by his father, and lodged that night in a log-house for the first time.

20th. Snow-storm. Dine at "Duel's, in the woods." Cold and tedious riding. Put up at a log-house again.

21st. Clear and warm, the ground covered with snow. Parts with Uncle William, at Akin's. At half past ten reaches Bennington, Vermont, and puts up for the night at "Lapham's," in Hoosack, where they find more snow.

Although his father's name is not mentioned on the return, I conclude, as he had a companion throughout the journey, that he was the one.

On the 27th, with "new horses," they continue their journey, with the "old sort of blue weather, cold and disagreeable." Bait their horses on the east side of the Green Woods, in Worthington; and at five o'clock, having ridden thirty-five miles,

put up for the night within five miles of Northampton, Mass., and sup on steaks and tea at Edward's Tavern.

28th. Clear and cold. Start before sunrise, and breakfast in Northampton; proceed to the ferry; to their sorrow find the river frozen over, and being unable to prevail upon the ferryman to cut the ferry open, they go up the river, and find the ice strong enough to pass over with their horses; put on ten miles further, then oat and warm. The ink froze in his pocket. Pass the night in the town of Palmer, twenty-three miles from Northampton. A colder day they never knew even in winter.

29th. Clear, and very cold. Ride thirty-eight miles, passing through Brimfield and Sturbridge, and halting at Woodstock to bait the horses. Here they find had lately been a severe hurricane, which had torn up apple-trees, large quantities of wood, stables, and roofs of houses. Put up at Killingly, Conn., twenty-eight miles from Providence, — the roads very hard and icy.

30th. Snow-storm. Ride six miles, and get breakfast in Gloucester, R. I. Cross Providence ferry at three p. m., and reach Thomas Durfee's, in Fall River, at seven o'clock, having made forty-eight miles this day.

Dec. 1. At one p. m. arrive at home, eighteen miles from last stage.

The whole number of miles on this journey, five hundred and thirteen; greatest number of miles any one day, fifty; amount of expenses, £5, 17 s.



10 d.; time of absence, from Oct. 22d to Dec. 1st, forty days.

I have made these copious abstracts from the aforesaid journal, as a good specimen of the habits and mode of travelling at this period, which, it will be remembered, was in the year 1786, and thinking it might be particularly interesting to the elder portion of my readers, who were conversant with the parties concerned.

Gilbert Russell, to whom we are indebted for these interesting reminiscences, son of Joseph and Judith Russell, was born August 12th, 1760, and died from an injury he received by being thrown from his carriage, August 22d, 1829. Lydia, his wife, a daughter of William Tallman, was born September 30th, 1759, and died September 11th, 1840.

Mr. Russell was a man of refined taste and of gentle and unassuming manners. He built the house, on County street, which he afterwards sold to its present owner, William R. Rotch, and of which I have before spoken as one of the most genteel residences in our place; also the pleasant and tasteful mansion on the corner of Russell and Sixth streets, now owned by, and the residence of, S. G. Morgan.

His taste in horticulture employed many of his leisure hours. And few men in our community led more unexceptionable lives, or received more respect for their memory. Some of his experiments in horticulture were quite original. In his extensive and highly cultivated fruit-garden, now the property

of his son, William T. Russell, are two large rocks, which the writer remembers to have been used by this gentleman for the training of grape-vines, one of which was white, and the other black-washed, for the purpose of ascertaining which would ripen the fruit soonest. If the writer remembers correctly, there was no perceptible difference in the result.

Nearly all of this generation are now gone, and only one—a sister of the lady mentioned in the foregoing journey—remains of a large family, most of whom lived to a very advanced age. I refer to Mrs. Mary Hawes, daughter of William Tallman, 1st, and the widow of John Hawes, Esq., formerly Collector of this port. She is now (1858) in the ninety-first year of her age, and retains in a remarkable degree the cheerfulness and vivacity of her youth, which are only surpassed by her unyielding faith and hope in a higher and more enduring sphere of existence. With considerable skill in verse, the writer found her on a late visit still favored of the Muses, and listened with pleasure and instruction to the recital by herself of some devotional stanzas, lately composed, and in which her own personal experiences at the present time are touchingly recorded.

Another sister, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Taber, was the widow of Captain William Taber of this place, who was a gunner on board the "Royal George" at the time of her loss in September, 1782, and was one of the few persons saved. Eight hundred, who were on board at the time the ship sunk, were lost. While the vessel was sink-

ing, Captain Taber threw a light spar overboard, and leaping into the water, with this aid swam ashore. This shocking calamity made so sad and deep an impression on his mind that he was rarely willing to speak of it; I am informed, however, by a gentleman who was an intimate acquaintance, that he had related to him the particulars of this occasion.

To those who are uninformed of the circumstances relating to the loss of this noble vessel, the following may be interesting: it appears that the "Royal George," at the time of her loss, was lying at her anchors off Spithead, between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, where the royal navy frequently rendezvous, the weather calm and fine, her sails loosened and ensign and other bunting set, and visitors on board, when, by a light breeze against the sails, at the same time a large portion of those on board being upon the leeward side, the ship leaned over, and the lee ports being open, the water rushed in with such rapidity and in so great quantity that the noble vessel, with her brave eight hundred, and Admiral Kempenfelt, who at the time was seated in the cabin, were lost.

The following elegant and descriptive stanzas were written by the poet Cowper upon this sorrowful occasion, which struck not only to the heart of all England, but of the whole civilized world:

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE, SEPTEMBER, 1782.

Toll for the brave!  
 The brave that are no more!  
 All sunk beneath the wave  
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel,  
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook her shrouds,  
 And she was overset;  
 Down went the Royal George,  
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!  
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone.  
 His last sea fight is fought;  
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;  
 No tempest gave the shock;  
 She sprang no fatal leak;  
 She ran upon no rock:

His sword was in its sheath;  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down,  
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreaded by our foes!  
 And mingle with our cup  
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again,  
 Full charged with England's thunder,  
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone;  
 His victories are o'er;  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plough the wave no more.

## CHAPTER XV.

OLD SETTLERS — THE ORIGINAL SURVEYOR OF DARTMOUTH  
 — GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES OF SEVERAL OLD FAMILIES  
 — REMINISCENCES OF THE INDIANS.

IN this chapter I propose to enter a little more into the historical detail of my subject than I have done in my few last.

Below will be found a list of the early proprietors and settlers of the old township of Dartmouth, taken from the early records. These records or surveys are contained in five books, the first three of which comprise the early surveys, made by Benjamin Crane, and his successors, Benjamin Hammond, Daniel Wood, and Samuel Smith, but principally, and in fact most of them, by "old Crane," as he is familiarly called by those who have been accustomed to consult his surveys. Besides the larger books of records I have mentioned, there are twelve smaller ones, used by the old surveyor as pocket memorandums. The orthography is peculiar, and the penmanship, though quaint and somewhat fanciful, is generally quite legible, and possesses a uniformity, which when once learned, enables the reader to decipher it quite readily.

This old surveyor, Benjamin Crane, came from Taunton to Dartmouth, as recorded by himself in one of his pocket memorandum-books, October 2d, 1710. As is usually the fate of old records, those of Dartmouth previous to 1725 were destroyed by

fire; but the old surveyor, Crane, being then still living, transferred most of the surveys again from his memorandum or minutes, although undoubtedly much valuable information of an early date has perished with them.

The indifference, even on the part of those interested, in regard to early records, is quite surprising; men who in the ordinary pursuits of life are methodical and careful appear to possess no interest whatever, at least as far as any exertion is required of them, in their preservation; and these old records since the death of the last-chosen Proprietors' Clerk have had no authorized keeper. I would suggest that the records of the township of Dartmouth prior to 1787, which, with the said Proprietors' Records, belong equally to the several townships that formerly constituted the township of old Dartmouth, be deposited with the City Clerk of New Bedford, to be kept with the other books of the town, where they could at any time be consulted by those desiring it. The latter records are particularly valuable for genealogical researches, as they contain a large portion of the births, marriages, and deaths of the early settlers.

Here follows the list of names of the early settlers and proprietors before mentioned, arranged in alphabetical order:

ABRAHAM AKIN,  
JACOB AKIN,  
JOHN AKIN,  
JONATHAN AKIN,  
JOSEPH AKIN,  
ABRAHAM ALLEN,  
BENJAMIN ALLEN,

EBENEZER ALLEN,  
GEORGE ALLEN,  
INCREASE ALLEN,  
JOHN ALLEN,  
JOSEPH ALLEN,  
JOSIAH ALLEN,  
NOAH ALLEN,

NOEL ALLEN,  
 PHILLIP ALLEN,  
 WILLIAM ALLEN,  
 ZACHARIAH ALLEN,  
 WILLIAM ALMY,  
 CALEB ANTHONY,  
 ABRAHAM ASHLEY,  
 JETHRO ASHLEY,  
 NATHANIEL BABBIT,  
 BENJAMIN BABCOCK,  
 GEORGE BABCOCK,  
 BENJAMIN BAKER,  
 EBENEZER BAKER,  
 JABEZ BARKER,  
 JOSEPH BARKER,  
 STEPHEN BARKER,  
 WILLIAM BARKER,  
 WILLIAM BARKER,  
 RICHARD BEDEN,  
 SAMPSON BEDEN,  
 JEREMIAH BENNET,  
 JOHN BENNETT,  
 STOTEN BOOTH,  
 BENJAMIN BORDEN,  
 EDWARD BORDEN,  
 JOHN BORDEN,  
 JOHN BORDEN,  
 JOSEPH BORDEN,  
 WILLIAM BORDEN,  
 JOHN BRIGGS,  
 THOMAS BRIGGS,  
 HENRY BRIGHTMAN,  
 THOMAS BRIGHTMAN,  
 EZEKIEL BROWNELL,  
 GEORGE BROWNELL,  
 MEHITABLE BURRILL,  
 JONATHAN BUTTS,  
 GEORGE CADMAN,  
 GEORGE CADMAN,  
 WILLIAM CADMAN,  
 ABRAHAM CHACE,  
 BENJAMIN CHACE,  
 DAVID CHACE,  
 JACOB CHACE,  
 JONATHAN CLARK,  
 THOMAS COLEMAN,  
 HANNAH CORNELL,  
 JOHN CORNELL,  
 SAMUEL CORNELL,  
 THOMAS CORNELL,  
 SAMUEL CORNISH,  
 BENJAMIN CORY,

CALEB CORY'S heirs,  
 THOMAS CRANDON,  
 CONSIDER CRAPO,  
 PETER CRAPO,  
 ABISHAI DELANO,  
 JETHRO DELANO,  
 JONATHAN DELANO,  
 NATHAN DELANO,  
 NATHANIEL DELANO,  
 SETH DELANO,  
 THOMAS DELANO,  
 CHARMONTDEMORANVILLE,  
 JOSIAH DEMORANVILLE,  
 LOUIS DEMORANVILLE,  
 NEHEMIAH DEMORANVILLE,  
 JOHN DENNIS,  
 JEREMIAH DEVOLL,  
 MARY DEVOLL,  
 WILLIAM DEVOLL,  
 AKIN DURFEE,  
 BENJAMIN DURFEE,  
 BRIGGS DURFEE,  
 JOHN EARL,  
 RALPH EARL,  
 WILLIAM EARL,  
 WILLIAM EARL'S heirs,  
 JOHN FISH,  
 THOMAS FITCH,  
 EDMUND FREEMAN,  
 THOMAS GETCHELL,  
 HENRY GIDLEY,  
 BENJAMIN GIFFORD,  
 CHRISTOPHER GIFFORD,  
 ENOS GIFFORD,  
 JEREMIAH GIFFORD,  
 JOSEPH GIFFORD,  
 LEVI GIFFORD,  
 ROBERT GIFFORD,  
 ROBERT GIFFORD,  
 WILLIAM GIFFORD,  
 BERIAH GODDARD,  
 JOHN HAMMOND,  
 WILLIAM HART,  
 BENJAMIN HATHAWAY,  
 ELISHA HATHAWAY,  
 JAMES HATHAWAY,  
 JETHRO HATHAWAY,  
 JOHN HATHAWAY,  
 JONATHAN HATHAWAY,  
 MELTIAH HATHAWAY,  
 SETH HATHAWAY,  
 SYLVANUS HATHAWAY,

THOMAS HATHAWAY,  
 THOMAS HATHAWAY, 2d,  
 JONATHAN HEAD,  
 GABRIEL HIX,  
 JOSEPH HIX,  
 MARY HIX,  
 SAMUEL HIX,  
 EXPERIENCE HOLMES,  
 ABNER HOWARD,  
 WILLIAM HOWARD,  
 BENJAMIN HOWLAND,  
 GIDEON HOWLAND,  
 GILES HOWLAND,  
 HENRY HOWLAND,  
 NATHANIEL HOWLAND,  
 NICOLAS HOWLAND,  
 ZOETH HOWLAND,  
 SAMUEL HUNT,  
 VALENTINE HUTTLESTONE,  
 JOB JENNE,\*  
 JOHN JENNE,†  
 JOHN JENNE, JR.,  
 LETTICE JENNE'S heirs,  
 LUTHER JENNE,  
 MARK JENNE,  
 SAMUEL JENNE,  
 SETH JENNE,  
 SAMUEL JOY,  
 JAMES KEMPTON,  
 MANASSEH KEMPTON,  
 JACOB KENNY,  
 JOHN KIRBY,  
 NATHANIEL KIRBY,  
 ROBERT KIRBY,  
 ISAAC LAKE,  
 JOSEPH LAKE,  
 NATHANIEL LAKE,  
 JOHN LAPHAM,  
 NICOLAS LAPIAM,  
 GEORGE LAWTON,  
 ABIAL MACOMBER,  
 EPHRAIM MACOMBER,  
 JOHN MACOMBER,  
 SAMUEL MACOMBER,  
 THOMAS MACOMBER,  
 WILLIAM MACOMBER,  
 EDMUND MAXFIELD,

JOHN MAXFIELD,  
 TIMOTHY MAXFIELD,  
 ZADOCK MAXFIELD,  
 SAMUEL MENDALL,  
 JONAH MERRIHEW,  
 JOSEPH MERRIHEW,  
 PETER MERRIHEW,  
 JOB MILK,  
 LEMUEL MILK,  
 SETH MORTON,  
 ABNER MOSHER,  
 BENJAMIN MOSHER,  
 CONSTANT MOSHER,  
 DANIEL MOSHER,  
 HUGH MOSHER,  
 JOHN MOSHER,  
 JONATHAN MOSHER,  
 JOSEPH MOSHER,  
 MAXSON MOSHER,  
 NICHOLAS MOSHER,  
 SAMUEL MOTT,  
 NATHAN NYE,  
 MICAH PARKER,  
 JOSEPH PECKHAM,  
 STEPHEN PECKHAM,  
 SAMUEL PERRY,  
 DAVID PETTY,  
 EDMUND POPE,  
 ISAAC POPE,  
 SETH POPE,  
 ICHABOD POTTER,  
 JOHN POTTER,  
 NATHANIEL POTTER,  
 STEPHEN POTTER,  
 STOKES POTTER,  
 ELEAZER PRATT,  
 JONATHAN RICKETSON,  
 TIMOTHY RICKETSON,  
 WILLIAM RICKETSON,  
 SAMUEL RIDER,  
 WILLIAM RIDER,  
 DANIEL ROGERS,  
 PHILIP ROGERS,  
 GEORGE ROWSE,  
 JOHN RUSSELL,  
 JOHN RUSSELL, JR.,  
 JONATHAN RUSSELL,

\* This is the same name now spelt Jenney.

† John Jenne came over in the ship James in 1623, and was elected an assistant of Plymouth Colony in 1637, 1638, and 1639.



JOSEPH RUSSELL,  
 JOSEPH RUSSELL, Jr.,  
 THOMAS RUSSELL,  
 HENRY SAMPSON,  
 JAMES SAMPSON,  
 JAMES SAMPSON, Jr.,  
 JOSEPH SAMPSON,  
 STEPHEN SAMPSON,  
 DANIEL SHEARMAN,  
 EDMUND SHEARMAN,  
 JOB SHEARMAN,  
 JOHN SHEARMAN,  
 JOSHUA SHEARMAN, •  
 PELEG SHEARMAN,  
 PHILIP SHEARMAN,  
 SAMUEL SHEARMAN,  
 WILLIAM SHEARMAN,  
 DANIEL SHEPHERD,  
 JOHN SHEPHERD,  
 JAMES SISSON,  
 ELEAZER SLOCUM,  
 GILES SLOCUM,  
 MARY SLOCUM,  
 PELEG SLOCUM,  
 BENJAMIN SMITH,  
 DELIVERANCE SMITH,  
 ELEAZER SMITH,  
 ELIASHAP SMITH,  
 GERSHOM SMITH,  
 HENRY SMITH,  
 HEP'SIBAH SMITH,  
 HEZEKIAH SMITH,  
 HUMPHREY SMITH,  
 INCREASE SMITH,  
 JUDAH SMITH,  
 MARY SMITH,  
 PELEG SMITH,  
 AMOS SNELL,  
 BENJAMIN SOWLE,  
 GEORGE SOWLE,  
 JACOB SOWLE,  
 JOHN SOWLE,  
 JONATHAN SOWLE,  
 NATHANIEL SOWLE,  
 TIMOTHY SOWLE,  
 WILLIAM SOWLE,  
 BENJAMIN SPOONER,  
 ISAAC SPOONER,  
 JOHN SPOONER,  
 JOHN SPOONER, Jr.,  
 MICAH SPOONER,  
 NATHANIEL SPOONER, Jr.,

SAMUEL SPOONER,  
 SETH SPOONER,  
 WALTER SPOONER,  
 WILLIAM SPOONER,  
 JOSEPH STAFFORD,  
 JOHN SUMMERS,  
 JACOB TABER,  
 JACOB TABER, Jr.,  
 JOHN TABER,  
 JONATHAN TABER,  
 JOSEPH TABER,  
 PHILIP TABER,  
 PHILIP TABER, Jr.,  
 STEPHEN TABER,  
 THOMAS TABER,  
 THOMAS TABER, Jr.,  
 WILLIAM TABER,  
 JONATHAN TALLMAN,  
 EBENEZER TINKHAM,  
 JOHN TINKHAM,  
 PETER TINKHAM,  
 ELISHA TOBEY,  
 ELNATHAN TOBEY,  
 JONATHAN TOBEY,  
 WILLIAM TOBEY,  
 ZACHEUS TOBEY,  
 JOHN TOMPSON,  
 ABIAL TRIPP,  
 BENJAMIN TRIPP,  
 EBENEZER TRIPP,  
 JAMES TRIPP,  
 JAMES TRIPP,  
 JOHN TRIPP,  
 JOSEPH TRIPP,  
 PELEG TRIPP,  
 RICHARD TRIPP,  
 TIMOTHY TRIPP,  
 ABRAHAM TUCKER,  
 HENRY TUCKER,  
 JOHN TUCKER,  
 JOSEPH TUCKER and sons,  
 CHRISTOPHER TURNER,  
 BENJAMIN WAIT,  
 REUBEN WAIT,  
 THOMAS WAIT,  
 RICHARD WARD,  
 THOMAS WARD,  
 MOSES WASHBURN,  
 PETER WASHBURN,  
 ELM WASTE,  
 NATHAN WASTE,  
 JOSEPH WEAVER,

BARTHOLOMEW WEST,  
 SAMUEL WEST,  
 STEPHEN WEST,  
 JOSEPH WHALEN,  
 GEORGE WHITE,  
 JOHN WHITE,  
 ROGERS WHITE,  
 SAMUEL WHITE,  
 WILLIAM WHITE,  
 SCIPIO WILBOUR,  
 STEPHEN WILCOX,

DANIEL WILLCOX,  
 JEREMIAH WILLCOX,  
 SAMUEL WILLCOX,  
 SAMUEL WILLIS,  
 JOSEPH WING,  
 MATHEW WING,  
 DANIEL WOOD,  
 GEORGE WOOD,  
 GEORGE WOOD, JR.,  
 WILLIAM WOOD.

It will be remembered that the first purchase of Dartmouth was made of the Indian sachems, Wasamequin and Wamsutta, by William Bradford and others, in the year 1652, and by them sold to fifty-six persons, whose names I have already given,\* as mentioned in the confirmatory deed from the said William Bradford, then governor of Plymouth Colony, dated Nov. 13th, 1694. Many of those whose names are included in the foregoing list were either the heirs of the original proprietors or later purchasers of the same.

For more than forty years Dartmouth had been settled when the aforesaid deed was given, and a number of the earliest settlers do not appear in this list of names; among whom were Ralph Russell and Anthony Slocum, the two earliest settlers of whom we have any account, and who were undoubtedly deceased at the time the said confirmatory deed was given.

The land appears to have been regularly purchased by the earliest settlers, of the Plymouth people, and to have lain in a kind of common or undivided state for many years, each one choosing

\* See page 32.

such a location as he pleased. The parts first settled were, as before stated, at Russell's Mills and Acushnet, also upon the banks of the Pascamanset and Acoaxet Rivers, and upon the necks of land on Buzzard's Bay now known as Smith's and Slocum's Necks. The former was called by the Indians and early settlers Nomquid.

Among the first settlers in these necks were Deliverance and Judah Smith, Giles and Peleg Slocum, Benjamin and Nathaniel Howland. The homestead farm of Benjamin Howland, containing one hundred and forty-six acres, on Nomquid Neck, was surveyed May 12th, 1712, and that of Nathaniel Howland May 8th, 1712.

Arthur Hathaway, whose name is mentioned in the list of proprietors, came from Plymouth. He married Sarah Cooke in 1652, and their son John was born 1653. John Hathaway, who was probably the son of said John and grandson of Arthur, was the father of Thomas Hathaway, whose son Jethro was the father of the late Stephen and grandfather of the late Humphrey Hathaway, of Acushnet. Sarah Cooke was probably the daughter of John Cooke, who represented Dartmouth at the Old Colony General Court in 1673, and granddaughter of Francis Cooke, one of the "Pilgrim Fathers" who came over in the Mayflower, 1620.

The Hathaways were extensive landholders, derived from John Hathaway, who held a share in "the eight hundred acre division." Their lands were situate on both sides of the Acushnet River, commencing about half way from New Bedford

to Acushnet. Jethro Hathaway, as well as his father and grandfather, was a prominent man in the early history of Dartmouth; and the handwriting of the former, who was one of the committee on surveys from 1758 to 1773, is remarkably handsome, and rarely equalled by the professors of penmanship at the present day. The old homestead of Stephen Hathaway, son of Jethro, is about one mile below Acushnet village, on the east side of the river. A still older home of the Hathaways, and probably the original one, stood until within a few years on the road from New Bedford to Acushnet village, a little north of the Nash road.

It is much to be regretted that these old family mansions are so fast disappearing. Every year witnesses the demolition of more or less; and for another generation hardly a vestige of them will remain. It is quite remarkable, too, that these old houses should be so little valued; one would suppose that an ordinary respect for our forefathers should be sufficient to save them from destruction. But, aside from any such consideration, they were built in so substantial a manner, their massive oak frames and boarding held fast by treenails, and in most of them no other wood used than oak and cedar, which, unless where neglected and exposed to the weather, remain as fresh and sound at the expiration of a hundred years as on the day of the building. How much more picturesque and home-like, too, appear these old-fashioned farm-houses of our ancestors, so strong and so durable,

compared with the modern upstart cottages, usually painted white, with green blinds, which have in a great measure taken their places!

With the loss of the old houses also come the more artificial and enervating habits of the people. The representatives of the old settlers now to be seen rarely present the fresh countenances and robust health of their fathers; and the appearance of the women, even our farmers' wives and daughters, particularly since the introduction of stoves and less comfortable clothing, has perceptibly changed for the worse. Let the old-fashioned houses, then, be spared from any farther destruction, and the cheerful wood fire substituted for the health-destroying stove, so we may again hope to witness somewhat of that comfort and prosperity which was the happy lot of our ancestors.

One of the early settlers of this town, and a proprietor in "the eight hundred acre division," was Colonel Samuel Willis, who was born in Bridgewater, Mass., in the year 1688, and died in Dartmouth Oct. 3d, 1763, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His wife, Mehitable Willis, died Jan. 18th, 1782, in the ninety-fourth year of her age. They lie buried in the old graveyard at Acushnet. Their children were Eliakim, Benjamin, Samuel, Ebenezer, Zerviah, Hannah, and Jireh.

Major Ebenezer Willis died Nov. 7th, 1809, aged eighty-three years and four days. Elizabeth, his wife, died Aug. 9th, 1807, in her seventy-ninth year. Samuel, their son, died at sea March 4th, 1805.

Samuel Willis, the father of Colonel Willis, graduated at Harvard College in 1652. Eliakim, his grandson and son of Colonel Willis, graduated at Harvard College 1735. Benjamin, son of Colonel W., graduated at Harvard College 1740.

The earliest record of Samuel Willis in the old book of surveys by Benjamin Crane bears date Oct. 3d, 1713. He was at this time about twenty-five years of age. Colonel Willis also held a Justice's commission; and the records of his judicial proceedings are supposed to be still in existence, but I have not been able to find them.

A mural monument, with the following inscription upon a horizontal slab of freestone, is to be seen in the aforesaid graveyard:

"In memory of Col. Samuel Willis, Esq., who departed this life Oct. 3d, 1763, in the 76th year of his age."

From papers supplied me by a lady of this city, a great-granddaughter of Colonel Willis and daughter of Samuel Willis, 3d, I make the following extracts:

"He [Colonel S. Willis] was the first who owned a sea vessel in what is now called the port of New Bedford. One of his sons who had graduated at Harvard College, Eliakim Willis, navigated the vessel as master. He was afterwards settled as minister in Malden, near Boston, sixty years. Jireh Willis, Esq., commenced the practice of law in early life, but disliked the profession, and lived a retired life, except at the breaking out of the American Revolution, when he devoted a large portion of his time to animating, consoling and aiding his fellow-citizens. His son, William Willis, American Consul at Barcelona, Spain, who at one

time lived in Europe, lately died at the age of ninety-six years at Vernon, Virginia. His mother was a descendant of Lord Blaney, in Ireland, who had wealth as well as title, but both are now extinct." *Manuscript of Charles Willis, son of Augustus P. Willis, New Orleans.*

The following additional information of the Willis family is from a paper containing statements of Miss Pamela Willis, daughter of Jireh Willis, Esq., who died in the year 1847, aged eighty-eight years:

"Her father, a very pious man, was quite active in those severe times which preceded the Revolution. He contributed, through the press as well as otherwise, to mature the people of the country for an independent existence. He wrote those articles for the Royal American Magazine, over the signature 'Cato,' which attracted public attention and excited much interest at that time."

Her brother, the Hon. William Willis, "at the age of sixteen joined the army under Washington, and adhered to the public service until the liberties of our country were established. During a part of the Revolutionary struggle he commanded a brig-of-war, and after peace was restored received an appointment under the elder Adams to represent the Republic as Consul at Spain." After his return from Europe, he was a Representative to the General Court of Massachusetts.

A gentleman of this city informs me that he was present at the old state-house while Mr. Willis was making a speech. His hair was powdered, and being otherwise dressed as a gentleman of the old

school, and of fine personal appearance, and somewhat excited upon the occasion, he attracted much attention.

"I remember," adds this venerable lady in her reminiscences of New Bedford, "being told by my grandfather [Col. Samuel Willis] that a number of Indians had huts down where Purchase street runs, or nearer the water where clams were plenty, and that a mortal sickness came among them and swept them all off; but none of the white people had it. My grandfather told me about the Indians lashing their children to boards, to make them straight; and at one time, two squaws, who had been drinking rum, placed their children, as usual, against a tree for the night, and one of them placed hers head downwards, and the night being stormy, it perished."

There is a tradition in the Willis family that the Russells and Kemptons purchased their land of Col. Willis; and I am inclined, after a close examination of the case, to give it credence, although the Russells and Kemptons were original proprietors, and settled in Dartmouth many years before the Willises. But their land in the original division of eight hundred acres was situated in the south-west part of Dartmouth, at and about Russell's Mills, at least that of the Russells, who in the early part of the last century found their way to the banks of the Acushnet River. The following statement concerning this matter is from the same source before quoted: "The Joseph Russell farm was Willis property,



and sold by her grandfather [Col. Samuel Willis, Esq.] to them; or rather her uncle Benjamin had it set off to him as his portion, and then it was sold to the Russells." She also thinks that the Kemp-ton and Allens purchased from the same source.

The original Willis house stood upon the spot now occupied by the mansion of the late John Avery Parker, on County street, and was built by Samuel Willis, 1st, the father of Col. Willis, at an early period in the history of this town. This house and the succeeding one were destroyed by fire,—the former supposed to have been caught from the pipe of an old female servant while smoking. The third Willis house was built by Major Ebenezer Willis, and was removed to Purchase street; and this also was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

The house built by Jireh Willis, Esq., brother of Major Ebenezer Willis, is still standing on the west side of County street, at the corner of Robeson street, and is now owned by the heirs of the late Samuel Rodman, Sen., to whom it was conveyed by the late Hon. William Willis.

The aforesaid Jireh Willis, Esq., drew the deed of the first lot of land sold by Joseph Russell from his paternal homestead, to John Lowden, who built upon it the first house below the County road, in 1764, and which, it will be remembered, was burnt by the British during the Revolutionary War.

The Willises were people of superior abilities, and probably one the best-educated families among the old inhabitants of Dartmouth, and consequently

among the most prominent and valuable citizens. Their extensive landed estates have in a great degree passed into other hands, but a portion is still held by the lady before mentioned, whose mansion stands upon a part of her ancestral domains, and whose family, with herself, are the only remaining representatives of this once wealthy and prominent family in New Bedford.

The Rev. Eliakim Willis, the minister of Malden for so long a time, and whose old parsonage-house is still to be seen there, was a man of superior attainments. By him the late distinguished Greek Professor of Harvard University, John Popkin, D. D., was educated.

In the reminiscences before mentioned, the narrator speaks of "a place in the woods where was formerly an Indian hut, and where we found hoarhound and other herbs still growing. The Indian who had occupied this spot was named Adam; he was called 'old Adam.' We also found shells there. Once I lingered there, and my party left me—the children used to play there—and went into the Allen woods, and it was some time before I could overtake them. Being a very timid child, I was much alarmed, and I cannot forget the joy I felt when I overtook my party. At that time there were many Indians in the neighborhood, but our parents told us not to be afraid of the Indians, —never to be afraid if we saw the Indians, for they would not hurt us; and so we did not fear them at all. For one day myself and little brother were in the woods, and we saw a number of

Indians coming, so we stepped upon a rock upon one side of the cart-path, and let them pass, and they went along two and two, and one of them had something in his arms that looked like a baby; and when we told our mother about it, she said she thought it was a funeral." The location of the above sketch of the primitive life of our old settlers is a short distance to the north-west of the spot on which the old Willis house stood.

Since writing the preceding, the following additional genealogy of this family has been forwarded me by an estimable lady, a granddaughter of Ebenezer Willis:

"Colonel Samuel Willis held his military commission from the English crown. He married a Quaker lady of the Gifford family in Dartmouth. His son Eliakim married in 1738 Miss L. Fish, of Duxbury, who died in 1769. In 1770 he married Miss M. Marchant, of Boston, who died in 1796, leaving no children.

Ebenezer married in 1751 Miss E. Hawes, of Chatham, Cape Cod. Their children were Hannah, married to J. Mayhew, who died in 1812, leaving no children; Esther and Elizabeth, died in youth; Sarah, who was adopted by her Uncle Eliakim, married to Rev. F. Sargeant in 1786, and to Colonel John Popkin in 1797—died in 1849, leaving three children.

Samuel married Miss M. Tallman, a lady yet living. He died in 1795.

Zerviah Willis married; her descendants are among the Kemptons of New Bedford. Ephraim Kempton is her grandson.

Hannah married; her descendants are in the Hathaway name. One of them, Mr. James Tilton, is now living on the land once her great-grandfather's.

†The deed of purchase of the land of the old parsonage at Malden bears date 1757, in the ninth year of His Majesty's reign. Mr. Willis was ordained in 1752.

In Professor Felton's memoir of Doctor Popkin, he says: 'Dr. Popkin was placed when six years old under the charge of Rev. Mr. Willis. Six years later he was transferred to the North Latin School, in Boston.'"

The grandmother of the writer of this history—a daughter of Joseph Russell, 3d, born 4th mo. 30th, 1747, O. S.—informed him that in her youth an Indian wigwam stood in the woods near "the block," lately removed, on Bridge or Middle street.

A hut occupied by an Indian woman, named Sarah Obadiah, stood a short distance north of Clark's Cove, about one mile south from the centre of the city, within the memory of a number of our citizens, and was a favorite place of resort by the young people of both sexes. I have often heard these visits spoken of with much interest as pleasant reminiscences by those who had participated in them.

It is quite possible that the objects of interest and excitement of the present time afford less real happiness than the simpler amusements of the earlier days. But youth is ever happy and hopeful, and will find new spheres of enjoyment when the older ones fail.

## CHAPTER XVI.

EARLY INTERCOURSE WITH ENGLAND—LETTER OF INTRODUCTION GIVEN TO A MERCHANT OF THIS PLACE BY A FIRM IN LONDON, PREVIOUS TO THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR—A STRAY LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF SAID MERCHANT—OLD HOUSES—GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES OF OLD FAMILIES—HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

I HAVE previously written of the early mercantile and commercial transactions of those old merchants of New Bedford, Joseph Russell & Sons, who previous to the Revolutionary War, besides their whaling business and the manufacture of spermaceti candles, had opened a trade with London, and imported English goods by the way of Boston or in their own vessels.

It will be remembered that at this time there were few articles of domestic or agricultural use manufactured in this country; and this intercourse with the mother country was undoubtedly one of the greatest sources whence the village of Bedford received its first impulse as a commercial place. A large proportion of the implements of industry of English manufacture were thus supplied to our ancestors; and besides these, many articles of luxury and comfort. Even at this day, in the older families may be seen specimens of fine old China ware, silver, and the homelier articles of domestic use, which were brought over at this early period.

By the time of the commencement of the Revolutionary War, the yeomanry of old Dartmouth,

as well as the citizens of the village of Bedford, were noted for their prosperity and general thriftiness. The wild and extensive forest lands had yielded to the persevering exertions of our hardy forefathers, and smiling farms, with their broad acres of cornfields and meadows, had taken their place. The little village of Bedford had sprung up on the banks of the Acushnet, and the foundation of her great commercial enterprise was already laid.

On their outward voyages these vessels took oil and candles; and by the commencement of the war the port of Bedford, Dartmouth, had become well known among commercial people. But the war ruined the business, which, with the subsequent burning of the place by the British in 1778, would have completely discouraged any people but such as are of the most industrious and courageous character. The loss of their vessels and the depreciation of the continental paper money left them at the close of the war stripped of nearly everything except their real estate.

The business of Joseph Russell & Son having become quite important, in the year 1770 Barnabas Russell, the eldest son and copartner of Joseph Russell, went out to London for the purpose of enlarging their business relationship with merchants there, and making purchases for their home trade.

The following copy of a letter of introduction, and notes from the diary of this gentleman, have been placed in my hands by a lady, one of his daughters, now a resident of this city :

“London, y<sup>e</sup> 11th August, 1770.

MR. THOS. GRIFFITHS—Sir: This will be delivered you by Mr. Barnabas Russell, who we recommend to you as a very prudent, careful young gentleman. He has opened an account with us in company with his father, under the firm of Joseph Russell & Son, of Bedford, in New England. We supply them with the articles they want from thence, and if you supply them with what they want from your port, you will be very safe in your advance. Any civilities you shew Mr. Russell will be a favor done to, S<sup>r</sup>,

Your most humble servants,  
LANE, SON & FRASER.”

The following is a stray leaf of all that remains from the aforesaid diary, kept by Mr. Russell while in London, which we trust will prove interesting as a reminiscence of olden times:

“First-Day, y<sup>e</sup> 26th, 1770. At eleven o’clock took a walk into Saint George’s Fields. In the afternoon went to meeting. [Here the manuscript is torn and obliterated.]

Fifth-Day. Went with Ward into the Tower. Saw them make guns, and saw the brass cannon, small arms, and the horse armour; the King’s crown, and the lions, leopards, and panthers. Dined at Latham’s; then went with Polford, got the knee straps, and returned home.

Sixth-Day. Picked out some hardwares. Dined with Lane and Fraser; then went with Capt. Jarvis to the rope-walk, there bought me some tow-lines; returned home, then went into the borough, spent the evening with Doctor Gray and Doctor Jones, and returned home at ten o’clock.

Seventh-Day. Bought parrot pattern for a gown. Dined at home with a gentleman; then took coach with Polsford and Latham and three

ladies. Went to Vauxhall; saw the gardens, cascade, and heard the music. Returned home at twelve o'clock.

Fourth-Day. In y<sup>e</sup> afternoon took a walk with Ward into the Pantheon.

Second-Day. Dined with Thomas Wagstaff, a Friend, in Grace Church street.

Third-Day—morning. Went to Smithfield, then to the coffee-house and the borough, dined with Doctor Gray, and returned into the city. Went to the insurance office, and spent the evening with John Harrison, a very agreeable man. Returned home at eleven o'clock.

Fourth-Day—morning. Had a boy, Thomas Baxter, bound to me for six years. Dined with Friend Masterman. Went with Gray and four more doctors in two coaches to Ranelagh; there saw the grand fireworks and a great deal of company. At twelve o'clock returned home."

Do the young gentlemen of New Bedford who go to London in these days do things better than this? Here we see business and pleasure hand in hand.

Barnabas Russell, the gentleman to whom we are indebted for this pleasant little piece of his early experience, was a brother of the late Abraham, Gilbert, and Humphrey Russell. He was born in Dartmouth 3d mo. 26th, 1745, O. S., and was therefore in his twenty-sixth year at the time of this visit. He subsequently removed to Easton, Washington County, New York, and there died May 14th, 1812.

The following is a list of houses standing in New Bedford in 1846, erected previous to the Revolutionary War:



## ON SOUTH WATER STREET.

- No. 1, Patty Hussey house.
- No. 4, County house, much enlarged.
- No. 37, Shepard house.
- No. 40, William Russell house.
- No. 45, Jonathan Howland house.
- No. 55, Fitch house.
- No. 57, Pardon Howland house.
- No. 65, brick house.
- No. 67, James Allen's house.

## ON NORTH WATER STREET.

- No. 13, Seth Russell house.

## ON FIRST STREET (BETHEL COURT.)

- Nos. 2 and 4, Isaac Howland house.
- Nos. 3 and 5, Joseph Rotch house.
- No. 7, Walter Chapman house.
- No. 13, Bethel house.

## ON SOUTH SECOND STREET.

- No. 6, James Davis house; this was removed from the site of "Washington Hall," formerly the market.

## ON NORTH SECOND STREET.

- No. 45, Manassch Kempton house (Silas.)
- No. 85, Benjamin Kempton house.
- No. 97, Drew house.
- No. 104, Thurston Potter house.
- No. 116, Claghorn (George) house.

## ON FOURTH STREET.

- No. 4, Akin house, moved south from the corner of Main street.

## ON PURCHASE STREET.

- No. 18, Barnabas Russell house, moved north from the corner of Main street, now owned by Edward Stetson.
- No. 194, Simeon Price house (the small house south of his present one.)
- No. 252, Willis house, removed from the present site of J. A. Parker's house.

## ON MAIN OR UNION STREET (ORIGINALLY "KING STREET.")

- No. 66, Widow Ross house, west part.
- No. 120, Daniel Ricketson house.
- No. 137, William Tobey house.
- No. 140, Eagle tavern.
- No. 143, Mayhew house.
- No. 146, Widow West house.
- No. 152, Grinnell (Moses) house.
- No. 159, Humphrey Howland house.
- No. 164, Gideon Howland house.
- No. 166, Mason house.
- No. 167, Caleb Green house.

## ON NORTH STREET.

- No. 1, Patrick Maxfield house.  
 No. 2, Jonathan Russell house.  
 No. 16, Jabez Hammond house.

## ON MAXFIELD STREET.

- No. 2, Zadock Maxfield house.  
 No. 13, John Lawrence house.

## ON RAY STREET.

- George East house.  
 Oliver Price house.  
 Philip Cannon house.

## ON COUNTY STREET.

- Cove house (originally Allen.)  
 No. 27, Caleb Russell house.  
 No. 59, Allen Kempton house, near the corner of Allen street.  
 No. 175, Ephraim Kempton house.  
 Jireh Willis house, corner of County and Robeson streets.

## ON ELM STREET.

- No. 129, Joseph Russell house, north of the academy, removed from County street.

## ON THOMAS STREET.

- No. 60, Thomas Kempton house.

## OUT OF TOWN.

- Samuel West house (B. Rodman's farm-house.)  
 Jesse Reynolds house.  
 William Tallman's farm-house (Willard Nye's.)  
 Charles Russell's farm-house (Mrs. Coffin's.)  
 Dr. Perry house (Thaddeus M. Perry.)  
 Paul Swift house,  
 Jireh Swift house,  
 Elisha Tobey house,  
 Sommerton house (Thomas Hathaway's,)  
 Samuel Hunt's house, (Augustus Harrington's,) }  
 John R. Davis (Sen.) house, North Fairhaven. } Acushnet.  
 Thomas Wood's, North Fairhaven, one of the oldest in New England.  
 Old Taber house, Oxford village.  
 Old Akin house, on an old cross road near Padanaram.  
 Old Ricketson house, near Russell's Mills.

The four last have stone chimneys.

Eleven houses were burned by the British during the Revolutionary War, Sept. 6, 1778.

1. William Claghorn's, on South Water street, west side.
2. John Lowden's, on South Water street.

The latter, which was farther south, was on the site now occupied by the Benjamin Hill house.

- 3 and 4. Benjamin Taber's, north side of Union, east of Water street.
5. Barzillai Merrick's, south side of Union street, and opposite Taber's.
6. Joseph Russell's, of Boston, east side of South Water street, — now entrance to Commercial wharf.
7. Joseph Rotch's, occupied by Joseph Austen, on the site of William Rotch's, Jr., Water street.
8. Joseph Rotch, 2d, south of the latter.

The number of old houses is lessening very fast; but there are a few more within the limits of the old township of Dartmouth than I have mentioned.

I have been agreeably surprised to find in my investigations so large a number of the original settlers of the old township of Dartmouth represented here by their descendants at the present time, and generally occupying the localities of their ancestors. On looking over the map of the present towns which comprise the original township, viz., Westport, Dartmouth, New Bedford, and Fairhaven, a large proportion of the names which appear are those borne by the original settlers. Of course there has been a considerable emigration, and a few families have become extinct, but enough remain to prove the correctness of my statement.

The stock from which this people came was remarkable for their industry and sobriety, containing a large infusion of the Quakers; and consequently a general thrift and prosperity was the consequence, which to a good degree remains to the present day. May it so continue!

Even in New Bedford, now containing some twenty thousand inhabitants, a fair proportion of the active energy, enterprise and wealth are to be found with those whose names are to be seen among those of the early villagers of Bedford. By referring to the list of names in the last chapter,

and comparing the same with those to be found in the New Bedford Directory or the tax-list, this will be at once observed.

Let us therefore thank God, and take courage, that in this age of hurry and change we have some evidence of stability and endurance left. We should remember also how much we owe to those who have preceded us and prepared the way, and that nothing less than a proper regard and emulation of their virtues can entitle us to a continuation of their prosperity and success.

With this episode, I will again return to the subject matter of our history.

From the Proprietors' Records, book 1, page 205, I make the following extract, preserving the original orthography:

"An account of the several parcels of land laid out to Manasseth Kinton in the Eight Hundred acre devision and where they are laid as followeth

1st The first peace is forty acres Lying on the East side of Clarks neck

2ly Five acres more laid out adjoyning to s<sup>d</sup> Kintons meadow that Lyes nere to Clarks neck on the west side of Cushnet River

3ly One hundred and twenty nine acres more Lying in Sconticut neck at and southwardly end of s<sup>d</sup> neck

4ly Seventy two acres more Lying to the northward of Stephen Wests homstead

5ly Two hundred and eighty one acres and seventy eight Rods Lying on the west side of Acushnet River to the north of Joseph Russels Jun<sup>r</sup> homstead

6ly Two hundred and ten acres more Lying to the northward of parronopat and on the west side of the way that goes from poneganset to assonet

7ly twenty acres more Lying on the back side of accushnet great cedar swamp all the several peaces aded into one sum makes 760 acres and the s<sup>d</sup> Kimton sold forty acres part of the Eight hundred acre devision which makes up his Eight hundred acre devision as afores<sup>d</sup>

what is above written is to be recorded by the desire of Mr Manasseth Morton next after the returns of the Eight hundred acre devision

Recorded June y<sup>e</sup> 28th 1728 ”

The Kempton family is one of the oldest in New England, although no one by that name came in the Mayflower. But in a list of the inhabitants of Plymouth taken 22d May, 1627, are the names of Manasses Kempton, and Julian Kempton, his wife. From a note in “Davis Morton’s Memorial,” page 226, their names are mentioned as among those who arrived in some one of the first four ships, the Mayflower, Fortune, Ann, or James.

They came in the Ann. From the same source I find that Julian Kempton died in 1664, at the age of 81 years. Her husband, Manasses Kempton, died 14th January, 1663. *Farmer’s Register, New England Settlers.*

The earliest mention of the name in the aforesaid surveys, is that of Manasseth Kempton—spelt as before Kimton—March y<sup>e</sup> 24th, 1710–11. He was probably a grandson of Ephraim and grandnephew of Manasses. The children of Julian were by a former husband, whose name was Morton, probably George Morton, who was also an original shareholder in Dartmouth. The name of Manasseth Kempton, it should be remembered,

is also to be found in the list of thirty-six proprietors, as recorded at Plymouth March y<sup>e</sup> 7th, 1652, given in a previous chapter. By this it appears that the said Manasseth owned at the above period one thirty-fourth part of the whole township of old Dartmouth.

The names of others mentioned in the list of thirty-six, who came to Dartmouth, or whose immediate posterity settled here, were John Howland, John Downam (Downham or Dunham,) Francis Cook, John Cook (Cooke,) George Soule, John Jenne, Henry Sampson, Philip De la Noye (Delano,) Samuel Hicks, George Morton.

In the old burying-ground at Acushnet, formerly connected with the society of Doctor West and his predecessors, I find the following inscriptions:

“In memory of Patience, widow of Mr. Ephraim Kempton. She died May y<sup>e</sup> 2d, 1779, aged 105 years 6 months and 6 days.”

She was the daughter of Elder John Faunce, who died in Plymouth in 1745, aged 99 years.

“Mr. Thomas Kempton, died Dec. y<sup>e</sup> 29, 1768, in y<sup>e</sup> 65 year of his age.”

“Ruth, wife of Mr. Thomas Kempton, deceased Dec. y<sup>e</sup> 6th, 1771, in the 25th year of her age.”

“Col. Manasseh Kempton died Dec. 14, 1804, in his 66th year.”

“Mrs. Lois, widow of Col. Manasseh Kempton, died Oct. 11, 1813, aged 77 years.”

A number of the 9th generation from Ephraim Kempton, 1st, (inclusive,) are now living in New Bedford. Valuable landed estates descended from

the original proprietors are still owned by members of the Kempton families.

The results of the above records go conclusively to prove that the Kemptons were not purchasers of the Willisess, but that they derived their estate from the original purchase. It may, however, be the case, that at some early period they purchased land of the Willis family, but subsequent to their occupation of the original allotment. A large portion of the Russell property in this part of the old township was also prior to the Willis purchase. But land was quite early purchased by the Russells from the Willisess, which had previously been conveyed to Col. Willis by Joseph Russell, 2d. And these facts were probably the ground upon which the statement made by an aged member of the Willis family, given in the last chapter, was founded.

The names of the other settlers in this part of Dartmouth, at Acushnet and upon the east side of the Acushnet River, besides those already mentioned, were Pope, Jenne, Delano, Spooner, Taber, Tobey, Davis, Wrightington, and others. The following inscriptions are taken from the old graveyard at Acushnet:

“Here lyes buried y<sup>e</sup> body of Seth Pope, of Dartmouth, who died March y<sup>e</sup> 17th, 1727, in the 79th year of his age.”

By which it appears he was born in 1648. He was one of the original proprietors of the township, and the ancestor of all who bear the name of Pope in this place.

"Mrs. Deborah Pope, wife to Capt. Seth Pope, departed this life February 19, 1710-11, aged 56 years."

"Capt. Lemuel Pope died May y<sup>e</sup> 23, 1771, in y<sup>e</sup> 75th year of his age."

"Mrs. Elizabeth Pope, wife of Capt. Lemuel Pope, died July y<sup>e</sup> 2th, 1782, in the 85th year of her age."

"Col. Seth Pope died June 9, 1802, in his 83d year."

"Mrs. Abigail Pope, wife of Col. Seth Pope, died with the small-pox May y<sup>e</sup> 8th, 1778, in the 59th year of her age."

"Elnathan Pope died Feb. 8th, 1735-6 in the 45th year of his age."

"Mr. Lemuel Pope died Dec. y<sup>e</sup> 13, 1796, aged 64 years 6 months and 21 days."

"Mrs. Mary, widow of Mr. Lemuel Pope, died Dec. 12, 1808, in her 81st year."

"Rebecca, wife of Seth Pope, died January y<sup>e</sup> 23d, 1741, in the 79th year of her age."

"Thankful, wife of Mr. Thomas Pope, died April y<sup>e</sup> 13th, 1756, in the 38th year of her age."

"Mr. Thomas Pope died March y<sup>e</sup> 2, 1784, in the 75th year of his age."

The two last were the parents of the late Edward Pope, Esq., formerly Collector of this port, a man of eminent virtues, and for many years one of the most prominent citizens of this place. He was also for some time a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and is usually mentioned as "Judge Pope." His residence was upon Main street, at the corner of what is now known as North Sixth street. As remembered by the writer in his boy-



hood, this old-fashioned mansion, stable, carriage-house, front yard, and large garden in the rear, (soon after the decease of this gentleman,) somewhat in a state of dilapidation, was to him one of the most attractive places in the village. At this time it was occupied by the widow of Judge Pope, and her son, Thomas Pope, now of Michigan. Among the earliest visits the writer made, and which were continued for several years, were those upon this old lady and her sister, known as "Aunt Bell." Accustomed only to the plain and simple colors of the Quakers, he remembers the strong impression made upon him by the black gowns and black ribbons around the caps of those genteel old ladies. Their manners were peculiarly Bostonian, and of the old school; but exceedingly agreeable, intelligent, and well-educated ladies were they.

Their maiden name was Greenleaf; that of Mrs. Pope Elizabeth. She was the second wife of Judge Pope, and the widow of Samuel Eliot, of Boston. The late William Eliot, of Washington, the father of Hon. T. D. Eliot of this city and Rev. William G. Eliot of St. Louis, was the child of her first marriage.

In the rear of this old mansion, which extended a great length to the northward, was a lumber-room, filled with all manner of rubbish, old papers, books, furniture, &c. There appeared to the youthful mind of the writer a sort of legendary character attached to this place. He remembers the great satisfaction he felt while rummaging

about with a grandson of Judge Pope, a school-fellow about his own age, and on one of their searches of discovering a strange piece of furniture which for a long time was a great wonder to them, but which they at last ascertained to be a musical instrument, one of the predecessors of the piano-forte, a Harpsichord.

This was undoubtedly the instrument upon which the Misses Greenleaf charmed their adoring "Strephons" prior to the days of the Revolution. Good, devout women they were, and have long since joined the bright band of those from whom they were separated.

The old homestead of the Pope family was upon the east side of the Acushnet River, and a quarter of a mile below the Friends' meeting-house. The house of David Russell occupies nearly the same spot as the old Pope house, which was burnt many years ago.

The original settler, Seth Pope, was a large landed proprietor upon Sconticut Neck, and branches of the family are still land-owners there.

The oldest inscription in the grave-yard before mentioned at Acushnet is as follows:

"Here lieth the body of Lieut. Jonathan Delano, died Decem. y<sup>e</sup> 23d, 1720, in y<sup>e</sup> 73d year of his age."

He was accordingly born in 1658, at Plymouth, and was a son or grandson of Philip Delano, who came in the *Fortune*, 1623. "The name was first spelled De la Noye, by which we may conclude that he was a French Protestant who had united

himself to the Church of Leyden." *Savage MS., note.*

Jonathan Delano is also mentioned as one of the proprietors of Dartmouth, in the confirmatory deed from Gov. Bradford, Nov. 13, 1694. His right derived from Philip Delano, whose name is among the thirty-six share-holders who received their titles from the Indian Sachems, Wasamequin and Wamsutta. Two other inscriptions I find in the same place: one of "Jabez Delano, who died Decem. y<sup>e</sup> 23d, 1734, in y<sup>e</sup> 53d year of his age;" the other, "Mary Delano, wife to Jabez Delano, died April 29, 1716, aged 33 years."

Since writing the preceding sketch of the Kempton family, the following memoranda, collected by the late Samuel Kempton, of this city, have been placed in my hands by a gentleman, one of the present most prominent representatives of this ancient race:

"It appears that Ephraim Kempton arrived at Plymouth in the ship *Ann*, August, 1623; that his son Ephraim, who must have been quite young, came with him. This son settled in Scituate, and there married Joanna, the daughter of Thomas Rawlins. They had two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh. It further appears that Ephraim married Mary ———. They had a son, Ephraim, 4th, who was born Nov. 14th, 1674. On Jan. 2d, 1702, this son (Ephraim) married Patience Faunce, of Plymouth, daughter of Elder Thomas Faunce, who was the Town Clerk of Plymouth thirty-eight years in succession. He died 1758, aged 84 years. Patience, the wife of Ephraim Kempton, was born November, 1673, and died May 25th, 1779, aged

105 years 6 months and 6 days. She lived to a greater age, perhaps, than any other person in this part of the country. She used to speak of King Philip's head, that was placed upon a pole in Plymouth, and there remained over twenty years. She said there was a wren that used to make her nest in the skull every year, and there rear her young.

Their children were Ephraim, born 1703, Thomas, 1705, William, 1707, Joanna, 1710. Ephraim died in 1720. Thomas married: his first wife was Esther Throop, of Bristol; his second wife, Mary Hathaway, daughter of Thomas Hathaway, of Dartmouth, (now Fairhaven.) Their children were Esther, born 1736, Thomas, 1740, Hephsebeth, 1743, Jonathan, 1756.

Ephraim, son of Thomas and Mary Kempton, married Elizabeth, daughter of Rowland Tupper, of Sandwich, whose wife was Zerviah, daughter of Colonel Samuel Willis, of Dartmouth, (now New Bedford.) Their children were Lydia, born 1774, Mary, 1777, David, 2d, 1779, Thomas, 1783, Ephraim, 1789, Elizabeth, 1794. Ephraim Kempton, of New Bedford, died Jan. 25th, 1802, aged 55 years. Elizabeth, widow of Ephraim Kempton, died Nov. 29th, 1848, aged 95 years."

These were the parents of the present Ephraim Kempton, who, with his sister, Mrs. Lydia Foster, (widow,) are the only survivors of this family. They are the great-grandchildren of Ephraim, whose wife Patience died in this place in 1779, aged 105 years.

The original Kempton house stood upon the west side of County street, next north of the residence of Alfred Kempton. It was of two stories in front, sloping off to one in the rear, as

was the custom in many of the oldest houses in New England, and faced the south. It was taken down in the year 1809 by the late David Kempton, 2d, who built the house which now occupies nearly the same spot.

Not far from this house, upon a road which led up to the County road from the shore, now North street, three men, by the names of Russell, Trafford, and Cook,\* were shot by the British troops, Sept. 5th, 1778. These men were passing up this road, which was then only a cart-way through the woods, in the evening of the day on which the village was burnt, the said 5th of September. It being moonlight, one of the party, who was armed, saw standing against a tree a British grenadier, at whom he fired, killing him; when immediately a volley of muskets was discharged upon these three unfortunate men, killing one outright and wounding the other two, who died within a few days. These soldiers were undoubtedly dispatched from the main army to watch the movements of these three men, and they would probably have allowed them to pass in peace, had they not been first assaulted. These were the only lives lost upon this memorable occasion.

The horror which remained upon the minds of the old inhabitants of New Bedford, who witnessed the destruction of their property, and, in a great measure, of their hopes in life, is well remembered by the writer, who has often heard their accounts of this calamitous event. The story of the death

\* Abraham Russell, Samuel D. Trafford, and Job (or John) Cook.

of the three men who were shot by the British was one of the nursery tales of his childhood; and it is difficult even at the present day for him not to associate the names of Russell, Trafford and Cook among the most romantic and tragic scenes of our national history.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## AN OLD PENSIONER'S STORY.

Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my uncle Toby.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

It was my custom, many years ago, and probably before some of my readers had seen the light of day, while on my daily walks, frequently to cross over the bridge between New Bedford and Fairhaven, usually making a *detour* upon the beautiful little island with its cedar trees that lies about half way, and known as "Pope's Island," thence enjoying the picturesque and extended view up and down the river, to stroll along, occasionally halting to exchange a word with some old fisherman who was eagerly engaged in catching his supper from the great public *larder* of the aforesaid places, our own handsome Acushnet.

On one of these occasions my attention was attracted by a new and remarkable looking personage, quite a different character from the old stock with whom I had become familiar and had formed a certain kind of acquaintance. It was an old man, apparently about eighty, whose strongly marked countenance and genial aspect moved me to address him. Like the ancient mariner of Coleridge, "he held me with his skinny hand" for a long time, and having completed his day's work, or amusement if you please, started for his home,

which was in an humble tenement a short distance from the old toll-house on the Fairhaven side. Walking by his side, the old man, who by this time I had learnt to be a Revolutionary soldier and pensioner, hobbled along, for he was very lame, until we came to his door, where we parted.

This interview resulted in a familiarity; and as he and his wife soon after removed into New Bedford, I had the opportunity during the subsequent winter, that of 1835 and '36, when the following sketch was written, of often seeing him. When dressed in his Sunday clothes, an old-fashioned blue coat with bright buttons which had been kept very choicely for more than a quarter of a century, with an equally old-fashioned waistcoat with a double row of small brass buttons, and primitive trousers, his noble head with its silver locks set firmly upon his square shoulders, he presented a venerable and interesting appearance. His narrative was taken down at his dictation, and I have in a great measure observed his own phraseology; in fact, the whole sketch is substantially in his own language. The name of our hero was Deliverance Bennett. He died in the Fall of 1836, aged 86 years.

#### THE OLD PENSIONER'S STORY.

"I was born in the old township of Dartmouth, at Long Plain, on the eleventh day of November, in the year 1750. I worked with my father, who was a farmer, until I became nineteen years of age. Like most of the boys in our neighborhood, I had but little education, sufficient however to write a



legible hand, and to perform the usual business transactions of a farmer's life. During my youth I was always fond of adventures, and generally spent what leisure I had in hunting and roving. Deer and foxes, as well as many other kinds of game, were then plenty in our woods, and it was no uncommon affair to see them near our house.

An anecdote illustrative of this fact I will now briefly relate. On a 'Thanksgiving Day, all our family, with the exception of my father, was invited out to dinner. The old man, feeling some disappointment at this, was determined to amuse himself in his favorite sport, that of hunting, and if fortunate, to have a dinner for himself and some of his friends. Before the family had gone, he took down his gun, which was always kept, when not in use, over the fireplace, and *whistling out* his hounds, marched for the woods. He had been away from the house but a short time when I heard the report of his gun and the yelping of the hounds not far distant. My spirits were aroused by the music of the dogs and gun, and off I started to learn the result. I had not proceeded far, when I saw the old man standing in the road without his gun. On approaching him I asked him the cause. He pointed to the butt of a tree where his gun stood, and told me to bring it to him. I sprang to get it, and before I was aware stumbled over one of the noblest bucks I had ever seen. My amazement was truly great. The old man obtained his wish, and instead of being balked of his own dinner, was able to have thirty-two of his neighbors to dine with him, together with the whole of his family, who preferred a good fat buck to the entertainment they had expected. I was at this time about fourteen years of age.

A trivial circumstance which occurred some years after this separated me from my father's family, and determined me to commence a new

line of life, somewhat of the history of which is here to be given.

The cause which induced me to leave home I will briefly relate. My father, who was a very passionate man, and with whom I was no favorite, in a fit of anger threw an iron bar at me, while I was assisting him in erecting a horse-block. This I could not bear from him whom I was bound to respect, and I therefore determined to leave the roof under which I had passed my childhood.

The Revolution had then commenced, and troops were being raised throughout all parts of the country. Having some predilection for a military life, I enlisted in the army for three years, and received my bounty of three hundred dollars, old currency.

It was about three weeks after I had enlisted, before I was ordered to march. During this time, I went frequently to my father's house, taking care, however, to be there only in the old man's absence. I left one hundred dollars of my money with my mother for my father.

Orders for march came on the Sabbath. I went home to get my clothing, and to bid the family farewell. My father was there, but said nothing. After waiting some time for him to speak, and finding him determined to persevere in his silence, with injured feelings I bade him adieu, and left the house. At the outer door, I drew two pistols that I had at my side, and firing one into the air and the other into the ground, invoked a blessing for my father, and then set off for the meeting-house, where our company was assembled to hear a farewell discourse from our parish minister, Rev. Mr. Lewis.

We then marched into Middleborough, where an entertainment was prepared for us. After having partaken of the collation, we were regularly formed into columns, and marched to Boston.

When we left home there was many a watery eye among us, as well as among our friends. One young woman, with whom I was intimately acquainted, had persevered in her coolness, and was determined not to be affected by our departure. After the meeting, those who were desirous of having a last look at us went some distance along the road, and waited till we came up. Among them was this young woman. I was determined to try her feelings, so, springing out of the ranks, I ran up to her, and giving her my hand, bade her 'good bye,' telling her 'the Lord only knew when we should meet again.' She could restrain herself no longer, and burst into tears.

At Boston we passed review before Nathaniel Morton, Esq., and then took up our march for Stillwater. On our way, we halted at Springfield, and remained there two days, during an election of officers. Here we joined Col. Patterson's brigade under Gen. Schuyler, who had retreated from Ticonderoga.

Soon after our arrival at Stillwater, the command was transferred to Gen. Gates, under whom we took up our line of march for the army at Saratoga.

During the action which ensued soon after our arrival, October, 1777, I fired thirty rounds, and at one time my gun became so hot that I was unable to hold it in my hands. I threw it down, and taking up another, for they were to be picked up in any part of the field, performed my duty until sunset. The action commenced about ten o'clock in the forenoon.

After the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, our men, being weary, disposed themselves at pleasure, some upon the green-sward and some on the meeting-house steps. As I sat there resting on my gun, I was much amused at the conduct of the British soldiers, who, being no longer under the control

of their general, committed every kind of indecency and mad prank they could devise while marching down the hill, tripping up each other's heels, knocking off hats, &c. This I must confess appeared truly disgraceful, and showed to me the true character of our enemies.

After our affairs were settled at Saratoga, we again resumed our line of march, and proceeded to West Point under Gen. Gates. While here, a draught was made from the army, as a brigade of light infantry, and placed under Gen. Wayne, among whom it fell to my lot to be chosen. We were as nearly of a size as possible, and dressed as nearly alike as could be expected. After we were embodied, we left the main army and marched to a place called 'Sandy Beach.' While there a party was chosen, of which I was one, to reconnoitre the works at Stony Point, which was then occupied by the British. Our party consisted of twenty men, with Col. Putnam as leader. We marched down in the night, and halted in the woods near the point, so that we had full view of the garrison.

While here, feeling some spirit for adventure, I thought one night that I would sally out and see what I could bring to pass. Near where we were encamped was a small village, called 'Cricket Town,' which supplied the British troops with provision, such as butter, poultry, &c. This was mostly carried on in the night by the women, whom we called 'butter-gals.' So on this occasion, as our captain lay by the fire, wrapped up in his blanket, I borrowed one of his pistols, telling him that I was going to try to take a 'butter-gal.' I strapped my blanket on my back, slung my canteen to my side, and started off. I pushed on through the woods, whistling and singing, when all at once I was saluted by a British sentinel with 'Who's there?' 'A friend,' I replied. He bade me advance

and give the countersign. I approached him, and told him I had none—that I was a deserter from the American army, and wanted to find the way to the picket. He ordered me to sit down, pointing to a place on the ground, and said that he would be relieved in about half an hour, and would then conduct me to the garrison. I now began to realize my situation, and keeping my wits about me, had recourse to the following stratagem. As I had never known a soldier but was fond of liquor, I proffered him my canteen, after pretending to take a draught myself. He received it, and, tipping it to his mouth, was in the act of drinking, when, watching an opportunity, I sprang upon my feet, seized his gun with one hand, and, presenting my pistol with the other, bade him not to speak a word or offer resistance, on the peril of his life. I then told him to march with me, and we proceeded together to our place of encampment. After we had arrived I went to our captain, who asked me where the ‘butter-gal’ was. I pointed to the British soldier in full uniform, at the sight of whom he was much surprised, and gave me hearty thanks for my exploit.

We made a guide of this fellow, and the next day joined the regiment and marched for Stony Point. We left our encampment about nine o’clock in the morning, and halted at Sandy Beach, ten miles from Stony Point. Here we remained until twelve o’clock at night, when we marched for the garrison, arriving there before one. It was very dark, and we had much difficulty in proceeding, as the enemy had dug pits to hinder us. We had also to pass through a creek, which almost spoilt our ammunition. After this we met with some impediment by a strong hedge, made of trees, with their branches towards us; this we had to cut away before we could reach the garrison. While we lay in the woods, Gen. Wayne had given us strict or-

ders not to fire a gun, as he intended to take the garrison by the point of the bayonet. As we approached we could distinctly hear the enemy driving their shot. We immediately fell down; and when they fired, the shot passed over us without injuring any of our men. Before they had an opportunity to reload, we made a rush, and took possession of the fort without much difficulty. We lost but two men, and the enemy seventy, besides fifty wounded. The remainder, about three hundred in number, we took prisoners. The next day we executed three of our men, whom we found in the fort, having previously deserted.

We then evacuated the fort and marched for Sandy Beach, from which place we went to West Point, thence to White Plains, under the command of Gen. Patterson, and there remained until the battle, which took place some time afterwards, as follows. A detachment of our troops, of which I was one, being on the scout, fell in with a party of the British troops, by whom the engagement commenced. \* Soon after, a body of French horse came to our aid, and after a smart action, of about an hour's duration, the British retreated. Our loss was small, and I came off unwounded.

Soon after this battle, we were ordered to Schuylkill River, Pa., where we built a bridge, under the superintendence of Gen. Carleton.\* After we had finished it, some of our officers came down from the camp, which was about three miles distant, to see the bridge, and to pass over it. 'Old Carleton,' perceiving them approach the bridge, ordered them to return, loudly vociferating that 'if the angel Gabriel were there he should not cross it before General Washington had seen it:' such was the respect towards that great and good man by his

\* I am unable, after the closest research, to find this name among the American officers of the Revolution.

brother officers. We remained at this station all the winter of the year 1779, as near as I can remember.

During our stay on the Schuylkill, at one time we were very short of provisions, and the little we obtained was of an inferior kind. One day, myself and a companion, having a holiday, went into the country with the intention of purchasing some fowls. We came to the house of an old Dutch farmer, and told him our wishes. He replied that the officers had engaged all his poultry, and he would not sell us any of his fowls. I told him that if he would not sell me any I should take some the first chance I had. He was inexorable, and again said that he would not dispose of any. On our way back, we determined that night to go to the old man's farm-yard and carry off as many of his fowls as we could. As soon as we thought they had all retired for the night in the neighborhood, taking advantage of the rising moon, we started off with a lantern, and each armed with a club for defence. Stealing along through the old man's orchard, we came to a small out-house where the fowls were shut up for the night, the door secured by a strong padlock, and the only place we could find to enter, a small opening on one side of the building. I agreed to go in, and told my companion, if he heard any sign of our being suspected, to whistle, and make off through the orchard. Accordingly I climbed up and after some difficulty got in at the hole. The turkeys were all at roost; and the moment I got into their company, they gave me a most clamorous greeting, little to my pleasure. However, I secured two of them, and was ready for my departure, when I heard my comrade whistle and make off. I got up and looked out of the little window, and there saw the old Dutchman, with his gun in his hand, coming down the lane from the house. I now perceived

there was no chance for me to escape through the window; so I took my usual recourse to stratagem, which I ever had ready in case of necessity. Placing myself beside the door, and holding a turkey in each hand, I waited for the old wan to come. I could not exactly devise how the affair would end, but knew my only chance of escape would be in acting promptly. As soon as the door was open, I swung the fowl I held in my right hand with all my strength into his face, and made a bolt, but finding him ready to confront me, I let him have the weight of the other turkey in a similar manner as before, which effectually baffled his efforts, and succeeded in getting clear from him. After I had run a few rods, I turned about, and made myself known to him, at which he blazed away his old fowling-piece at me, lodging a good charge of shot into my right leg. Being used to these things, however, I hurried away as fast as I was able with the turkeys, which I still kept, determined not to 'lose my bacon' this time, for which I had paid so dearly. The next day I was mostly employed in extracting the shot from my leg, but I could not get them all out, and some of them are probably there at this day. We had our feast, however, and I soon recovered from my wounds, and little regretted the adventure, as it proved a good story to tell, and made much laughter among our men.

In the Spring of 1781, we decamped and proceeded to Danbury, where we remained nearly two months, and then marched to the head of Elk River before we were known to the British, who were then at Yorktown. We were soon honored by the command of Gen. Washington, who quickly laid plans for commencing an attack upon the enemy. We began by heaving up batteries, working at night and secluding ourselves by day, until we had advanced within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's quarters; the action was then com-



menced on our part. We had thirty pieces of mortar and plenty of cannon.

The heat of the engagement continued two days and one night, when we finally compelled them to capitulate. Gen. Cornwallis sent out a flag of truce and a paper, wishing for a cessation of arms, to which Gen. Washington did not agree, and sent word back that Gen. Cornwallis would have fifteen minutes to determine whether to surrender or continue the battle. This was followed by the surrender of the British commander.

Our advantage was superior to that of the enemy; for we had advanced our rows of batteries, which were eight or nine in number, with perfect safety, until we had fair play upon the British ranks. We lost but a small number, but the enemy's loss was very great.

After our affairs were arranged, we were marched, being about two thousand in number, to New York, which the British soon evacuated. Here we had a fine display of fireworks.

From New York we went up the Hudson river to West Point, where we remained until after peace was declared.

In the month of January, 1783, I started for home on foot, having about one hundred and fifty miles to travel, which I accomplished in about a week, without a cent in my pocket. I found my friends all well, and felt thankful that I had been preserved to see them again.

But my hardships were by no means at an end—the times extremely bad, and every man who owed a dollar was liable to be sued. At this time I felt very much interested for my suffering countrymen, for I was exempt from prosecution, owing to my service in the war. I had fought for my country, and any usurpation of her rights aroused my indignation. Hearing that there was going to be an attempt among the people to secure

their rights, and deeming the cause a good one, I offered my assistance.

The day appointed for holding the court at Taunton had arrived, and having mustered about thirty men, we started for that place to stop the proceedings of the court. We encamped for the night at the Weir Bridge, where one David Valentine joined us with his party and attempted to take command. But the men being dissatisfied with him, we went into a field and put it to vote, by which I was chosen leader. We waited until about ten o'clock the next day, and then marched across to Taunton Green. Here we found a large body of armed men in front of the court-house. This looked rather formidable; however, we kept up our courage and marched up to them, when Col. Sprout [Sproat] came forward, with his sword drawn, and demanded of me why I presumed to cross the line. I replied that if he would mark out his lines I would observe them, and then, taking a pistol from my pocket, told him that I was armed as well as himself, and if he did not sheathe his sword I would discharge it at him. He then stepped into the ranks, and I marched my men, with music, having a fife, two drums, and a fiddle, before them, and got about thirty of their number to join us. I called one of them to me, and asked him to give me a correct account of the state of their matters. He told me that not one to thirty had any powder in their guns, and those who had were destitute of balls. I then gave orders for my men to prime and load, and then marched through the ranks of our opponents without hinderance. As I approached the court-house door, old Judge —— made his appearance, and immediately recognized me, although disguised in a British uniform. He asked me what was my desire. I replied all we wished was that no executions or taxes should be levied for the space of

twelve months. To this he at once agreed, and we then peaceably marched home."

The death of the old man, whose narrative we had thus far penned, brought it to a hasty close.

Subsequent to the time of the last-mentioned adventure, which appears to have been a bold if not rebellious undertaking, he became a sailor; and was pressed into the British service during the last war between England and America; and during an engagement received a severe wound in one of his legs from a splinter thrown off by a cannon ball. Having in vain for a long time sought an opportunity to escape from his servitude, he kept this sore open and aggravated by the application of copperas, until he was pronounced by the surgeon incurable, and was consequently discharged. He was never able to heal this wound afterwards, which was the cause of his lameness. His suffering from this source during the acquaintance of the writer were sometimes so great as to render him unable to converse. It finally, more than old age, for he had an otherwise remarkably sound body, caused his death.

At the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1835, our old friend rode in an open carriage, in company with two or three old Revolutionary soldiers, in the procession. His appearance on this occasion was a very dignified one.

The foregoing narrative, although but few dates are given, will be found to be substantially correct, if compared with the authentic historical accounts of the events herein recorded. Many scenes and

events the old man had in store for me to record, my object being to produce a narrative which he might sell to assist him in his support, as he and his wife had nothing but the pension to depend upon for their livelihood. On one of my last visits to him, he said that he had "just begun."

There was much of the true old republican in him; and though rough hewn and somewhat of the "Uncle Toby" school, yet he possessed many estimable qualities, and was a good specimen of those to whom this country owes much for her national existence. Of the other old soldiers of Dartmouth who suffered in the Revolutionary War, history has no record.

It will be perceived by those conversant with the dates of the Revolution that our old friend, the pensioner, has confused the order in which the battles transpired wherein he took part, and that his statements in other respects disagree with other records. This does not, however, invalidate his testimony, particularly when his great age is taken into consideration, as the main facts and circumstances are a still further corroboration, if any be necessary, of the historical accounts of these events. For ready reference, I subjoin a list of the battles in which our hero was engaged, in the due time and order in which they took place: battle of White Plains, Oct. 28th, 1776; Saratoga, Oct. 7th, 1777; Stony Point, July 15th, 1779; Yorktown, Oct. 10th, 1781.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS UPON THE MERCANTILE PROFESSION—VIEWS IN RELATION TO MERCANTILE CHARACTER—THE VALUE OF PROBITY AND INTEGRITY IN COMMERCIAL PURSUITS—SKETCHES OF TWO OLD MERCHANTS, DRAWN FROM LIFE.

Eye nature's walks; shoot folly as it flies;  
And catch the manners living as they rise. POPE.

I PROPOSE in this chapter to record a few reflections and observations, which, through "the loop-holes of retreat," I have made during a somewhat lengthened experience. My remarks are intended herein to be entirely of a general character, and no one will regret more than myself, should I unintentionally appear too severe or exacting in my views and criticisms. Placing the profession of the merchant among the highest callings of human enterprise, my object is only to encourage that noble aspiration among my friends and fellow-citizens engaged in commercial pursuits, to excel in those expansive and higher phases of character which belong to the true merchant; to encourage an emulation whose end shall be not who shall be the richest, but who shall be the noblest member of his fraternity,—not so much a desire for rank and precedence as for virtue and philanthropy. Illustrious instances have we of this class in our own and other lands,—men who, correlative with their enterprise and success in business, have been

benefactors of their several communities and their race.

All very well, says the reader perhaps, but what has this to do with the history of New Bedford? I answer, much, every way; for from her field of observation, in a great measure, has my experience been drawn. Here may be found the different traits of character which mark all commercial communities: the clear-headed, far-sighted, bold and fearless man of business; the cautious, timid, self-distrusting; the steady, persevering, honest, self-respecting; the reckless, the avaricious, the penurious, the generous, benevolent, philanthropic, intelligent, cultivated, knowing, grasping, the haughty and overbearing, the shrewd, manœuvring, dash-devil, mingled together, and jostling each other in their daily occupations. Every community has its own standard of morality; and every large commercial body of people is particularly open to scrutiny in this respect.

From the earliest history we have of commerce through the flourishing periods of the Lombards, Venetians, and their rival successors, the Dutch, the merchant, the true high-minded man of honor, has ever held an exalted stand and exerted a mighty sway over the destinies of nations. No man commands more of our respect, no man holds a more enviable position, than the honest, noble-hearted merchant. From his honestly acquired gains have originated a large proportion of the hospitals and other charitable institutions, as well as the foundation of churches and colleges,

in the Old World. From old Sir Thomas Gresham down to William Roscoe and Sir Fowell Buxton, England has been indebted for much of her glory, as a nation, to her merchant philanthropists. And in our own country, daily almost do we witness with what a lavish hand her sons of trade pour out their treasures for the public good.

A great and good man, now gone "from works to rewards," needs only to be mentioned to show how an unblemished moral character may be united with a successful business life. I allude to the late Amos Lawrence, a name which every good merchant and philanthropist must ever hold in veneration. Boston may well be proud of his memory.

New York, too, has her noble-minded merchants, of Revolutionary and modern times; and her Grinnells already stand forth as rivals of the Livingstons and Hancocks of older and the Lawrences of later times. But we cannot allow our national metropolis the whole credit of claiming these last-named gentlemen, the Grinnells. They are not only natives of New Bedford, but here received the rudiments of that education in which they excel as skilful and honorable merchants of the old Quaker stock, from which they sprung, and among whom they passed their youth.

New Bedford has ever held a prominent stand in the business public: no place has maintained a higher or more deserving character for mercantile strength and probity than herself. She has afforded many noble-minded men, ay, and women also:

and a purer or more honorable state of commercial enterprise probably as rarely existed in any community as for a long period obtained here. The names of William Rotch, Sen. and Jr., the former of whom I have written of at length in another chapter, and of Samuel Rodman, Sen., as well as the venerable widow of the latter, a daughter of William Rotch, Sen., lately deceased at the age of nearly one hundred years, are inseparably connected with whatever is noble and philanthropic which New Bedford may claim to possess. Nor has the spirit of our predecessors entirely left us: we still possess a body of true and noble-minded men and women, who are worthy of such an ancestry.

There are, however, in every large commercial community men who, regardless of those qualities which mark the true merchant, aim only at *success*, as they falsely term it, and who lead a skirmishing warfare in the mercantile public. Of these men I would speak justly, but candidly. With them a failure in business seems to be no particular obstacle, even for the time; and we soon find that, mindless of their suffering creditors, they are going on swimmingly. They have answered the requisitions of the law, and this satisfies their easy consciences.

Honest men will undoubtedly sometimes become embarrassed, or fail in their business; but it may be doubted whether the most skilful and accomplished merchant will allow himself to be brought to this strait. At any rate, it is the duty of every honest merchant not to jeopardize in his business



that property which is not legitimately his own. Undoubtedly, by so doing many a merchant has, like some tempest-tossed vessel, passed over the shoals and quicksand by only scraping the keel. But should adversity overcome them, they do not sink beneath it; they preserve their integrity of character, and rise, like the gallant bark, upon the succeeding wave. These are the men who cause their creditors and friends no anxiety; whose first care it is to pay off their honest debts, *principal* and *interest*. The law may exonerate them; but *in foro conscientie* they deem themselves bound to make good all their liabilities, and they do it. These men deserve all praise and honor; they give a high and healthy tone of character to mercantile morals; and these are your true merchants.

But there is another class to whom we cannot award this high praise. With a magician's power they throw their enchantments, in the shape of wiles and snares, around a community—they go on in apparent prosperity,—when all at once comes the crash! Men supposed to be doing a small business on a small capital, fail to the amount of fifty, sixty, or over a hundred thousand dollars; a mystery surrounds the whole affair; a small and hardly obtained percentage is all the astonished creditor realizes. But is the man crushed? does he live upon bread and water? is he homeless, and an object of pity? Ah no! There is a temporary *lull*, it is true: he may lose a little influence in his church, perhaps, or at the next political campaign. But how is the matter in the course of two or three

years? He drives his horse—perhaps horses—and carriage, builds a fine house, gives his parties, and so goes on. This man seems to forget his creditors, some of them now, perhaps, poor men, wofully in need of their just dues. But the law protects him; he finds others in the same category as himself: and so he sets his brazen face against the world, and generally succeeds in holding his own position in society. Can such a man be respected? can he respect himself? In a healthy mercantile community he must ever be regarded as a dishonest man, and from this he can find no escape.

If virtue has its reward, vice also must meet its doom.

These remarks may be considered as a fitting prelude to the following notices of two well-known merchants, lately deceased.

Joseph Ricketson, so well and favorably known in this community, was the first cashier of the Bedford Commercial Bank, which situation he occupied for about fifteen years. Previously, however, as well as subsequently, he was engaged in commercial pursuits.

His advantages for an education in his youth were superior to most of his cotemporaries. Under the tuition of his uncle, Caleb Greene, he acquired, besides a good English education, some knowledge of the Latin, and subsequently, from other sources, of the French language. In many of the more scientific studies, particularly in chemistry, his acquirements were very respectable.

Through all his reverses of fortune, he kept up his habits of reading and study; and his library, though not large, was well chosen and valuable.

At the age of sixteen or seventeen, he entered the counting-room and warehouse of William Rotch, Jr., who had then just established himself in business in the village of Bedford. Here he remained until he was twenty-one, leaving with mutual respect, which continued through their lives.

Entering into business with his father, under the firm of Daniel Ricketson & Son, with the practical experience of the former as a sea-captain and his own industrious habits, their business prospered, and they accumulated, for those times, a considerable fortune; but the embargo, the war, failures, and the loss of vessels by capture, completely frustrated their business, leaving them little else than their real estate in the village.

He was one of the earliest promoters of education and of every object for the public good in this place. As an ardent and effective supporter of the peace, the temperance, and anti-slavery movements in this place, he will be long remembered. In all these noble enterprises for the cause of humanity, Joseph Ricketson was among the earliest. If they in some degree were the cause of reproach, his heartfelt devotion to these great Christian objects sustained him.

As a man of business, in his long experience and various relationships he ever sustained the highest character for honesty and ability. But as

a merchant, as usually estimated, he did not possess that knowledge of human nature which would have secured him from many great adversities in his business. Honest to a fault,—if possible,—he rarely or never distrusted any one, and consequently too often became the victim of others less conscientious than himself. Most men with his opportunities would have accumulated great wealth; but his constant losses, following in unremitted succession from time to time, left him at his death with but a small part of that wealth which might otherwise have been secured. Had it not been for the preservation of his real property, which he did under great difficulties, he must have become almost penniless.

Joseph Ricketson, Sen., was born in this town 7th mo. 27th, 1771, and died at his residence on Main, head of Seventh street, 10th mo. 9th, 1841, aged 70 years 3 months and 18 days.

George Howland, who for many years was President of the Bedford Commercial Bank, and one of the most successful merchants of New Bedford, was the architect of his own fortune; his great success in the acquisition of his property, and his position as one of the leading men of business in a place of distinguished commercial character, having been altogether the result of a sound judgment, allied to an indomitable energy and perseverance. Starting in life a farmer boy, his ambition for a broader and more congenial field of labor brought him at the age of sixteen years into the warehouse and

counting-room of William Rotch, Jr. His great ability for business and attention to his duties soon won the confidence of his master, to whom in after years he was destined to become an unenvied rival.

As the President of the Bedford Commercial Bank, which situation he held for more than thirty years, he evinced great financial skill and talent; and it is probable that the affairs of this institution will never be better sustained or administered than while under the old regime, with him at the head.

George Howland was born in Fairhaven, Dartmouth, 7th mo. 12th, 1781, and died at his own house, corner of Walnut and Seventh streets, 5th mo. 21st, 1852, in the seventy-first year of his age.

He left a large fortune. Among his donations and bequests were \$15,000 to the Friends' School at Haverford, Pa.; \$5000 for a school in North Carolina; and \$50,000, in trust, for the establishment of a school for "young females," which it is to be hoped will be duly appropriated in this place, where his life was mostly spent and his wealth garnered.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE WRITER'S VIEWS IN REGARD TO THE TITLE OF HIS PRODUCTION — REMINISCENCES OF ELISHA THORNTON AND JAMES DAVIS, TWO DISTINGUISHED MINISTERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN NEW BEDFORD, AND GENERAL REMARKS UPON THEIR CHARACTERS AND INFLUENCE.

I HAVE dignified these sketches of mine with the title of a "History of New Bedford." Although I have endeavored to comprise the most important historical information relating to my subject, still the discursive manner in which I have performed my task and the variety of material I have made use of rather entitles it to a less assuming name, and that of "Historical Sketches" is all I shall claim for them.

I propose in the present chapter to introduce to the remembrance of our older inhabitants, and to the acquaintance of the younger, a few reminiscences of two characters, remarkable for their superior virtues, and among the most prominent of our citizens in their day and generation.

Among those of that generation, now so nearly gone, no one probably held a more endeared and valued place among his friends and the public than Elisha Thornton, Sen., the father of the late Elisha Thornton, so well and favorably known to most of our fellow-citizens, in fact, the respect for whose memory is but little less than that felt for his more widely known parent.

As a minister of the Society of Friends, Elisha Thornton, Sen., was distinguished for his richly poetic style of eloquence, combined with talents of no ordinary order, and intellectual cultivation. So correct was his ear for rhythm, as I am informed by a gentleman who was one of his intimate friends and admirers, that he would often deliver a long discourse in blank verse, extempore, of course, as this is the only manner in which the ministers of this society preach. His voice was rich and musical; and the inflections and cadences of his periods were in admirable harmony with his gentle and instructive communications, resembling the chanting of the bards of old.

A remarkable coincidence, and one which appeared to be possessed almost of supernatural agency, occurred upon a certain occasion during his ministry. It was during the height of the bloody campaigns and victories of Napoleon Bonaparte, and when with each return of news from Europe the horrid accounts of further bloodshed were sure to be learned, that the Society of Friends in this town, which then comprised a large portion of the most respectable inhabitants, were gathered together in their old meeting-house, which stood nearly upon the site occupied by the present substantial brick structure, upon Spring street. The respected subject of this notice, at that time somewhat advanced in life, a man of tall and venerable personal appearance, whose voice, as before stated, was peculiarly soft and musical, and whose countenance was full of the deepest kindness and

sympathy for human woe, was upon this occasion dilating upon the miseries of war, and portrayed in a most graphic manner the scenes of the battlefield, speaking of the sufferings of those engaged in deadly strife. "Even now," he said, "can we see the blood flowing, and hear the groans of the dying." All present were deeply impressed with the discourse, the speaker appearing to be possessed of a prophetic vision, which proved to be remarkably verified, for it was afterwards satisfactorily ascertained that during the time this peaceful body of men and women were seated in their humble place of worship, and were listening to the voice of their beloved minister, one of the most celebrated and bloody battles of the great but wickedly ambitious hero of France was being fought.

Probably no man was ever endowed with a keener sympathy for human misery or the sufferings of the brute creation than Elisha Thornton. In this respect, as well as in his fine vein for poetry, he resembled the sensitive and beautiful Cowper. His mind was indeed finely attuned to harmony; and the beauties of nature were not only a source of constant pleasure and devotional suggestion to him, but were introduced into his conversation and public ministrations.

Elisha Thornton was the son of Ebenezer and Ruth Thornton, and was born in Smithfield, R. I., 4th mo. 30th, 1747, and died in New Bedford 12th mo. 31st, 1816, in the seventieth year of his age. His parents being in humble circumstances, most of his early years were spent in manual labor as a farmer



boy; but owing to his great love of knowledge, as well as being possessed of talents of a high order, he acquired, by dint of hard study in the hours not allotted to labor, and by observation and meditation while engaged in his daily avocations, an education superior to most of his cotemporaries in the Society of Friends. He became a teacher of youth, and for many years kept a boarding-school at his house in Smithfield, R. I., at which a large number of the children of the families of Friends of New Bedford as well as other places received their education. The school was not, however, confined to the members of the Society of Friends, and a number of scholars were from other denominations. Being a lover of youth, and deeply interested in assisting the development of the purer traits of his scholars, he was not only their teacher but their genial friend and guide. A pleasanter school, or one more free from the usual infelicities and severities of such institutions, probably never existed; in confirmation of which, I have often heard from those who were his pupils the expression of the happiness they enjoyed while under his charge, and the love and respect they entertained for his memory. The gentle and beloved teacher has long since passed from works to rewards; the number of his pupils even is sadly diminished, and but a few only of that once bright band of young people remain, and they have already reached the vale of years.

The country around Smithfield is very picturesque, and in the days of the school was remark-

able for its rural beauty ; and the location of the house was in the most quiet and pleasant part. The visits made to this home of his maternal grandparents are among the most delightful and cherished memories of the writer.

Possessed of a tender conscience, at an early age the subject of this sketch became awakened to the importance of leading a pure and religious life,—one void of offence before God and man; and his convictions of duty leading him to an adoption of the religious principles of the Society of Friends, he became a member of that body in early manhood, and a few years afterwards appeared in the ministry. As early as the year 1779, when at the age of 28 years, he made a religious visit to the families of Friends in Dartmouth, as a companion of that devoted servant of Christianity, Job Scott; an account of which I find mentioned in the interesting and edifying journal of the latter.

In the Spring of the year 1807, Elisha Thornton moved with his family from Smithfield to New Bedford. His residence was the house still standing on the north-west corner of School and Seventh streets, and here he died.

He was noted for his tender solicitude for human happiness, and his journal contains many records of this nature. In a portion of his life when he passed through some of his deepest experiences, I find the following record:

“During these years my mind was often led to view and reflect very feelingly upon the subject of the African slave-trade, and upon the great in-

justice done to the natives of this land. From the prospect which I had, I should scarcely hesitate to predict that the United States, sooner or later, will feel the scourge of the divine displeasure in a very awful manner on account thereof, and the period may not be very distant."

In the higher walks of mathematics, and particularly in astronomy, he was a proficient, and for several years published an almanac. Not only the astronomical calculations were made by himself, but he occasionally contributed the poetry for the same.

In his almanac for 1789 are the following lines, which have been frequently published in past years, and obtained considerable celebrity. Aside from the poetical merits of the piece, the sentiments, expressed at that early period, are alike honorable to his head and his heart.

#### ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

Almighty Father, thine the righteous cause,  
Nor does the muse presume the task (too great  
For mortal man) without a deep-felt need  
Of holy aid: may Thou inspire the theme.  
Long groaned the seed beneath the heavy task,  
Where Nilus' flood o'erflows her fertile banks;  
Where Pharaoh proud, with adamant heart,  
Exulted long — exulted in the woe  
Of Jacob's seed, till tenfold vengeance sent  
To plead their cause, to set the captive free.  
Lo! Afric's children — they in bondage too  
Long grieved, without a corresponding sigh  
To soothe their languid heart, save in a few  
Who echoed back their agonizing moan.  
Come, feeling heart, and view the tragic scene;  
Come view the massacre on Afric's shore,  
A scene of blood shed by uninjured men —  
By men who worship at the shrine of gain —  
By men who bow in Mammon's temple, where  
They sacrifice, where they their birthright sell  
For pottage poor — their hands imbrue in blood:

Most horrible the havoc made of men,  
 Detested more by how much these profess  
 The sacred name, the name of him who bled  
 For sinful men, not causing men to bleed.  
 But what the charms of gold, alluring wealth?  
 What but a loss to every sense of good?

What but some demon from the lowest pit  
 Could stimulate the noble mind of man  
 To deeds so black, under the gospel day?  
 To kidnap little children as they pass,  
 Or while the sultry hours by them are spent  
 In pretty prattle by some golden brook  
 Or in some cooling bower—lo, snatched away  
 By tiger-hearted men, no more to see  
 Nor evermore embrace parental arms,  
 Nor parents them enjoy; but pine away  
 Their days with thoughts of woe they're doomed to.  
 Among thy many crimes, O Christendom,  
 Not one more complicated, one mere black  
 Than this. Men too are taught to fight.  
 See Afric's sons, from thirst of gain, (conferred,)  
 With reeking blades, nor pity taught to show,  
 Nor wont to yield, fall weltering in their blood!  
 See captured wretches, marched now along  
 Toward the ship; nor dare they turn an eye  
 To bid farewell their country or their friends;  
 But hastened are on board the stifling bark,  
 Where, close confined beneath the deck, they're bound  
 'Midst noxious stench, where many pine and die!  
 Parents, compelled, must quit their golden coast,  
 Rent from their babes; husband and wife must part  
 And bid adieu: heart-broken sighs ascend.  
 How wished for now the stroke of death—implored;  
 That king of terrors to the human breast  
 Is now most sought; no remedy but this  
 To free from bonds—free from the galling yoke.  
 See black despair: the swollen breast ascends  
 On deck, and, resolute to end his woe,  
 Plunges himself into the watery main;  
 Nor does he dread at all the grim-jawed shark,  
 But meets of choice the monster's deadly fangs.

The few poor drooping souls who reach the isles  
 Are like the beasts of burthen, scourged on  
 In hunger, thirst, and toil, till death release.  
 Why Neptune ever taught to plough the deep?  
 Why e'er Columbia's ships were wafted o'er?  
 Or why the western world at all explored,  
 To prove the seat of woe—untimely grave  
 Of millions of that sable race?  
 Alas! alas! for Britain, France, and Spain!  
 Alas! for you our States, who long combined

To tyrannize! vain the attempt to joy.  
 Tottering, our peace, a baseless fabric, stands,  
 While thus exulting in unrighteous gain.  
 In vain our States shall hail the youthful morn  
 Of peaceful independence in our land,  
 Till Afric's sons to liberty restored.  
 O, may the late catastrophe suffice,  
 When, like the mountain cataract, wild waste  
 O'erspread and ravage through a flourishing land.  
 That woful day, in which we left to dash  
 With Britain's sons, as earthen pitchers break.  
 Thou Spirit benign! why stay'd the furbished sword?  
 Why not provoked to send us famine too,  
 With pestilence, thy terror-striking rod,  
 To scourge the world for crime of deepest dye?  
 But, gracious Thou, our eyes unclosed to see  
 Grim tyranny, that monster from beneath  
 Who sits proud regent of the lowest abyss.  
 May Britain fraught with Clarksons multiplied,  
 And may our States with Woolmans meek abound,  
 With Benezets conspire to plead their cause;  
 May ruling powers, too, unite with these,  
 And set the captive free; then peace shall flow.  
 God bless our States—unite them in a band!

Although these lines will hardly satisfy the cultivated taste of the present day, yet their genuine simplicity, sincerity and deep-toned humanity will compensate in a great measure for a more polished harmony of numbers than they possess. Their author, it should be remembered, was a self-educated man; and although a lover of the more serious English poets, and possessing a good natural ear for melody and rhythm, still the classical scholar will perceive, in his case as in others, that the want of a knowledge of the established rules of metrical composition—the *ars poetæ*—cannot be dispensed with, except at the great loss of beauty and strength, at the same time.

The respect for his character was by no means confined to the religious body to which he was united, for his philanthropic nature led him to look

upon all mankind as brethren, and virtue was ever attractive to him, wherever found. For the erring, too, he felt much sympathy, and ever extended to them his charity, and encouragement for a better way of life. An instance of this kind has been related to me by a worthy minister of the Society of Friends, now living in this city. While on a religious visit to Friends in Sandwich, he became interested in an Irish youth whom he there found at work in a rope-walk, and whose habits, from the roving life he had led, were not exemplary. During a conversation with this young man, he discerned the germ of a purer nature in him; and on his way to New Bedford, while riding along, his mind became deeply drawn towards him, as by divine direction. He soon afterwards addressed him in a tender and encouraging manner, in a poetical communication, which so touched the heart of the poor youth that he awakened to a new life, and new hopes, and eventually became a worthy member of the Society of Friends. He resided for a number of years in this place, and married a daughter of James Davis, continuing a worthy member of the society until his decease. Michael Graham, the person here referred to, will be well remembered by my older readers. In a copy of the "*Columbian Courier*" of 12 mo. 29, 1798, published in New Bedford, and edited by Abraham Shearman, Jr., I find the following head of a long advertisement of dry goods, English watches, hardware, &c.: "Michael Graham respectfully informs the public that he has lately removed to the store formerly occu-

pied by William Ross, at the Four Corners, where he has just received and has for sale" — He afterwards moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where he died.

In personal appearance, Elisha Thornton was tall, erect, and well proportioned. His head was remarkably noble, and his countenance mild and intellectual. His dress was of the primitive school of Quakers.

On the removal of the graves from the old Friends' burial-ground to the new one, a few years since, the writer was present when the remains of the subject of this sketch (his maternal grandfather) were disinterred, and an opportunity was thus afforded for examining the skull, which had for nearly forty years remained undisturbed. With reverential emotions I held the relic in my hands. It was of great size, and in perfect preservation, even some of the gray hair remaining upon it. The organ of benevolence, as well as the whole coronal region, and the forehead, were particularly full. The size was one of the largest of human heads, and one that would have much interested the phrenologist. Had he been born in a different sphere of life, and had his early education been more perfect, he would probably have been distinguished as a scholar and poet.

His attachment to dumb creatures, particularly to his own domestic animals, was very strong, and at times painfully so, from the sympathy he felt for their sufferings and abuse. His domestic animals also became much attached to him; and those who have had much to do with these intel-

ligent and interesting creatures will readily understand my meaning. Upon the occasion of a fire in the daytime, at the house of the late Gilbert Russell, on County street, now owned by William R. Rotch, "Friend Thornton," as he was familiarly called, was standing in the road near the scene of the fire, where there was a large collection of people, and the consequent excitement of such an event, when an old horse that he had owned for several years, which had been grazing by the roadside some little distance from the scene of commotion, became frightened, and seeing his old master among the crowd, came trotting down the road, and on reaching him put his head over his shoulder, as if for protection.

His love for nature continued to the last, and during his whole life he was in the habit of walking in the fields and woods. The songs of the birds and the sight of the wild flowers were sources of much happiness to him, constantly awakening in his mind a sense of gratitude to the Creator of the universe. His knowledge of astronomy assisted his devotional feelings; and the contemplation of the heavenly spheres at night filled his mind with the most sublime emotions.

The day before his death, as I am informed by a gentleman who had been watching with him through the night, he requested the shutters of the windows in his room looking toward the east to be opened, that he could once more behold the rising of the sun. Raised up in his bed by the assistance of his friend, he looked with much interest



and composure upon the scene, and on being placed back upon his pillow calmly said that it was the last time he should ever witness that glorious sight. Within a few hours from this time his tender spirit passed away from its mortal tenement.

The prose and poetical writings of Elisha Thornton are considerable, but they have never been published, except in a scattered way.

I will close this sketch by the following extract from a beautiful tribute to his memory, written by one who knew him well, both as a pupil and a friend:

“The days of that remarkable man have passed away, and with them have sunk below the horizon the cotemporaneous stars which coursed the heavens and brightly marked the first quarter of the nineteenth century.”

Coeval with the subject of the foregoing sketch, but who survived his friend and fellow-laborer in the Christian ministry many years, was the late venerable James Davis, a man of apostolic character, and long known as one of the most devoted and sincere ministers of the Society of Friends. It requires purer hands than mine justly to portray the life and character of such men as these faithful servants of the Divine Master. But as the task has devolved upon me, I would endeavor, in all due respect for their memories and the cause they so ably advocated, to bring their noble examples before my readers, in some humble measure at least.

James Davis was born in Rochester, Mass., on the 22d of the 5th month, 1744, and died at his house, on Second near Union street, 2d mo. 25th, 1825, in the eighty-first year of his age. His parents were Nicholas and Ruth Davis; the former was a minister of the Society of Friends, and died in Oblong, N. Y., 10th mo., 1755.

In his personal appearance, as remembered by the writer, and when he had become an aged man, he was rather tall and strongly made, and was of a most venerable and kindly aspect. As he arose to address the congregation assembled in the old meeting-house before mentioned, his grave though calm and gentle manner at once interested all present; and the wise counsel, the result of a long and deep experience, he deliberately delivered, was listened to with great silence and respect. Probably no minister of the society in this town or vicinity was more beloved and respected, or regarded with more faith in his sincerity, on the part of his hearers. Less glowing in his language and less ardent in his appeals than his beloved coadjutor before noticed, the depth and beauty of his religious spirit was excelled by none, and rendered his ministry one of the most valuable with which our community has ever been blessed.

In those days, prior to the lamentable schisms which have since taken place and so stripped this once powerful body of Christians of much of their influence, the gatherings on the first day of the week, as well as on other occasions, were large. It

is pleasant to look back on those days, and to call to mind the venerable personages that were wont to assemble in that old house of worship. Let us, in imagination, go back to one of these occasions, such as the writer remembers in his early years. The old meeting-house, the same building now converted into dwelling-houses and standing at the south-west corner of Spring and Seventh streets, though not as large as the present commodious brick building, was of good proportions, and of comfortable and respectable appearance. No paint or marks of decoration were to be seen within its time-honored walls. If in warm weather, the doors and windows being open, the wind would be heard discoursing its soothing melody through the old trees and about the angles of the house, or a song-bird pouring forth his strains in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, and naught disturbing the solemn silence of the assembly.

Upon the "high seat"—that appropriated to the ministers and elders, in England termed the "gallery"—might be seen the venerable person of William Rotch, Sen., with his long and flowing white locks; next to whom the somewhat younger but equally venerable subject of this notice, James Davis. All about the house were the old-fashioned men and women of those times, dressed in the real Quaker costume. How great the change seen at the present day by the looker-on upon the lingering portion of this once numerous body!\*

\* The original dress of the Friends, as worn by William Penn, was a graceful costume, and when upon a handsome person an elegant

From the substantial testimony to the the character of our honored friend put forth by the New Bedford monthly meeting, and written by Abraham Shearman, I make the following extract:

“He possessed a sound, stable mind, with much evenness and uniformity of temper, and from his habitual cheerfulness enjoyed as much as most men in social intercourse with his friends; but these cheerful feelings were accompanied with gravity, and with innocence and simplicity of manners, ever manifesting an uncommon regard to the feelings of others,

one, not unlike that of the fashion of those times, with the exception of all ornaments, such as gold lace, embroidery, &c. With the loss of the old-fashioned round-topped beaver or wool hats, and the knee-breeches, as well as other changes, the dress of the male portion of the society is generally at present one of the most distasteful imaginable. The stiff hats of the fashionable world are bad enough, but with widened brims they appear still worse; and nothing could more violate a true taste. The amplitude of highly starched shirt-collars, extending to the ears, and covering a considerable portion of the most closely shaven face, with a white “choker,” as it is termed by the critics upon “the clergy,” are but poor substitutes for the graceful and easy scarf of the days of the gentlemanly Governor of Pennsylvania, and his friend, Thomas Ellwood, called in his youth “Mad Tom.” Even George Fox, as much as he strove to mortify the creature, from his simple taste, rarely violated ease or comfort. The present bonnets of the females, sometimes called “pokes,” are also a poor substitute for the old-fashioned beaver hats worn until within the last half-century. The last of this pattern remembered was worn by “Aunt Mary Mitchell,” a respected minister of the society, of Nantucket.

We occasionally but rarely see a member of either sex who appears in good taste; and they are usually of that class of fortunate persons who appear well in any dress—nature’s gentlefolk.

It is quite remarkable that George Fox, in his adherence to nature and simplicity, should have shaved off his beard. Some years ago a minister of the Society of Friends from North Carolina who wore a flowing beard preached in the meeting-house on Spring street.

Don’t let any dear old Friend say that “these are but worldly views, creaturely notions,” for, if we mistake not, this same fearful “world” has had something to do with the innovations herein remarked upon.

These criticisms are not intended to be offensive or unjustly severe, for the writer would not detract from the real merits of a body with which he has so much unity, and from which his ancestors for many generations sprang.

that nothing should escape him that had a tendency unnecessarily to hurt or wound, and he was peculiarly guarded as to whatever might lessen or injure the character of another. Being possessed of a meek and quiet spirit, Christian humility was indeed a conspicuous trait in his character, which led him to prefer others to himself. By this blameless life and conversation, and the uprightness of his dealings among men, he endeared himself to all who were intimately acquainted with him,—the youth as well as the aged,—and was generally beloved and respected beyond the limits of the society of which he was a member.”

‘The life of James Davis was truly one of great peace and beauty,—so much so that it was almost void of any striking incidents. Such persons are rare indeed; but their example is none the less valuable and instructive. It certainly is the greatest mystery to possess the spirit in peace. The memory of his transcendent worth will be long remembered and cherished in this community.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE EARLY AND CONTINUED ANTI-SLAVERY CHARACTER  
OF NEW BEDFORD—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPT.  
PAUL CUFFEE—LINES WRITTEN BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

I HAVE before spoken of the anti-slavery principles of the early inhabitants of New Bedford, growing out of the influence of the Society of Friends. It is said that at one time in the early part of the present century there was hardly a house in the place which had not given shelter and succor to a fugitive slave. Here he found a rest and protection; and at the present day, once arrived within our borders, the panting seeker for a land of liberty feels himself comparatively safe. The number of the colored population of New Bedford has always been large, and has increased proportionally with the growth of the place. At present there are probably between two and three thousand, many of them among our most respectable and worthy citizens, and in their general character, as a whole, remarkable for their morality, industry, and thrift. For a number of years the children have had equal advantages with those of the white population in our public schools, and many of them have been among the best scholars. With the old stock of the people of New Bedford, owing to the early influence of the anti-slavery principles of the Society of Friends, there is but little prejudice against color, and a general willingness and desire that the col-

ored population may enjoy equal rights and privileges with themselves. This to a considerable extent has been granted, and, so far as I am able to judge, not only with no disadvantage, but on the contrary has added to the respectability and prosperity of the place. The passage of the odious "Fugitive Slave Bill" was received here, as will be well remembered, by an almost universal contempt; and it is thought that the rendition of a fugitive from our city could not be effected. We trust that the attempt will never be made.

In this connection I should not omit to notice Captain Paul Cuffee, a man of great worth, and who possessed a most noble character. He was born on Cuttyhunk, one of the Elizabeth Islands, in the year 1759, and died at his house in Westport, where he owned a farm of one hundred acres, in the autumn of 1817. He lies buried in the Friends' burying-ground near his farm.

The father of Paul Cuffee was a native of Africa, a slave belonging to —— Slocum, of Dartmouth. His mother was a native Indian, by the name of Ruth Moses. It was the custom then, as now, for the slave to take the surname of his master, and the father of Paul was, I conclude, known as Cuffee Slocum. But Paul, with the spirit of a freeman, chose the name his father brought from Africa. I have, however, seen it stated that the name of the father of Paul was John. In the year 1773, when Paul was about fourteen years of age, his father, dying, left a widow with six daughters to the care of him and his brothers.

Although he had no learning, except what he received from the hand of friendship, yet by that means he advanced to a considerable degree of knowledge in arithmetic and navigation. Of the latter he learned enough in two weeks to enable him to command his own vessel in his voyages to many ports in the Southern States, the West Indies, England, Russia, and to Africa.

He afterwards became a worthy and much respected member of the Society of Friends, and occasionally appeared in the ministry. His communications were usually short and modestly expressed, but marked by good sense and a deep devotional feeling. His great respectability and noble character rendered him a welcome guest at the house and table of the late venerable William Rotch and other members of his family, as well as of the Society of Friends generally. A little anecdote connected with this subject I have heard related. On the occasion of one of his visits, he stopped at one of the public houses in this place; and while warming himself by the fire in the travellers' room, the hour of dinner having arrived, the landlady came to Friend Cuff, and told him that she would prepare a separate table for him. He politely thanked her for the attention, and then informed her, much to her chagrin, that he had previously accepted an invitation to dine with William Rotch.

Upon a certain occasion William Rotch, Sen., and some English Friends attended the meeting in Westport, of which Paul Cuffee was a member,



the meeting-house, as before stated, being not far from his house. At the close of the meeting, the strangers, with their kind companion on this visit, were invited to dine with Friend Cuffee, a reciprocal kindness which was readily accepted by his friend on the behalf of himself and his guests. After the dinner was laid upon the table in a neat and bountiful manner, Friend Rotch observed that Paul and his wife had no chairs set for themselves, and were modestly preparing to retire or remain until their guests had dined. At this Friend Rotch arose, and, in a firm but kind manner, addressing his host and hostess, said that he could not consent to such an arrangement, and that he should not take his seat at the table unless Paul and his wife presided. With all his gentleness and humanity, no man was more unflinching where a matter of conscience was concerned than Friend Rotch, and Paul was too well acquainted with this trait in his friend's character to demur. The company was soon seated, and an agreeable as well as bountiful dinner partaken of.

Paul Cuffee, or Cuff, is represented to have been a man of noble personal appearance, tall, portly, and dignified in his bearing. His complexion was not dark, and his hair was straight. After he became a member of the Society of Friends, he wore the plain dress. His farm was situated upon the west shore of the Westport River, a short distance below "Hix's bridge." The house stood near the shore, where he also had his wharf and a storehouse. Here his vessels were built.

A man who lived in the neighborhood of Paul informed me, that upon a certain occasion he applied to him for the loan of four hundred dollars, which was readily granted him, and Paul counted out the amount in Spanish dollars to him.

At the age of sixteen he became a sailor, and made a whaling voyage to the Bay of Mexico. His second voyage was to the West Indies; but on the third he was captured by a British ship, during the war of the Revolution, about the year 1776, and detained three months as a prisoner at New York. After his release he went to Westport, and worked at farming for two years. During this time Paul and his brother, John Cuffee, were called upon by the collector of the district for the payment of a personal tax. This they for some time refused to do, upon the ground of their not possessing the full right of citizens; but being peacefully inclined, they finally paid the demand, and then sent in a petition to the Legislature, representing the injustice done to the free colored people in this particular. Their petition created a considerable excitement, as well as debate, and was strongly opposed by a few; but a large majority were convinced of the reasonableness of their claim, "and in defiance of the prejudice of the times, they passed a law rendering all free persons of color liable to taxation, according to the ratio established for white men, and granting them all the privileges belonging to other citizens. This was a day equally honorable to the petitioners and the Legislature—a day which ought to be gratefully remem-

bered by every person of color within the boundaries of Massachusetts; and the names of John and Paul Cuffee should always be united with its recollection."

At the age of twenty, Paul, in company with another brother of his, David, built a boat. They were to navigate her together; but it then being war time, and his brother having never been at sea, after having proceeded a part of the way on their voyage to Connecticut became so much alarmed for their safety that Paul was obliged to return with him. Soon after this Paul undertook a trip to Nantucket with a boat-load of produce, but in crossing Buzzard's Bay was seized by "refugee pirates," who robbed him of his boat and cargo. Nothing daunted, in connection with his brother, before mentioned, they built another boat; and having procured a cargo upon his credit, Paul again started for Nantucket, and was again chased by pirates; but night coming, he escaped from them, but ran his boat upon a rock on one of the Elizabeth Islands, and so badly injured her as to render it necessary for him to return to his home on the Westport River. After having repaired his boat, he again set off for Nantucket, reaching there in safety this time, and disposed of his cargo to good advantage. On a subsequent voyage, however, he was again taken by the pirates, and deprived of all except his boat. Still he continued his trips to Nantucket until he had acquired enough to look for a more lucrative business. He applied himself to the study of navigation, and, as before

stated, in a short time acquired a sufficient knowledge to command his vessels. He now obtained a vessel of about twelve tons burthen, and hired a hand to help him. His voyages at this time were mostly to Connecticut. At the age of twenty-five he married a descendant of the same tribe to which his mother belonged. For some time after his marriage, he resided at home, and was busily engaged in farming; but his predilections were for the sea, and, having procured a vessel of eighteen tons, he sailed for St. George's Banks, and returned with a cargo of codfish. This, proving profitable, awakened a spirit for the business in his fellow-townsmen, who entered upon it, and it became a source of considerable profit to the inhabitants.

Having formed a connection with his brother-in-law, Michael Wainer, who had several sons well qualified for the sea service, four of whom afterwards became captains and first mates, they built a vessel of twenty-five tons, and made two successful voyages to the Strait of Belle-Isle. His next vessel was of forty-two tons burthen, in which he made several profitable whaling voyages. In the year 1793 he took a valuable cargo of oil and bone to Philadelphia, which was disposed of to advantage. He purchased iron necessary for bolts, and materials suitable for a new vessel; and in 1795 his schooner of sixty-nine tons burthen was launched, and named the "Ranger." Having sold his two boats, he purchased a cargo for his schooner valued at two thousand dollars. This he disposed of at Norfolk, Virginia, and loaded his

vessel with corn upon the eastern shore of Maryland, which he purchased at a low price, after considerable difficulty on account of his color, as well as his crew, which considerably alarmed the people there at first for fear of the unfavorable influence it would have upon their slaves seeing men of their own complexion engaged in such different employment from their own servile labor. His cargo consisted of three thousand bushels of corn, with which he returned to Westport, and that article being in great demand at that time, it was rapidly disposed of, yielding him a profit of one thousand dollars. Another cargo soon after proved as profitable; and, with subsequent success in the freighting business, the addition to his property was sufficient to enable him to purchase the house in which his family resided and the adjoining farm, for which he paid thirty-five hundred dollars.

In the year 1800 a brig of one hundred and sixty-two tons burthen was built, of which he owned one half, and placed in the command of his nephew, Thomas Wainer, a man of much respectability and capacity for that situation.

The next vessel, of which Paul owned three fourths, was the ship *Alpha*, built in 1806. Of this vessel he was the commander, the rest of the crew consisting of seven men of color. In this ship he made a voyage from Wilmington to Savanuah, thence to Gottenburg, and back to Philadelphia.

After his return from this voyage, the brig *Traveller*, of 109 tons burthen, was built at Westport, of which he owned one half. After this period

his mercantile and agricultural business had so much increased that he found it necessary to remain at home for several years.

Although Paul Cuff received much attention and kindness from his fellow-citizens, and particularly from the members of the Society of Friends, his interest and sympathy for the people of his own color was ever uppermost in his mind. The English colony at Sierra Leone, which at this period had enlisted much of the attention of philanthropists of Great Britain, awakened in his benevolent mind a strong desire to co-operate in their operations; and he was induced to believe, from his communications from Europe and other sources, that his efforts to contribute to its welfare, and to his fellow men, might not prove ineffectual. Under these impressions, he sailed for Sierra Leone in the commencement of the year 1811 in the brig *Traveller*, his nephew, Thomas Wainer, being the captain. He remained there about two months; and having received a license obtained for him by the "African Institution," he sailed for Liverpool with a cargo of African produce, leaving his nephew in the colony to further his benevolent plans in teaching a knowledge of agriculture, and taking with him to England Aaron Richards, a native of Sierra Leone, with a view of educating him, and particularly of instructing him in the art of navigation. His crew consisted of eight men of color and an apprentice boy. The notice of his arrival is thus recorded in the *Edinburgh Review* for August, 1811:

“On the first of the present month of August, 1811, a vessel arrived at Liverpool with a cargo from Sierra Leone, the owner, master, mate, and whole crew of which are free negroes. The master, who is also owner, is the son of an American slave, and is said to be very well skilled both in trade and navigation, as well as to be of a very pious and moral character. It must have been a strange and animating spectacle to see this free and enlightened African entering as an independent trader with his black crew into that port which was so lately the *nidus* of the slave trade.”

The brig was consigned to W. & R. Rathbone, merchants, of Liverpool.

While in England Paul Cuffee was twice in London, the second time by invitation from the African Institution, whose members received from him valuable information as to the best means of promoting their views. While in London he resided at the house of one of the directors of this society, who had received letters from most respectable persons in America,—one of whom was probably the late venerable William Rotch, Sen.,—speaking in the highest terms of his integrity and abilities. He was also consulted by several members of the old Abolition Committee. A meeting of the African Institution, at which the Duke of Gloucester presided, was held purposely to confer with Captain Cuffee. His answers to the questions of the royal Duke and other members present, from his frankness and strong good sense, gave great satisfaction. Having presented “his royal highness” with some articles of African manufacture, he received a highly complimentary

letter in return, which I regret I am unable to place before my readers.

I have obtained the material for the sketch of this noble representative of the colored race from various sources, but for a large portion of it I am indebted to an interesting article written for the *Liverpool Mercury* while Paul Cuffee was in England. Many of my readers will remember Captain Cuffee, for he was well known and much respected by our older merchants and the inhabitants generally.

Much more might be added to this sketch, did time and space permit; but in conclusion I would add, that herein we have a striking evidence of what may be done by a man of color, laboring under many great disadvantages. May his noble example prove an encouragement to others of his race; and let those who are disposed to detract from the just merits of our colored brethren revert to the life and character of Paul Cuffee, or to that of the noble but unfortunate victim of the treachery and cruelty of Bonaparte, Toussaint L' Ouverture, and, in another field, that of the sweet poetess, Phillis Wheatley, whose admirable lines addressed to Joseph Rotch, a brother of William Rotch, Sen., are annexed.

TO A GENTLEMAN, ON HIS VOYAGE TO GREAT BRITAIN  
FOR THE RECOVERY OF HIS HEALTH.

While others chant of gay Elysian scenes,  
Of balmy zephyrs, and of flowery plains,  
My song, more happy, speaks a greater name,  
Feels higher motives and a nobler flame.  
For thee, O R——, the muse attunes her strings,  
And mounts sublime above inferior things.



I sing not now of green embowering woods —  
 I sing not now the daughters of the floods —  
 I sing not of the storms o'er ocean driven,  
 And how they howled along the waste of heaven:  
 But I to R—— would paint the British shore,  
 And vast Atlantic, not untried before.  
 Thy life impaired commands thee to arise,  
 Leave these bleak regions and inclement skies,  
 Where chilling winds return the Winter past,  
 And nature shudders at the furious blast.

O, then, stupendous, earth-enclosing main,  
 Exert thy wonders to the world again!  
 If e'er thy power prolonged the fleeting breath,  
 Turned back the shafts, and mocked the gates of death;  
 If e'er thine air dispensed a healing power,  
 Or snatched the victim from the fatal hour, —  
 His equal care demands thy equal care,  
 And equal wonders may this patient share.  
 But unavailing — frantic — is the dream  
 To hope thine aid without the aid of Him  
 Who gave thee birth, and taught thee where to flow,  
 And in thy waves his various blessings show.

May R—— return to view his native shore  
 Replete with vigor not his own before:  
 Then shall we see with pleasure and surprise,  
 And own thy work, great Ruler of the skies!

The fervent wish of the gentle Phillis was not granted. The subject of her invocation died in Bristol, England, soon after his arrival, about the year 1776. His grave was visited by his brother William about ten years afterwards.

For the information of those who may never before have heard of Phillis Wheatley, I would add that she was a native of Africa, and was brought to this country when a child, in the year 1761, and sold to John Wheatley, a citizen of Boston. Evincing superior intelligence, Mrs. Wheatley became much interested in her, and not only gave her a good education, but adopted her as a bosom friend and companion. She subsequently accompanied a son of Mr. and Mrs.

Wheatley to England for her health, where her poetical talents attracted considerable notice. She was presented to Lady Huntingdon, Lord Dartmouth, Mr. Thornton, the philanthropist, and many other individuals of distinction. These attentions, however, did not injure her: "she was still the same single-hearted, unsophisticated being." Her poems were first published in London in 1773, and dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon. They have since been published in this country, the last edition by Light & Horton, Boston, 1835.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF OLD DARTMOUTH, CONTINUED FROM A PREVIOUS CHAPTER—THE VILLAGES IN THE VICINITY OF NEW BEDFORD: RUSSELL'S MILLS, WESTPORT, SMITH'S MILLS, ACUSHNET, LONG PLAIN, AND PADANARAM OR SOUTH DARTMOUTH VILLAGE: WITH GENERAL OBSERVATIONS INTERSPERSED.

BESIDES the flourishing town of Fairhaven, our neighbor across the river, so intimately connected with us by the bridge and the excellent steam ferry, as well as from its particular commercial interest in the whale-fishery, by which the two places become almost identical, the villages in our vicinity possess much interest to our inhabitants, contributing to the prosperity of New Bedford, whence they also receive a reciprocal advantage, a market being afforded for their produce, and an opportunity for investments in the different departments of the business of our city. I shall therefore devote a considerable portion of this chapter to a more particular notice of them than what I have made heretofore. These villages and the country around them, as well as New Bedford and Fairhaven, it will be borne in mind, are a part of what formerly constituted the old township of Dartmouth.

Russell's Mills has the honor of being the first settled part of the old township. Here, as early as the year 1652, it will be remembered Ralph Russell removed from Raynham, and established

an iron-forge and other machinery, mills, &c., upon the Pascamanset River, now more generally known as Slocum's River, so called probably from Anthony Slocum, who was also a settler in this quarter, and, as I conclude, coeval with Ralph Russell aforesaid, from whose mills the village received its name, as I have also in a prior chapter mentioned.

This is the most picturesque and romantic part of old Dartmouth; the river, the hills, the masses of grotesque rocks, from the fissures of which shrubs and trees appear, added to the peace and general prosperity of a rural district, render the little village of Russell's Mills one of the most attractive spots to the lovers of nature, and a favorite drive for our citizens and visitors during the summer season.

About two miles to the north-east of this village is the spot where the old Friends' meeting-house—the first house for religious worship built in this township—stood. It was built, as before stated, in the year 1699, and was taken down in the latter part of the last century, and the present house, which occupies the same spot, erected. In the old graveyard lie the remains of a large portion of the early settlers of Dartmouth; but, owing to the custom of the Society of Friends, which obtained until within a few years, of not permitting grave-stones with inscriptions, it is impossible at this day for any one to ascertain where the bones of his ancestors rest, except some private designation has been preserved. Here, in their mingled dust, remains the perishable part of the ancestors

of a considerable portion of our present busy population.

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow, twitt’ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock’s shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.”

At present a plain stone, with a simple inscription, is allowed; but it is to be regretted that in the early restrictions of the Society of Friends the ordinary rude memorials of the dead could not have been spared. In their anxiety to “humble and abase the creature,” the earnest founders of this worthy body of Christians were occasionally too little regardful of the more tender and sympathetic parts of human nature. They, however, by no means succeeded in this attempt, for no people have been more remarkable for the kindlier graces and amenities of character than the Friends. With them, if to strangers their customs may appear austere and cold, there is no exception to the common emotions of the human heart, fully recognizing the spirit of the beautiful lines following, taken from the same source before quoted, the soul-endear’d Elegy of Gray:

“On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

Separated from most of the amusements of other sects, the Friends naturally depend more upon their domestic relationships, and in their simple modes of life—I am speaking of true Quakers—probably realize more substantial hap-

piness than any other class of people. Their thrift has become proverbial; it is, in fact, one of their besetting snares. So harmoniously with accumulation do their simple habits and usual industry operate, together with the provision made for their needy ones, that an indigent Quaker is a case of the rarest occurrence.

It will be a sad day for humanity when this body shall have so far lost sight of its ancient spirit as to rest alone upon forms and ceremonies, the rocks upon which so many gallant barks of Christians have before been wrecked—the Scylla and Charybdis of Christendom.

I have sometimes thought that a George Fox was almost as much needed among the Quakers of the present day as in the time of their beginning was this bold and faithful apostle of Christianity called for, to break the image-worship of a priest-ridden and benighted people.

I must apologize to the general reader for this digression from my main object; but old Dartmouth is to my mind so suggestive of the faith of its early settlers that I find myself involuntarily led to such reflections; and if it should appear that I have given an undue amount of notice to this sect, it should be remembered how inseparably connected with my subject it has been.

The village of Russell's Mills is situate in the southern part of the township of Dartmouth about seven miles south-west from New Bedford and four miles north of Buzzard's Bay, upon the river aforesaid, which empties into the bay between Slo-

cum's and Smith's Necks. The shore of South Dartmouth, in its originale omprehensiveness, with its bays and inlets, more than twenty miles in length, is one of the finest marine coasts in New England—the soil naturally fertile; and from the products of the ocean,—the seaweed and kelp, besides the rock-weed, and the fish—menhaden—seined in the spring, and used in the cultivation of the soil,—the farms are usually productive, and improved by a substantial and thrifty people. It will be remembered by those who have read my earlier chapters that this was the shore traced by Bartholomew Gosnold in 1602, and with which himself and his companions were so much pleased.

The village of Russell's Mills contains about fifty dwelling-houses and a post-office. The remains of the original iron-forge are still to be seen there. The river and a tributary stream formerly afforded fine trout. The mayflower—*epigæa repens*—so much sought for by young botanists, grows in the neighborhood.

During the Indian wars, the people of this part of Dartmouth suffered greatly from their scattered way of living, which was the occasion of a legislative act on the part of the Old Colony jurisdiction, requiring them to build their houses more compactly, for self-preservation. But the Indians became so hostile that the settlers were obliged to leave their homes to the destruction of their enemy. John Russell, the Representative before spoken of, removed to the east side of the Apponeganset River. Here a garrison was erected, of which mention is

made in Church's History of the Indian War, at "Russell's Orchard," and here were born John and Joseph Russell, twins, the ancestors of nearly all who bear the surname of Russell in New Bedford. The next move of this ancient family was that of the last-named of the aforesaid twin brothers, Joseph, who came into the present limits of our city.

The next village in course is Westport, situate about eight miles west of New Bedford, at the head of the Nokochok\* River, which takes its rise from several sources in North Dartmouth and in the township of Fall River: one of these branches, the westernmost, is known by the singular name of "Bread-and-Cheese Brook." The Westport River has two main branches; the western was formerly called the Acoaxet, which was also the Indian name of the western part of old Dartmouth. The scenery at the village and along the river is very pleasant; and there are some good farms in the neighborhood.

Westport Point is also a thriving little village, where there are a number of vessels engaged in the whale-fishery.

The home of the celebrated Captain Paul Cuffee was upon the west side of the Nokochok River, about four miles below the "Head of the River."

The township of Westport, as well as that of Dartmouth, is chiefly an agricultural district, for which New Bedford affords a ready market for all manner of produce. The village of Westport

\* The orthography of this word varies in the old surveys of land. It is also spelt *Noquochoke*.



contains about fifty houses. In the township there are five meeting-houses, two for Friends, two for Baptists, and one for Methodists. The stage-coach from New Bedford to Newport passes through this village, where there is also a post-office.

On the road from New Bedford to Westport is the pleasant little village of Smith's Mills, lying about three miles west of New Bedford. The Pascamanset River, affording excellent mill privileges, passes through this village on its course to Russell's Mills and its final goal, Buzzard's Bay. As I have previously, in an incidental manner, written of this place, as well as the others, I shall have but little herein to record, except that it is another of the pleasant drives of the citizens of New Bedford, and that for many years it has been the home of several of our ship-owners, to the enterprise of one of whom in particular the prosperity of the village is much indebted. Here also still continues one of the large old country *stores*, containing a general assortment of articles of domestic consumption, to which, as to that spoken of at Russell's Mills, it was formerly the custom of the matrons of New Bedford to ride out, for the purchase of a new gown or some other equally necessary article. With the introduction of the great number of fashionable establishments now to be found in *our* city of notions, this simple custom of recreation and supposed economy has probably passed away.

There are several good farms in the neighborhood of Smith's Mills, particularly those of Benjamin Potter and John Cummings. The latter was formerly

little more than a quarry of stones, but, by the indefatigable energy of the proprietor, it now affords some of the best farming land in the vicinity of our city. The stock of cattle, particularly the cows, is of the best blood, in which, as well as in the departments of agriculture, Mr. Cummings manifests a commendable pride and interest.

The village contains about forty dwelling-houses, and has a post-office, two Friends' and one Christian Baptist meeting-house.

Padanaram, in South Dartmouth, about three miles south-west from New Bedford, is pleasantly located on the east side of Apponeganset River, so called, but which is rather an inlet from Buzzard's Bay, over which there is a substantial stone bridge, leading to that part of Dartmouth known as Nomquid, or "Smith's Neck."\* It contains some fifty or sixty dwelling-houses, a post-office, and a Congregational church. The inhabitants are engaged in the whaling and other fisheries. It is advantageously situated for a summer residence or resort, from the vicinity of the sea.

The pleasantest village in the vicinity of New Bedford—to the writer at least—and the one which is most intimately connected with it, is Acushnet. Situate in the valley of the river, at the head of tide-water, with the surrounding hills, some of them wooded and affording pleasant rambles, sheltered from the north-east winds and open to the cooling

\* The point laid down on the chart of Buzzard's Bay as "Salter's Point" is called "Salt-House Point" in the original surveys made by Crane. It lies a little north of Mishaum Point.

sea-breeze that comes up the river from the bay, it possesses great advantages as to temperature, as well as rural beauty and quiet. To those who are confined through the day in town, an evening drive or walk to this village in summer is very pleasant. The best and the most frequented road in the vicinity of New Bedford is that leading to Acushnet. This village was the first stopping-place on the old post route to Boston; and many of my readers will remember the notes of the stage horn, as the mail-coach came rattling through the village, the horses often going at a tearing gallop. How often too have the slumbers of the good people of the *quondam* village of New Bedford, now, alas, a city! been aroused by the same sonorous peals, blown by some old "Shepherd," "Southard," or other of those hardy rosy-faced "drivers" of "lang syne."

The suburbs of New Bedford afford many pleasant localities for rural residences; but none possesses the amount of natural advantages that are to be found in the neighborhood of Acushnet and the road leading to it from the city. Should New Bedford continue in its prosperity, with the taste for landscape gardening and rural architecture which is already awakened here as well as elsewhere in New England, these pleasant and healthful localities will be eagerly sought. It appears to be a natural consequence, as society becomes cultivated, that men of taste seek the country, whose refreshing and inspiring influence is ever in harmony with our purer and more enlightened aspirations. There is many a man now confined to the

drudgery of business who looks forward to the time when he shall be emancipated from its chains, and who in the words of the poet may truly say—

“I never framed a wish, or formed a plan  
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,  
But there I laid the scene.”

But to enjoy the country, the habits and pursuits of the city must in a great measure be relinquished, and no lingering business left behind which requires a daily or too frequent attention. A man might as well attempt to play upon two fiddles at once, as to endeavor to enjoy the retirement of the country and attend to his daily business in town.

It does not necessarily follow that a man must be very rich to live happily in the country. The very rich probably enjoy the country the least of all. A family of moderate means, with frugal habits and cultivated minds, is the best fitted to realize the advantages of a country life. He who is unsatisfied unless his fields are in the highest state of cultivation; all the shrubs and vines that fringe them, so ornamental to the eye of the lover of nature, and where the early Spring flowers grow, and some of the sweetest song-birds build their nests—all these destroyed by the scythe and fire; he who calculates upon a *paying* investment as closely as in his stocks and trade; he who cannot see beauty in the wild flower, whose ear is not charmed by the songs of birds, who cannot admire even the lichens upon old stone walls and rail fences,—will obtain but little satisfaction from a rural residence. Let him keep to his counting-

house, his shop, his gas-lighted drawing-rooms, and solace himself with social chat and an occasional drive into fair domains of nature and nature's folk.

The village of Acushnet was one of the earliest settled parts of Dartmouth, and dates nearly half a century before New Bedford. A considerable destruction was done to the property here by the British troops. At the time of their attack upon New Bedford, it will be remembered they marched around the river. Several dwelling-houses and other buildings were here burned by them.

The village lies upon both sides of the river, the east part being in Fairhaven and the west in New Bedford; the division line, taking a north-westerly course from the bridge, leaves the river above, and a narrow strip of land which gradually widens to the northernmost bound of old Dartmouth, on the Fairhaven side.

There are three meeting-houses in the village, one Congregational, one Methodist, and one Friends'. The celebrated divine, Dr. Samuel West, D. D., was for many years settled in this village. The old meeting-house in which he preached stood upon the top of the hill on the east side of the river. It was taken down some years ago. The graveyard connected with it was one of the oldest in the state. The house of Dr. West is still standing, a short distance north from the Fairhaven road, and on the east side of the road leading to Long Plain, the old Boston post-road. It was at this house, under the care of Dr. West, that the

distinguished ante-Revolutionary patriot, James Otis, resided for some time after he had received the blow from a British official which proved fatal to his intellectual powers. He occasionally walked to Bedford; and many years ago I met with an old citizen who remembered to have seen him and heard him discourse in a very amusing but incoherent manner, the particular subject of which was concerning a pumpkin of remarkable properties and growth that he had observed in a field by the roadside, on his way from Acushnet to Bedford village. Dr. West was a man of considerable erudition, and in his personal appearance, as well as his remarkable eccentricities of character, is thought to have resembled the great Dr. Johnson.

The view from the hill near this old burying-place, looking over the valley of the river, with the adjoining country, interspersed with farms and country-seats and groups of fine woods, is rarely surpassed for picturesque beauty. A short distance beyond, to the east, are some fine masses of lofty rocks from which extensive views are also presented. The naturalist and the lover of nature need not run away from New Bedford in search of a pleasanter or more productive field; here will enough be found to gratify his tastes and employ his hours of recreation, should he reach the extreme age of man.

The last village in the old township, and the northernmost one, situate about four miles from Acushnet, on the old Boston road, is Long Plain, which receives its name from the extended table-

land upon which a considerable portion of the settlement lies. It can hardly be called a village, but a row of houses — most of them neat and comfortable — extending for nearly a mile in length. Here are two meeting-houses, one of the Baptists, and one of the Friends. Formerly there was a numerous society of the latter denomination here, — substantial farmers. There are a few good farms in this village or settlement, but the soil is usually light; yet it is one of the healthiest and pleasantest parts of the township in which it is situate, — that of Fairhaven, the easternmost portion of the old township of Dartmouth.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY BY THE BRITISH TROOPS—EXTRACTS FROM THE OFFICIAL LETTERS OF GENERAL GREY, THE COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION, TO SIR HENRY CLINTON—LETTER OF ROBERT FANSHAWE TO SIR HENRY CLINTON—DOCTOR DWIGHT'S ACCOUNT OF THE INVASION, DURING A VISIT TO NEW BEDFORD, FROM INFORMATION OBTAINED OF JUDGE POPE'S INCIDENTAL OBSERVATIONS—ADDITIONAL ACCOUNT OF THE SAME, OF A LATER DATE, BY JUDGE POPE—FURTHER REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTION, FROM A RETIRED SHIP-MASTER OF FAIRHAVEN.

THE following official account of the invasion of New Bedford by the British during the Revolution is taken from the "Remembrancer," a magazine published at that period in London:

Extract of a letter from Major-General Grey\* to His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, dated on board the Carysfort frigate, off Bedford harbor, Sept. 6th, 1778.

"I am happy to be able to acquaint you that I have been so fortunate, in the fullest manner, to execute the service your Goodness entrusted me with at Bedford and Fair Haven.

A favorable wind, and every possible exertion and assistance received from the navy, enabled us to land so rapidly, yesterday evening about six

\* Charles, Earl Grey, (Major-General,) born A. D. 1729, died A. D. 1807. He is represented as having on several occasions evinced as much blood-thirstiness as courage. He acquired the name of the "no-flint general," from his common practice of ordering the men under his command to take the flints out of their muskets, that they might be confined to the use of their bayonets.



o'clock, that the enemy had a very few hours' notice of our approach: the business was finished, and the troops all re-embarked, this morning by twelve o'clock, with the loss, which particularly gives me pleasure and content, of only five or six men wounded, one of whom is since dead. The stores destroyed were valuable, and the number of ships burnt about 70, privateers and other ships, ready with their cargoes in for sailing. The only battery they had was on the Fair Haven side, an enclosed fort with eleven pieces of cannon, which was abandoned, and the cannon properly demolished by Captain Scott, commanding officer of the artillery, and the magazine blown up.

I cannot enough praise the spirit, zeal and activity of the troops you have honoured me with the command of upon this service, also their sobriety in the midst of temptation, and obedience to orders, as not one house in Bedford and Fair Haven, I think, was consumed that could be avoided, except those with stores.

I write in haste, and not a little tired, therefore must beg leave to refer you for the late plan of operations and particulars to Captain Andre."

Extract of a letter from General Sir Henry Clinton to Lord George Germain, dated New York, Sept. 21st, 1778, brought by His Majesty's ship, the Eagle, and received 26th instant.

"In my last I had the honor to inform your Lordship of the success of Major-General Grey at Bedford and Fair Haven. I have now the pleasure to transmit an account of his whole proceedings upon that expedition, which will shew how effectually this enterprize has been executed, and the very great loss the enemy have sustained; at the same time that it reflects much honour upon the abilities of the General, and the behaviour of the troops employed on the occasion."

Copy of a letter from Major-General Grey to General Sir Henry Clinton, dated on board the Carysfort, Whitestone, Sept. 18th, 1778.

“Sir: In the evening of the 4th instant, the fleet, with the detachment under my command, sailed from New London, and stood to the eastward, with a very favorable wind. We were only retarded in the run from thence to Buzzard’s Bay by the altering our course for some hours in the night, in consequence of the discovery of a strange fleet, which was not known to be Lord Howe’s until morning. By five o’clock in the afternoon of the 5th, the ships were at an anchor in Clark’s Cove, and the boats having been previously hoisted out, the debarkation of the troops took place immediately. I proceeded without loss of time to destroy the vessels and stores in the whole extent of Acushnet River (about six miles,) particularly at Bedford and Fairhaven; and having dismantled and burnt a fort on the east side of the river mounting eleven pieces of heavy cannon, with a magazine and barracks, completed the re-embarkation before noon the next day. I refer your Excellency to the annexed return for the enemy’s losses, as far as we were able to ascertain them, and for our own casualties.

The wind did not admit of any further movement of the fleet the 6th and 7th than hauling a little distance from the shore. Advantage was taken of this circumstance to burn a large privateer ship on the stocks, and to send a small armament of boats, with two galleys, to destroy two or three vessels, which, being in the stream, the troops had not been able to set fire to.

From the difficulties in passing out of Buzzard’s Bay into the Vineyard Sound, through Quickse’s Hole, and from head winds, the fleet did not reach Holme’s Hole harbour, in the island of Martha’s Vineyard, until the 10th. The transports, with the light infantry, grenadiers, and 33d regiment,

were anchored without the harbour, as I had at that time a service in view for those corps whilst the business of collecting cattle should be carrying on upon the island. I was obliged by contrary winds to relinquish my designs.

On our arrival off the harbour the inhabitants sent persons on board to ask my intentions with respect to them, to whom a requisition was made of the arms of the militia, the public money, 300 oxen, and 10,000 sheep. They promised each of these articles should be delivered without delay. I afterwards found it necessary to send small detachments into the island, and detain the deputed inhabitants for a time, in order to accelerate their compliance with the demand.

The 12th I was able to embark on board the vessels, which arrived that day from Rhode Island, 6000 sheep and 130 oxen.

The 13th and 14th were employed in embarking cattle and sheep on board our own fleet, in destroying some salt-works, in burning or taking in the inlets what vessels and boats could be found, and in receiving the arms of the militia. I here again refer your Excellency to returns.

On the 15th the fleet left Martha's Vineyard; and after sustaining, the next day, a very severe gale of wind, arrived the 17th at Whitestone, without any material damage.

I hold myself much obliged to the commanding officers of corps, and to the troops in general, for the alacrity with which every service was performed.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CHARLES GREY, M. G."

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, of the detachment under the command of Major-General Grey.

" 1st battalion light infantry — 1 wounded, 3 missing.

1st battalion of grenadiers — 1 killed, 1 wounded, 3 missing.

33d regiment—1 missing.

42d regiment—1 wounded, 8 missing.

46th regiment—1 missing.

64th regiment—1 wounded.

Total—1 killed, 4 wounded, and 16 missing.

The enemy's loss, which came to our knowledge, was an officer and 3 men, killed by the advanced parties of light infantry, who, on receiving a fire from the inclosures, rushed on with their bayonets. Sixteen were brought prisoners from Bedford, to exchange for that number missing from the troops.

[Signed] CHARLES GREY, M. G."

"Return of vessels and stores destroyed on Acushnet River the 5th of September, 1778.

8 sail of large vessels, from 200 to 300 tons, most of them prizes.

6 armed vessels, carrying from 10 to 16 guns.

A number of sloops and schooners of inferior size, amounting in all to 70, besides whale-boats and others; amongst the prizes were three taken by Count D'Estaing's fleet.

26 store-houses at Bedford, several at M'Pherson's wharf, Crans Mills and Fairhaven; these were filled with very great quantities of rum, sugar, melasses, coffee, tobacco, cotton, tea, medicines, gun-powder, sail-cloth, cordage, &c.

Two large rope-walks.

At Falmouth, in the Vineyard Sound, the 10th of Sept., 1778.

2 sloops and a schooner taken by the galleys, 1 loaded with staves.

1 sloop burnt.

In Old Town harbour, Martha's Vineyard.

1 brig of 150 tons burthen, burnt by the Scorpion.

1 schooner of 70 tons burthen, burnt by ditto.

23 whale-boats taken or destroyed.

A quantity of plank taken.

At Holmes's Hole, Martha's Vineyard.

4 vessels, with several boats, taken or destroyed.

A salt-work destroyed, and a considerable quantity of salt taken.

Arms taken at Martha's Vineyard.

388 stand, with bayonets, pouches, &c., some powder, and a quantity of lead, as by artillery return.

At the battery near Fair Haven, and on Clark's Point.

13 pieces of iron ordinance destroyed, the magazine blown up, and the platforms, &c., and barracks for 200 men burnt.

£.1000 sterl. in paper, the amount of a tax collected by authority of the Congress, was received at Martha's Vineyard from the collector.

Cattle and sheep taken from Martha's Vineyard.

300 oxen. 10,000 sheep.

[Signed] CHARLES GREY, M. G."

" CARYSFORT, off Bedford, Sept. 6, 1778.

My Lord: I enclose to your Lordship a copy of Rear-Admiral Gambier's \* order to proceed with a detachment of ships and transports, and assist in such services as His Excellency Sir H. Clinton, or Major-General Grey, should propose.

Last evening the fleet came before Bedford harbour. I send to your Lordship an outline sketch of the scene of operation, the plan for the execution of the naval part, with minutes of the manner in which it was performed.

I am informed that the army in its progress destroyed all the stores, wharves, and shipping at them; two or three sloops only, by being on float, escaped the flames. No part of the town seems to be destroyed, except such houses whose vicinity to the wharfs and storehouses made their preservation impossible at such time.

It is with very great pleasure I hear that the army has had very little loss. The enemy, not expecting an attack, was not prepared to resist.

\* Lord James Gambier, Admiral, long a distinguished officer in the British navy, and the commander of the fleet which took possession of the Danish navy in 1807. His grandfather was a French refugee, who left France on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He was President of the Church Missionary Society, and was characterized by great piety and benevolence. He died April 19, 1832, leaving no heirs; and the peerage is extinct.

I cannot particularize the damage done ; but by the appearance of shipping before dark, and the conflagration, I suppose it must be very great.

Every thing is now reimbarked, and as the wind is southerly, all the ships and vessels are preparing to warp out of the bay, in order to proceed to Martha's Vineyard, conformable to a requisition this instant made by Major-General Grey, to procure a supply of cattle ; but as we have not with the fleet a sufficiency of empty vessels to contain them, I am under the necessity of weakening the detachment, by sending, according to General Grey's desire, and my orders from Rear-Admiral Gambier, the Dilligent brig to Rhode Island, for vessels to receive the cattle, and afterwards to New York with the General's letters.

What further employment is intended for the ships and transports with me has not yet been disclosed to me. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

and most humble servant.

ROBERT FANSHAWE.

P. S. Prisoners report 70 sail destroyed, of which eight were large ships laden, and four privateers ; great quantities of canvas, cordage, pitch, turpentine, tobacco, coffee, &c."

The following additional account of this event is taken from the Travels of the late President Dwight, of Yale College, from information received of the late Edward Pope. It will be perceived that this, as well as the account of Capt. William Gordon, given in a previous chapter, differs considerably from that of Gen. Grey, which is undoubtedly much exaggerated.

"No events of a peculiar importance occurred in the history of this town until the year 1778. On

Saturday evening, the 3d of September, the British under General Gray landed 4000 troops upon Clark's Neck, the western boundary of the river at its mouth, and marched to the town. Here they burnt houses, wharves, &c., to the amount of £11,241, and destroyed English and West India goods, provisions, naval stores, shipping, &c., to the amount of £85,739, amounting in the whole to £96,980, or \$323,266. From this place they marched around the head of the river to Sconticut Point, on the eastern side, leaving in their course, for some unknown reason, the villages of Oxford and Fair Haven. Here they continued till Monday, and then re-embarked. The following night a large body of them proceeded up the river with a design to finish the work of destruction by burning Fair Haven. A critical attention to their movements had convinced the inhabitants that this was their design, and induced them to prepare for their reception. The militia of the neighboring country had been summoned to the defence of this village. Their commander was a man far advanced in years. Under the influence of that languor which at this period enfeebles both the body and the mind, he determined that the place must be given up to the enemy, and that no opposition to their ravages could be made with any hope of success. This decision of their officer necessarily spread its benumbing influence over the militia, and threatened an absolute prevention of all enterprise, and the destruction of this handsome village.

Among the officers belonging to the brigade was Israel Fearing, Esq., a major of one of the regiments. This gallant young man, observing the torpor which was spreading among the troops, invited as many as had sufficient spirit to follow him and station themselves at the post of danger. Among those who accepted the invitation was one

of the colonels, who of course became the commandant; but after they had arrived at Fair Haven, and the night had come on, he proposed to march the troops back into the country. He was warmly opposed by Major Fearing, and finding that he could not prevail, prudently retired to a house three miles distant, where he passed the night in safety.

After the colonel had withdrawn, Major Fearing, now commander-in-chief, arranged his men with activity and skill, and soon perceived the British approaching. The militia, in the strictest sense raw, already alarmed by the reluctance of their superiour officers to meet the enemy, and naturally judging that men of years must understand the real state of the danger better than Major Fearing, a mere youth, were panic-struck at the approach of the enemy, and instantly withdrew from their post. At this critical moment, Major Fearing, with the decision which awes men into a strong sense of duty, rallied them, and placing himself in the rear, declared, in a tone which removed all doubt, that he would kill the first man whom he found retreating. The resolution of their chief recalled theirs. With the utmost expedition he then led them to the scene of danger. The British had already set fire to several stores. Between these buildings and the rest of the village he stationed his troops, and ordered them to lie close, in profound silence, until the enemy, who were advancing, should have come so near that no marksman could easily mistake his object. The orders were punctually obeyed. When the enemy had arrived within this distance, the Americans rose, and, with a well-directed fire, gave them a warm and unexpected reception. The British fled instantly to their boats, and fell down the river with the utmost expedition. From the quantity of blood found the next day in their line of march, it was supposed that their loss was con-



siderable. Thus did this heroic youth, in opposition to his superiour officers, preserve Fair Haven, and merit a statue from its inhabitants.

A wag, who had divined the true reasons of the colonel's retreat, followed him to the house where he lodged, and, finding by inquiry that notwithstanding his original declarations to the contrary he had concluded to take up his lodgings there for the night, resolved to be his sentinel. He therefore mounted the jaw bone of a horse upon a pair of small wheels, instead of a cannon. This piece of artillery he charged and discharged at regular intervals during the night, as the proper means of defence to his gallant commander, and had the satisfaction of seeing him safe and sound the next morning.

The township of New Bedford extends from Dartmouth to Rochester, four miles, and from Buzzard's Bay to Freetown, thirteen. In 1790 it contained 454 houses and 3313 inhabitants; in 1800, 626 dwelling-houses and 4361 inhabitants; and in 1810, 5651."

I know of but two persons now living who remember this event, Miss Rebecca Spooner, of Fairhaven, and Mrs. Mary Hawes, of this city, both past ninety years of age.

The fleet consisted of 32 vessels, under the command of Rear-Admiral Gambier, the largest a ship of 40 guns, on board of which was Gen. Grey, the commander of the expedition. It was named by our old people "the new Lannun fleet," from the fact of its lying off New London for some time previous to the invasion, causing much anxiety to the inhabitants from the expected attack.

The Captain Andre mentioned in Gen. Grey's report was probably the unfortunate and lamented Major Andre, who embarked under Sir Henry Clinton, and who two years afterwards, October 2d, 1780, at the age of 29 years, was executed, in accordance with the cruel and barbarous rules of war. A monument to his memory was placed in Westminster Abbey, by the order of King George III.

This fleet presented a terrific appearance to the peaceful inhabitants of old Dartmouth and the villagers of Bedford and Fairhaven, as anxiously viewed from their house-tops by the aid of their spy-glasses.

With a fair wind, according to the letter of Gen. Grey, they sailed up Buzzard's Bay. Aside from the inimical object in view, this fine fleet of armed vessels, led off probably by the "Carysfort," with Rear-Admiral Gambier and Major-General Grey on board,—their broad canvas spread to the fresh ocean breeze, and the bloody ensign of old England proudly flapping from its staff,—must have afforded a noble and spirited sight.

Four thousand troops were landed upon a bridge of boats at Clark's Cove, and with quick step marched into the quiet little village, whose peaceable and affrighted inhabitants had already fled into the neighboring country.

The following additional account is taken from an old number of the *New Bedford Mercury*.

"A friend has furnished some items respecting the same affair, gathered from different sources,

entitled to full credit, and more accurate in some respects than the statement given by the British generals. A letter from Edward Pope, Esq., in 1794, published in the 4th volume of Historical Collections, gives the following account of this affair, which is probably correct, as Judge Pope was on the spot at the time, and a very intelligent man.

‘The British troops, about 4000, landed on the west side of Clark’s Neck, and at Clark’s Cove, Saturday evening, Sept. 5th, 1778, and marched through Bedford village to the head of the river, passed over the bridge and down on the east side, through and near the villages of Oxford and Fairhaven, to Sconticut Neck, burning on their march houses, barns, mills, &c. They encamped on Sconticut Neck till Monday, when they embarked on board their ships. The night following they attempted to land a large number of troops on the Fairhaven side, with a view probably to burn that village; but were discovered by Major (afterwards General) Israel Fearing, who had the command of about 140 or 150 men there collected, and determined, if possible, to save the town. He placed his men behind houses and stores near where he supposed they would land. The enemy reached the shore with their boats; they were permitted to begin landing, and fired two or three buildings. Major Fearing then gave orders to fire upon them. They retreated with great precipitation, and returned to their ships in the harbor. By the shrieking, and marks of blood afterwards discovered, it was supposed many of the British were killed and wounded.’

It will be observed that the British account differs much from that given by Judge Pope; but his no doubt is the most correct. He does not allude to the vessels destroyed, but it is not probable

there was so great a number as is mentioned in the British statement. The loss of property has been variously stated by different American writers, generally at £20,000. Judge Pope was a sufferer, and also a prisoner for one night with the British. On inquiry of Mr. William Russell, of this town, now living, aged ninety-two, it is ascertained that the British fleet consisted of thirty-two vessels, the largest a forty-gun ship, with Major-General Grey on board, the commander of the expedition; that about forty sail of vessels were destroyed, chiefly ships, and most, if not all, prizes taken from the British by our privateers a short time before; that the British troops, in going up the river from Clark's Point, stopped about half an hour in Bedford village, and set fire to several buildings, nine dwelling-houses and four stores being consumed; that they opened a hogshead of rum, and that several of the soldiers were intoxicated, and carried away in carts; that two young men, near the road where the British passed and not far from the village, who had fire-arms in their hands, were shot, one of whom was killed on the spot and the other mortally wounded. Near the head of the river, Lieutenant Metcalf, of the State Artillery Company, then stationed here, was badly wounded, and died soon after. The company was commanded by Captain Cushing. Some privateers were in the harbor at the time, and lay on the Fairhaven side, which was, indeed, probably the chief object of the expedition from the first. The fleet came from the New York station. Major Fearing and men came to Fairhaven on the alarm given after the first day's landing and marauding. Messrs. John Howland and Seth Russell were taken on board the large ship and detained some time; and by their influence several of our people who were made prisoners were released."

General Grey speaks with great complacency of the sobriety of the troops, and their moderation; but the real facts in the case are strongly against his statements.

A man by the name of Joe Castle, who had been employed by Joseph Russell, went over to the enemy at the time of their landing, and acted as their guide. The night he left he wrote with chalk upon the barn-door of his employer,

*"I make no more stone-wall for old Joe Russell."*

When the British troops were marching towards Acushnet, Dr. Eben. Perry, who had been into the village on horseback, was returning home, and seeing the enemy from the top of the hill near his house—the present residence of Thaddeus M. Perry—rode on a short distance, and fearing that they would overtake him, tied his horse to a bar-post and fled into the woods. After the troops had passed, he returned, and found that his horse, a very valuable young animal, had been killed by the soldiers,—an act of mere wanton destruction.

For the following additional reminiscences I am indebted to Capt. Lemuel S. Akin, a retired ship-master of Fairhaven:

"Probably the first naval action during our Revolution took place in Buzzard's Bay, not far from West Island. The late Nathaniel Pope, of Fairhaven, was a lieutenant in the expedition. They captured two tenders belonging to the British sloop-of-war Falcon, afterwards one of the vessels that poured her volleys at the breastwork on Bunker Hill on the memorable 17th of June, 1775.

On the 5th of May (1775) Capt. Linzee, of the *Falcon*, captured two provincial sloops at Bedford. He intended to send them to Martha's Vineyard, and freight sheep to Boston; but the Bedford people fitted out two sloops with thirty men, and retook the captured vessels, with fifteen men on board. In the action three of the *Falcon's* crew were wounded, and one of them mortally. Thirteen prisoners were sent to Cambridge." *Frothingham's Siege of Boston*, page 110.

"The vessels that took the *Falcon's* tenders were out from the village of Fairhaven."

"Nathaniel Pope commanded a company of twenty-five men, sailors and rangers; Captain Egery, another company of equal number. Their expedition was obliged to be a secret one, as many at that time had strong conscientious scruples against shaking off their allegiance to George III.

The whole number of prisoners was twenty-five or twenty-seven. The fifteen marines were immediately marched off to Taunton to place them beyond the reach of a writ of *habeas corpus*, which the timid in this vicinity would procure to prevent reprisals. The balance—sailors—were permitted to wander where they pleased. The commanding officer was for some time in Fairhaven, and was wounded in the action. He was a North Briton or Scotchman, and undoubtedly as near as possible adopted the maxim of Hudibras,

He that fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day;

for he kept most of the time during the action in the cabin, occasionally showing his head from the companion-way to give orders to his men. It was in one of these venturesome visits to the door that a Yankee by the name of Shockley, having reserved his fire for that purpose, wounded him in the head."

Extract from a statement of Joshua L. Pope, son of the late Nathaniel Pope, who commanded the expedition from Fairhaven.

"The captures were made on Sunday morning, 14th May, 1775, and the captured were from the Falcon; whilst the Machias capture is recorded as having occurred on the 12th June.

I am strongly impressed with the belief that the prisoners comprised twenty-five; the Congressional record says fifteen—marines, not mariners. I feel quite sure that the spoils embraced twenty-five 'king's arms.' Father had a 'king's arm and accoutrements,' besides a silver-trimmed cutlass,—that of an officer. I think also there were but twenty-five men on board the 'Success;' it might have been twenty-five in the *hold*. Father had the deck, managing affairs there, and Captain Egery, with the drummer, was in the cabin. Captain Egery came on deck to counsel, at father's foot-rap. There was one other man and a boy, I think, on deck.

The first lieutenant (of the Falcon) was severely wounded, and was, with others (probably the other wounded and sailors,) some time at Bedford and Fair Haven. They were very clever fellows, and I think some of them remained there.

Joseph Rotch, Edward Pope, and many others, came from Bedford on Monday morning, and held counsel with some of the timid at the house of Esquire Williams, and concluded to send the prisoners and captured sloops, with an apology, back to the Falcon; but the captors were on the *qui vive*, and marched off the prisoners for Taunton before the council rose. Thus defeated, the council sent a committee to Captain Linzee, at Taunton Court, with an apology, 'making the best story they could.' Colonel Edward Pope and 'Squire Williams were of this committee.

A strong delegation also met Egery's report at Cambridge, as it is fairly inferable from the language of the committee recorded.

It has for many years been to me a matter of regret that I had not had the curiosity to have retained from father every particular.

I think the 'sharp-shooter' who was ordered to stand by the mast and 'drop the dodging officer' was a Shockley or a Jenney.

The men were equally from Captain Egery's militia and father's 'minute-men,' and each numbered on their roll twenty-five or thereabouts. Father's numbered twenty-five in all.

I have before me a 'pay-roll' for an expedition from Dartmouth to the Elizabeth Islands, Sept. 25th, 1775. Charge,—1 penny per mile for forty miles, and two days' services; 8 s. 6 d. for captain, 2 s. 10 d. for men; together, 11 s. 10 d. and 6 s. 2 d.; aggregate, £8 6 s. 7 d."

We now return to Capt. Akin's statement.

"While the British were marching up to Bedford [in 1778] William Tobey—once Postmaster in New Bedford—was driving a team loaded with goods for a safe place of deposit, but was so hardly pressed by the British that he unyoked his oxen, and left his wagon and goods a prize to the enemy.

Arrived at the head of the river, a party left the main body, and went north as far as the old gambrel-roofed house of Doctor Tobey, still standing. I believe that it was a general baking-day in these parts, for here they found in the cellar an oven full of bread and pork and beans. These they soon dispatched, and robbed the house of what they wanted, and endeavored to destroy the rest. But the British pilferers in going down the cellar left the door wide open, and that effectually prevented their seeing another door immediately



behind it, leading to a room where their most valuable clothing was deposited, and by that means was saved. Another instance of the same kind occurred at Bartholomew Taber's.

They burned several houses at the head of the river, among others one belonging to Captain Crandon, who, to revenge himself on the British marauders, would not suffer his new house to be placed over his old cellar, nor suffer the cellar to be filled up, until his son, having the management in some measure of his father's business, at last accomplished it.

It was at Acushnet village that Lieutenant Metcalf was mortally wounded. He was from Boston, and belonged to the Continental army. Some verses were composed on his death at the time by a Mrs. Negus. She had not the inspiration of a Sappho, yet they were much esteemed at the time; in fact, much worse have been written, and printed too.

The first building they burned after leaving the head of the river was a house on the premises now owned by David Russell, then occupied by Colonel Pope. Eldad Tupper, a tory, and well acquainted in these parts, acted as their guide, and could inform them of all holding office or commissions. As they proceeded south, and near by, they came to Stephen and Thomas Hathaway's. The latter was a man of handsome property in those days, and without children; but he had a ward living with him, Jonathan Kempton, who eventually inherited it. At the time the fleet anchored he was at the lower end of Sconticut Neck; and left immediately for home to remove the household furniture to a place of safety. After packing up, he took a small trunk, containing quite a valuable quantity of silver plate; and as he stepped to the door to leave the house, he was met by their advance-guard, who told him they would relieve him from

any further care of the trunk. After taking what things they wanted from the house, they collected beds and bedding in a chamber, and set fire to them, and very luckily shut the doors. They took Mr. Kempton a prisoner, and told him they should carry him to New York. He entreated them to let him have his liberty. After carrying him to the end of the long lane leading to the house, they consented, after taking one of the two pairs of breeches that he had on—that he had two pairs on they knew from having robbed him of his watch; but they informed him they must fire at him as a deserter, which they did, but whether with an intention of hitting him or not, he never knew. The ball, however, hit a large cherry tree, one of a number that lined a long passage or lane leading to the house. Mr. Kempton returned to the house in time to extinguish the fire.

Proceeding on in something of a hurry, burning now and then a house or a store, and destroying property, and frightening men, women, and children, who generally, Indian-like, fled to the woods with what little they could carry for safety, some rather laughable scenes occurred amid the terror and confusion. One woman—it is charitable to suppose not till after mighty efforts and years of longing—at last procured a brass warming-pan. This, though previous to Lord Timothy Dexter's venture of warming-pans to the West Indies, was too valuable to fall into the hands of the rapacious 'regulars'; accordingly clothes, bedding, household furniture,—all, except the warming-pan, was abandoned to its fate. With this she, with many others, started for the woods. Fear is a great creator of phantoms. Arrived at the woods, helter-skelter, there was no time to choose their way—onward was the word. The bended elastic bushes and limbs of trees were continually striking the warming-pan with a force, in their judgment, suffi-

cient to give the regulars a clue to their whereabouts. What was to be done? The owner must leave the pan behind, or must herself be left: the former she would not do, the latter she could not prevent, and every one fled from woman and pan with as much eagerness as before they fled from the regulars.

The British fell in with a Quaker, Jethro Hathaway, father of the late Stephen; and took his broad-brim from his head, hurled it in the air, and after making much sport with it, said, 'Let the old Quaker have it again.'

Bartholomew Taber, a calm, courageous man, remained by his house, and was harshly treated by the British soldiery. One fellow threatened to shoot him, and aimed his musket several times at his head; but perceiving it was not cocked, he did not consider himself in much danger. He heard the bullet whistle in the air, fired from the bushes at the British, which caused the burning of the school-house on his premises, and heard them call for a match at the same time.

Near the Sconticut road, about one mile east of Fairhaven village, was the house and farm of Captain John Alden. He had a small stone building some little distance from his house, in which he kept groceries for sale. He had moved his family and some goods to a place of safety, and had returned with his ox team for more goods or furniture. A neighbor came to purchase some rum, and while in the act of getting it, the British arrived and relieved him of the care of the team. They drove his oxen on the neck, where they were slaughtered for the use of the army. On the neck they stopped at the house of John West, who had in his pen a large fat hog. They put a bayonet through him, and left him dead.

Just before they came to what is called the 'narrows,' in a cleared field where there were

several stacks of salt hay they left a detachment of their army, who, fatigued and sleepy, after setting a guard and scattering the hay, lay on it and took a nap. The remainder continued on about one mile, to where the widow Dean now lives, the place of their final embarkation. They had with them at this time an active, resolute person by the name of Pease as their prisoner. He was not very strictly guarded, and as they were surrounded by woods made his escape to the east side of the neck, and headed north by the edge of the woods and marsh, until he came to the narrows, where he entered the road. Being ignorant at the time of an enemy near, he was hailed by the guard in the road; and immediately advancing to him, with a club secreted under his jacket, with one blow over the head dispatched him, and effected his escape. It was supposed the act was witnessed by those on board the fleet, who with their glasses could easily do it; for immediately after the blow was given, a gun was fired from one of their ships. There is little doubt the guard was killed, as a grave was found made by the British near the spot. Many supposed Pease did wrong, and that a judgment overtook him at last, as he was killed by the falling of a well-sweep."

"In 1676 the place lately belonging to the heirs of Stephen Hathaway [previously spoken of] had for its occupant one who employed an Indian to hoe in his field. One day a strange Indian came to him in the field, and after a long conversation, the laborer stuck up his hoe and left. His informant told him Philip was going to commence war against the English."

Those who now daily travel upon the Acushnet road hardly realize that on that memorable day, the 5th of September, 1778, just at night-fall,

passed this formidable army of 4000 men, carrying destruction with them. In imagination we can hear the sound of the fifes and drums, and the sharp words of command from the officers, as they march onward in their work of devastation. Although their stay here was of short duration, yet the desolation they left behind was severely felt for years afterwards by our forefathers. Those who have heard the old people of that day speak of the event will well remember the horror which was impressed upon their minds by the destruction made upon their property, and the ruin of their business. Well has the poet said,

War is a game which, were the nations wise,  
Kings would not play at.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW—LIST OF VESSELS REGISTERED FOR 1818 AND 1819—STATE OF THE WHALE-FISHERY IN 1830—CAPTURE OF A BRITISH BRIG-OF-WAR BY THE ARMED SLOOP PROVIDENCE—THE OLD SHIP MARIA—MEMORANDUM OF SAMUEL RODMAN, SEN.: ABSTRACT OF HER VOYAGES—A REMINISCENCE OF INTEREST TO THE VOTARIES OF MAMMON—NARROW ESCAPE—THE SEPTEMBER GALE, AND ITS EFFECTS UPON THE SHIPPING OF NEW BEDFORD.

THE last war with Great Britain, and the embargo, which operated so destructively upon all our maritime towns, were no less severely felt in New Bedford; and the business of our place, which had not only recovered from the losses of the Revolution but had begun to progress rapidly, was again laid completely prostrate by these two combined interpositions, and it was not till the year 1818 that it again revived. From this year we may date the commencement of a commercial prosperity which has rarely been equalled in the annals of history, and, with but an occasional interruption, has continued to the present time.

At this period, and for several succeeding years, New Bedford, although well known abroad as a place of considerable commercial importance, was but a village of some thirty-five hundred inhabitants. An American gentleman who was in Liverpool about this time was asked by a merchant of that city in regard to the size of New Bedford,

who, upon being informed, was much astonished to learn that a place so well known should contain so few inhabitants, having supposed it be a large city. For a number of years after this period there was much peace and prosperity here, and those who remember our place at that time will readily testify to the simplicity of the habits of our people in the way of living, and the consequent comfort growing out of it.

The following is a list of vessels registered at the Custom-House for the years 1818 and 1819:

## 1818.

SHIPS.	BRIGS.	
Pindus,	Indian Chief,	Sally,
Independence,	Protection,	Liberty,
Iris,	Planter,	Sophronia,
Balæna,	Elizabeth,	Dolphin.
Wilmington & Liver-	Aganora,	SLOOPS.
pool Packet,	Trident,	Milo,
Herald,	Benezet,	Polly,
Bourbon,	Gleaner,	Carolina,
Triton,	Juno,	Good Hope,
Golconda,	Commodore Decatur,	Washington,
Victory,	Minerva.	Mercy,
Augustus,		Globe,
Midas,	SCHOONERS.	Harmony,
Ann Alexander,	Bodfish,	Atlantic,
Charles,	Favourite,	Reaper,
Persia.	John Willis,	Collector,
	Fenelon,	Catharine,
	Elizabeth,	Amazon,
	Enterprise,	Fame.

## 1819.

SHIPS.		
Pacific,	Winslow,	Leonidas,
Swift,	Parnasso,	Sophia,
Phoenix,	Francis,	Portia,
Helen,	Minerva Smyth,	William Rotch.
Columbus,	Milwood,	
Stanton,	Cortez,	BRIGS.
Minerva,	Pacific,	Dragon,
Timoleon,	Lorenzo,	Cornelia,
Phebe Ann,	Martha,	Resolution,
	Carolina,	Horatio,

Leader,  
William Thacher,  
Alliance,  
Orion,  
General Marion,  
Clitus,  
Traveller,  
Ospray.

SCHOONERS.

President,  
Emigrant,  
Polly & Eliza,

Ebenezer,  
Industry,  
Eliza Barker,  
William,  
Superior,  
Albert,  
Hiram,  
Ono,  
Laura,  
Emerald,  
Rose in Bloom,  
Jane,

Green,  
Sally.

SLOOPs.

Reformation,  
Fame,  
Ohio,  
Flora,  
William,  
Spartan,  
Brothers,  
Rosetta,  
Debby.

In 1774, there were 50 or 60 vessels, mostly sloops and schooners, employed in the whale-fishery from Bedford, a great proportion of which were captured. It was several years after the peace before any vessels were again fitted out. In 1787-8, there was but one ship, and that of but about 180 tons, and 2 or 3 brigs, in the business; but soon after this period the whaling spirit revived, and with but little interruption has continued until the present time.

In 1830 the number of square-rigged vessels belonging to our port was 120, the greater part of which was employed in the whale-fishery. The quantity of oil imported during the year 1830 was 41,144 barrels sperm oil, and 43,145 barrels of whale oil. At this time there were 10 spermaceti candle manufactories. The population 7695.

The following account of a tragic event which occurred during the Revolution was published some years ago in the New Bedford Mercury, and for its preservation I herein include it. The writer is unknown to me, but the public, as well as myself, are indebted to him for his account of this reminiscence in our history.



"Many years ago, I heard from some of our folks of Revolutionary times a story about the old sloop Providence, the particulars of which I have nearly forgotten, but which were, I believe, something as follows:

The Providence was an armed sloop, commissioned as a privateer early in the Revolutionary contest. She was very successful in her cruising, and such was the extent of her depredations on British commerce it was determined by the enemy that a stop should be put to her career. Accordingly a brig-of-war of nearly double the force of the Providence was ordered to cruise for her. The two vessels met, and after an obstinate and bloody contest the Yankee sloop forced her powerful antagonist to strike, and brought her into the port of Bedford. It was said that after the sloop had fired away all her shot her crew used some old iron spikes and bolts that were on board, belonging to a citizen of this town, as substitutes, and that shocking havoc was made by them among the crew of the British brig. I can remember but two other particulars. So near to this port was the action fought that the blood of the killed and wounded seamen was running down the sides of the brig when she came into port. The wounded of the crews who died were brought on shore, and interred on a small hillock that arose near the shore, a short distance north of the spot once occupied by the wheel-house of William Rotch, Jr.'s, rope-walk. A carpenter's shop, built by William Coffin, covers the ground where these men were buried.

How much of this story is fact and how much is fiction, I have no means of determining. My object in sending you this is to get you to publish it in your paper, so if there are among us those who from memory, record, or tradition, can throw any light upon the affair, the facts may be ascertained. All I *know* about it is this. Often, in my

younger days, have I walked among the graves on the hillock by the river-side, wondering to whom they could belong, and why they were thus neglected. And when the progress of improvement levelled the little mound that was the only monument to the 'unknown dead,' I saw their bones carefully collected, and decently deposited where they will, I trust, remain undisturbed."

The annexed interesting record of the voyages of the ship *Maria*, the oldest vessel in our port, if not the oldest in the United States, has been forwarded to me for publication. The "old *Maria*" was built in 1782.

Arrived	Master.	Sperm Oil.		Whale Oil.
		Bbls.	Galls.	Bbls.
Sept. 26, 1795.	Benjamin Paddack, Jr.	843	1	
Feb. 17, 1797.	Benjamin Paddack, Jr.	864	20	
Oct. 10, 1798.	Benjamin Paddack, Jr.	923	21	
March 15, 1800.	Benjamin Paddack, Jr.	949		
June 18, 1802.	Benjamin Paddack, Jr.	1035	5½	
Jan. 16, 1804.	J. Brightman.	655	18½	
May 9, 1806.	David Coffin.	1082	26	
Nov. 27, 1807.	David Coffin.	1061	11½	
May 8, 1810.	David Coffin.	1185	15	
May 7, 1812.	David Coffin.	1267	11	
May 13, 1817.	Micajah Swain.	1217	23	
May 15, 1819.	Micajah Swain.	1297	18½	
Dec. 15, 1821.	Joseph Chase.	1021	24½	
April 4, 1825.	George Sprague.	1143	30	
March 21, 1828.	Ammiel H. Joy.	1237	9	
April 20, 1831.	Ammiel H. Joy.	1295	7	
May 11, 1834.	J. G. Hedge.	871	14	
Jan. 19, 1836.	J. G. Hedge.	428	16½	
Oct. 21, 1837.	——— Pearce.	340		100
Sept. 7, 1840.	S. Raymond.	750		
Oct. 10, 1843.	S. Raymond.	519		19
May 20, 1846.	Joshua Coffin.	880		
Sept. 1, 1849.	Joshua Coffin.	1025		
Aug. 15, 1852.	Charles C. Mooers.	335		9
April 6, 1856.	Charles C. Mooers.	708		6

In 1795, the population of New Bedford was about 1,000. The only streets passable at this time, were Main, (now Union,) Water, North, and

parts of Second and Bridge (now Middle) streets. In an old deed I have seen, the street now known as North street is mentioned as the first street laid out from the County road to the river. There was no market-house, and the inhabitants bought their meat of the country people. The writer remembers when the only place for vending marketable produce was a kind of shed with three arched entrances, painted or washed with a yellow ochre color. This old shed, or one similar to it, formerly stood near the four corners, and is the one represented in the picture of William A. Wall. As I remember, it stood (having probably been moved) on the north side of Main street, near the intersection of Third street. In those days of early rising, William Rotch, Sen., was frequently seen going to market with a lantern. It was undoubtedly his habits of promptness that made him as a business man so successful. "It is the early bird that gets the worm," saith the old proverb.

In the rear of this market, a livery-stable was at one time kept by Samuel Hussey, and afterwards by Ivory H. Bartlett. Here and at Clapp's stable most of our citizens depended for their horses and carriages, very few except the wealthiest keeping either at that time. Here also wild beasts were exhibited,—"caravans," as they were then termed,—which some of my cotemporaries will well remember.

The chief butcher of the village at this time was Frederick Read, who lived at the corner of Main and Seventh streets. In a building painted red,

just west of his house, hogs were murdered and scalded, and at one time a half-tamed wolf, to the great terror of the neighborhood, was kept. On the corner directly east, the north-east corner of Seventh street, was the residence of Samuel Stall, carriage-builder, wheelwright, &c., and whose large sign, with a coach, chaise, &c., painted upon it, was placed upon the front of the house, the work-shop being in the rear. Opposite was the residence of Joseph Ricketson, Sen., and next below that of Dr. Ebenezer Perry. The physicians of those days made their visits to their patients either on foot or on horseback, the luxury of wheeled carriages not being known to our older physicians; and I rarely remember of seeing our old neighbor, Dr. P., unless mounted upon his horse, and he usually rode a very handsome one.

Many of my readers will remember the large old-fashioned house that stood until within a short period at the south end of the town, near the beach, and known as the "old Cove House," originally the property of Benjamin Allen, but for many years owned and occupied by Abraham Ricketson. Not long after the last war between this country and England, a strange vessel was observed by the members of the family who dwelt in this house, sailing into the cove and apparently reconnoitring the shore, but soon leaving. Nothing very remarkable was conjectured by the observers, until some weeks afterwards, the wife of the latter named, who had risen very early on a Saturday morning, and looking out of the window towards the beach,

observed several figures, dressed in white, passing along the shore, which was covered with snow and ice, it being winter. Watching their movements, she saw them pass around the east side of the cove, and for a short distance along the shore, when they entered the woods, and disappeared. At the same time she also observed the strange vessel at anchor near the cove. Having stated these circumstances to her family, they naturally excited considerable curiosity, and the next day (Sunday) her son and some other boys in the neighborhood set off to ascertain, if possible, the object of their novel visitors, the strange vessel having during the previous night departed. Tracing the foot-prints upon the snow along the shore and into the woods, they were led to a rock having a smooth face upon one of its sides, and close against it a square hole, partly filled with water, and the sides covered with iron scales; near by they also picked up a steel rod, and some pieces of manuscript. The conclusion at once drawn from these circumstances was that an iron chest of coin had been deposited here during the late war, and that the object of the visit of the strange vessel was for the removal of the same. It would appear that their first attempt in ascertaining the spot was not successful, as the vessel made two visits, but did not appear again after this circumstance. I relate the tale as it was told me, some thirty years ago, by the old lady who first discovered the figures upon the beach. People who rise early in the morning sometimes see remarkable sights, one of which to many is probably the rising of

the sun. My readers, according to their own views, can give such credit as they may think proper to the foregoing relation, which, although probably true, has rather a legendary shade of character.

From the "Bristol Gazette," published in Fairhaven, Mass., Tuesday, April 16, 1813.

"NARROW ESCAPE. Arrived at this port, last evening, ship *Harmony*, Brown, of Philadelphia, 104 days from Calcutta. She was boarded off Bermuda by the privateer *Jack's Favorite*, of New York, and informed of the war, and that the Delaware was blockaded. Yesterday morning, off Block Island, fell in with a British frigate and two schooners, which chased her into this port, and discharged upwards of a hundred guns at her; several shots passed through her sails. The *Harmony* is a large ship, and has on board a very valuable cargo of silks, &c."

Capt. William Slocum, who was crossing the bay in a sail-boat, with a woman passenger, seeing the dilemma of the Indiaman, got on board, and being a good pilot, steered the ship over a shoal place, and in this way the frigate, following close in her wake, was grounded.

The *Harmony* lay at Parker's wharf. The amount to be awarded to Capt. Slocum was left to William Rotch, Sen., who fixed the sum at \$500. The woman also received a present of a string of valuable pearl beads.

One of the most remarkable as well as calamitous events in the history of our place was that of the great line gale and storm of Saturday, September 23d, 1815. The rage of this storm, when the fury of the combined forces of wind and rain ap-

peared to be aroused, is represented by those who were eye-witnesses as being terrific. It commenced in the early part of the day, with the wind from the north-east, which soon hauled round into the south-east, blowing with increased violence, and bringing in the sea with a flood tide, until it rose from ten to eleven feet higher than ever before known in the highest spring tide, carrying in a general destruction the wharves, ware-houses, shipping, and the New Bedford and Fairhaven bridge. Even at McPherson's wharf, Belville, some two miles up the river, the ship *Ladoga* was torn from her fastenings, and driven above upon the shore, near the present residence of Isaac Case. The tide rose above the bridge at Acushnet village, and reached into the mill-pond at the paper-mill now owned by J. P. Lund and others. The salt spray was blown so as to settle upon the windows, and the leaves, and grass, at Long Plain, extending even as far as Middleborough, Bridgewater and Taunton, a distance of not less than twenty miles.

In New Bedford the water rose beyond the buildings on Orange street, filling the cellars and lower rooms. At the south end of the town, the water reached to County street, in the rear of the residence of the late Capt. Cornelius Grinnell, filling up the well of the latter. In the south part of Third street boats could float.

The following interesting account of this event is taken from the *New Bedford Mercury* of September 29th, 1815, then edited by Benjamin Lindsey, Sen.:

“On Saturday morning last, this town, in common with the other towns in this and the adjacent States, was visited by the most tremendous gale ever remembered in this vicinity. The gale commenced early in the morning, and continued with increasing violence until near 12 o'clock. The scene presented during its continuance was awful beyond description. The destruction of property which was occasioned by the wind and tide is extensive and distressing, and several lives were lost in this and the adjacent towns.

We cannot go into a particular detail of the devastations which surround us, but some faint idea may be formed from the following brief sketch of disasters.

In New Bedford, the whole of the salt-works at the south part of the town, with about 100 bushels of salt, carried away,—[the property of Caleb Russell.] The lower part of the wheel-house of Butler & Allen's rope-walk washed away, and about 30 fathoms of the walk thrown down. Griffin Barney's rope-walk injured. William Rotch, Jr.'s, rope-walk nearly destroyed; about 60 fathoms thrown down, and about 25 fathoms, with the wheel-house, containing about 14 tons of hemp and a large quantity of cordage, carried away. Jonathan Card's turning-mill nearly destroyed. William Coffin, Jr.'s, boat-builder's shop thrown down. William Russell's shop and wood-house injured, and his barn down. Mrs. Gerrish's dwelling-house much injured. Mr. Wilcox's blacksmith's shop, and Mr. Cannon's tallow-chandlery, carried away. George Caswell's house greatly injured, and much of his furniture damaged and carried away by the tide. The store occupied by J. A. Parker, with about 800 bushels corn, and other property, destroyed. The large range of stores owned by William Rotch, on his wharf, moved 12 or 14 feet from its foundation, the lower story entirely demolished and the sec-



ond story brought level with the ground; by which means Mr. Weston Howland, who occupied a part, lost about 700 bushels of corn and a quantity of flour. A large, nearly new, staunch store of William Rotch, on the north side of his wharf, in which was deposited nearly all the valuable cargo of the Regina, from Holland, and other goods, was entirely demolished, and many of the goods destroyed and swept away by the tide. The large store on A. Smith's [now Parker's] wharf destroyed. Mr. Fuller's dwelling-house principally thrown down and destroyed. A small house occupied by people of color, on A. Smith's wharf, carried away. All the wharves much injured, and appear to be nearly in ruins. The whole of the bridge between Bedford and Fairhaven villages carried away, and also the bridge at the Head of the River. The valuable salt-works of Dr. S. Perry carried away. Some chimneys were blown down, and many other buildings sustained more or less damage. There is scarcely a store on the wharves but has sustained some injury; among those most materially, not mentioned above, are Capt. Hill's, James & Perkins', and J. R. Heath's, and their contents nearly all destroyed; large quantities of goods in other stores were much damaged. So rapid was the rise of the tide that the occupants were obliged to quit their stores precipitately, leaving all to its fate; several lost even their account books and valuable papers. The tide rose about 10 feet above high water mark, and four feet higher than ever before known.

Shipping on shore: sloop Emily and schooner Mink, of New Bedford, and Ann, of Dartmouth, are on Russell's wharf, [now Central wharf;] schooners William & Mary and Morgiana, of New Bedford, and Minerva, of Falmouth, sloops John Adams and Atalanta, of New Bedford, and Industry, of

Sandwich, on Rotch's wharf—the latter upset and stove; ship *Ann Alexander*, on J. Howland's wharf; ship *Harpooner*, and sloop *Superior* of Nantucket, on A. Smith's wharf; *Roderick Dhu*, in the street below the Post-Office,—[Francis Rotch's;] ship *Augustus*, on Fish Island,—[Humphrey Hathaway's;] sloop *Washington*, of Fairhaven, on shore below Maj. Coggeshall's.

At Fairhaven, two stores on the Old South Wharf, one store on the Union Wharf, S. Borden's rope-walk, B. Church's barn and its contents, were carried away, and several dwelling houses and other buildings more or less injured. The salt-works of J. Delano, on Sconticut Neck, carried away.

Of the damage sustained in other towns in this vicinity we cannot give any particular details.

We understand the magnesia-works at Dartmouth, with the property therein, were nearly destroyed.

But the loss of lives, though not numerous, is the most distressing consequence of this tornado. Temperance Perry, a young woman from Sandwich, who was on board a vessel bound for Newport, which came in here for a harbour, was drowned, notwithstanding all the exertions which could be made for her relief. Her body was found on Sunday and interred on Monday last. Mr. William Macy, in his benevolent exertions to save a man who was discovered in great danger, fell from a boat and was drowned. His body was found yesterday. Mr. Marmaduke Tinkham, his son, and two young men, his nephews, of Fairhaven, were all drowned. Mr. John Snell and Mr. Thomas Woddell, Jr., were drowned at Westport.

Several others were in imminent danger, and were saved from death by various interpositions of Providence, which seemed almost miraculous.

When the ship *Augustus* parted her fasts, and drifted from Rotch's wharf, a young man\* was left by her on a pile which stood at the foot of the wharf. He was discovered from the shore, and exertions were made to relieve him, but in vain. The wrecks and ruins which were floating around him in every direction baffled every effort to reach him; the wind and waves were beating over him, and were expected every moment to wash him from his perilous situation: but he remained in this exposed position until the wind and tide abated, and sustained no material injury."

\* William Haskins.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

ECCLESIASTICAL, LEGAL, AND MEDICAL REMINISCENCES  
 — DIALECTIC SOCIETY — FRAGMENT SOCIETY — NEW BED-  
 FORD LYCEUM — FRIENDS' ACADEMY — CLIMATE — PUB-  
 LIC ROADS AND STREETS.

THE earliest religious society of which there is any record is that of the Friends, the first mention of which bears date as follows: "at y<sup>e</sup> house of W<sup>m</sup> Coddington in Rhoad Island y<sup>e</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> of 4 m<sup>o</sup> [corresponding to the present 6th month, or June] 1683," where in the disposal of the time for their assemblies, the meeting at Dartmouth is thus agreed upon:

"At dartmo<sup>h</sup> y<sup>e</sup> generall meeting Begins y<sup>e</sup> next first-daye After duxbury meeting."

The first meeting-house, which stood upon the spot now occupied by the Apponeganset meeting, was built in the year 1699. For further particulars of this body, reference may be made to Chapter IV. of this History.

The earliest minister of any other denomination was probably John Cooke, one of the early settlers and proprietors of Dartmouth. His death is recorded in the Dartmouth records, Nov. 23d, 1695.

"John Cooke was a Baptist minister in Dartmouth for many years, from whence springs the Baptist church in the east borders of Tiverton." *Backus's Church History*, page 135.

Sept. 16, 1674, John Cotton preached to the Indians at Acushnet.

"In 1698 there were forty Indian communicants, partly from Assameekg, Cokesit, Acushnet, and Assawampset." *Holmes's Annals.*

"In 1718 a law was made to compel all the country to assist in building or repairing Congregational meeting-houses. Tiverton and Dartmouth were the only remaining towns in the province which had not received any Congregational ministers. Therefore a complaint against them was made to the Legislature in May, 1722; and they voted a salary for such ministers, to be assessed upon all the inhabitants of said towns, which the ministers were to draw out of the state treasury. But their assessors sent and obtained an account of how much was added to their tax on that account, and then left it out of their assessment. For this two assessors of each town were seized in May, 1723, and were imprisoned at Bristol, until they sent to England and got that act disannulled by the King and Council. One of those sufferers was Philip Tabor, pastor of the Baptist church on the borders of Tiverton and Dartmouth. But before the order two more assessors of Dartmouth were put in prison for not assessing a like tax imposed in 1723." *Backus's Church History of New England.*

"The first Baptist minister who preached steadily in New Bedford was Peleg Burroughs, pastor of the first Baptist church in the then called Dartmouth church, now Tiverton. This church was formed in 1686, and its worthy pastors suffered much persecution from the unjust laws of clerical taxation in Massachusetts. One of them refusing to give his cow for the tax, as that was needful for his family's sustenance, was imprisoned nine months! Peleg Burroughs was ordained in 1780 over this church, and as some of the members lived in New Bedford, he visited and preached for

several years at the house of Maltiah Hathaway on the way, and at the house of George East, now owned and occupied by his grandson, Bradford Coggeshall, where his pulpit may still be seen. As he was endowed with much of the power of the Holy Spirit, and used the plain language of the Friends, who only had a meeting-house, they offered him theirs,—a thing very unusual with them; but I cannot find by his journal that he occupied it more than once, though he speaks of uniting with them in silent worship at a school-house. Few, perhaps, living recollect him. He baptized many. Quite a number of the members of this church constituted the first Baptist church in New Bedford, now under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Girdwood.”

Early in the last century, the first church and society of Congregationalists was formed at that part of the old township of Dartmouth known as Acushnet. The meeting-house, taken down a few years since, having been long unoccupied and in a dilapidated condition, stood upon the hill about half a mile to the eastward of the village of Acushnet. The old graveyard, however, still remains,—one of the most ancient and interesting burial-places in the Old Colony domain.

The first settled minister was the Rev. Samuel Hunt, of whose history I have been able to obtain no information, except what is contained in the inscriptions given below. The old parsonage-house built by Mr. Hunt is still standing, though remodelled of late years. It stands upon an elevated spot at the north-west corner of the junction of the County road and that leading into the village

of Acushnet, and is now owned and occupied by Augustus Harrington. Mr. Hunt was probably one of the old-fashioned agricultural parsons, for I find in the old records of land surveys several large tracts of wood and other lands in his name. But he has long since gone from works to rewards, and the following epitaph upon his tombstone in the old graveyard is all that the "inexorable past" has left to his memory.

"Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

"Here lieth y<sup>e</sup> body of the Rev<sup>d</sup> Samuel Hunt, who was the first ordained minister over the church of Christ in Dartmouth, who died Jan<sup>y</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 25<sup>th</sup>, 1729, in y<sup>e</sup> 48 year of his age."

He was accordingly born in the year 1681. Near by the tombstone bearing the above inscription is another with the following:

"Here lieth interred the body of Joanna, wife of y<sup>e</sup> Hon. Ephraim Hunt, Esq., late of Weymouth, youngest daughter of Doctor John Alcock, late of Roxbury, who died March y<sup>e</sup> 20, 1746, in y<sup>e</sup> 87 year of her age."

This was probably the mother of the Rev. Samuel Hunt, by whose filial piety she undoubtedly made her home at the old parsonage.

The successor of Mr. Hunt was the Rev. Richard Pierce, who also lies in the same old burial-place, and whose epitaph contains all I have obtained of his memory, as follows:

"*Memento mori.* Here lieth interred the remains of Richard Pierce, A. M., who was born March 29th, 1700, and departed this life March 23d, 1749,

after having spent 16 years in the work of the Gospel ministry. A gentleman of an unspotted character in the office he sustained, of polite behaviour, remarkably affable, and kind to all; who lived greatly beloved, and died much lamented. *Cujus pulvis in pulvere, dormit, expectans stellam matutinam.*"

The next minister of this church was the Rev. Israel Cheever, who is said to have been dismissed in 1759, and was succeeded by Samuel West, D. D., in 1761. The tombstones of the wife and an infant son of Mr. Cheever are in this graveyard, but he removed to some distant quarter, where he died.

Under the ministry of Doctor West, the society was very large, being the only meeting for religious worship, with the exception of that of the Friends, for an extensive district of country. Doctor West was a man of superior abilities and education for that period, but his great eccentricity, combined with *absence of mind*, rendered him less practically useful in his profession than many of inferior talents and knowledge. Many anecdotes are related of him, some of which are undoubtedly much exaggerated; but among the most authentic are the following:

His first wife, whose name was Experience, was a very tall woman; and he would often remark to his friends, that he had "learnt by long experience what it was to have a good wife."

Upon one occasion he found, after his congregation had assembled and he had got into the pulpit, that he had left home without his sermon.



He gave out a hymn with a great number of stanzas, and deliberately walked to his house, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, for his sermon, and returned in due time to deliver the same.

Upon another occasion, he left his wife upon the horse-block, and rode off to meeting, supposing her to be on the pillion; and did not ascertain his mistake until he had arrived at the meeting-house door.

Taking a bag of corn from his crib to carry to mill on horseback, he forgot to use the horse, and carried the grist upon his own back, leading his horse the while.

When engaged in an argument, of which he was very fond, and in which he had few equals, he forgot everything else; and he has been known to walk several miles along the road bareheaded, when in conversation with some of his distant neighbors. On one occasion, himself and his brother-in-law, the late Doctor Whitridge, of Tiverton, R. I., the father of the late Doctor William C. Whitridge, of this city, entered into an argument early in the evening, by the roadside, and talked all night, the rising of the sun alone warning them of the lapse of time.

Doctor West was born at Yarmouth, Cape Cod, March 3d, 1729-30, O. S. He graduated at Harvard University in 1754, one of the first scholars of his class, but did not receive his ordination until several years subsequently. In 1765, the country then being in a state of great excitement, owing to the difficulties with the mother country,

Doctor West turned his attention to politics, and was one of the leading members of the Whig party. He was a member of the convention for framing the constitution of Massachusetts and of the United States. He deciphered the letter of his old classmate, Doctor Church, physician-general to the army, who was suspected of a treacherous correspondence with the enemy, which proved to be the case, as he was afterwards arrested and imprisoned.

“Dr. West was chosen an honorary member of the Academy of Sciences, at Philadelphia and Boston. He published two ordination sermons, one election sermon, one at the anniversary (1777) of the landing of the Pilgrims, and others; with an essay upon ‘liberty and necessity,’ in reply to President Edwards.” *Blake’s Biographical Dictionary*.

He died at the house of his son, the late Samuel West, M. D., of Tiverton, R. I., in his seventy-ninth year.

So far as the writer is aware, Doctor West ever retained the most friendly relations with his society, and his memory is cherished with much respect by those of our community who knew him personally; and the pleasant anecdotes of his eccentricities will probably be handed down from father to son for generations yet to come.

He was buried at the old graveyard connected with his meeting-house, and the following is the inscription upon his gravestone:

“Samuel West, D. D., &c., the son of Dr. Sackfield West, by his wife, Ruth Jenkins, was born at

Yarmouth, C. C., March 3d, 1729-30, O. S. Ordained in this place June 3, 1761. Relinquished his pastoral charge in June, 1803. Died at Tiverton, R. I., Sept. 24th, 1807."

The earliest physician of the old township of Dartmouth, so far as I have ascertained, and who lived in the early part of the last century, was Doctor Daniel Hathaway, whose name is attached to some lines on the death of John Russell, who died in 1727.

Doctor Benjamin Burg died Sept. 18th, 1748, in the fortieth year of his age, and was buried in the old graveyard at Acushnet.

Doctor Elisha Tobey, Esq., died May 10th, 1781, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, a well-known physician of his time. His residence was the old gambrel-roofed house in the north part of Acushnet village, now occupied by his grandson, Elisha Tobey.

Doctor Samuel Perry, a physician of considerable repute, died April 15th, 1805, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His residence was the house now occupied by his grandson, Thaddeus M. Perry, on the east side of the Acushnet road, near the village of Acushnet.

Doctor Samuel Perry, son of the preceding, died of apoplexy at the house of Judge Edward Pope, on Main (now Union) street, Oct. 26th, 1820, aged fifty-seven years.

Doctor Ebenezer Perry, also a son of the elder Doctor Perry, and a physician of extensive practice in New Bedford and vicinity, also died of apoplexy,

March 18th, 1822, in his sixty-seventh year. His residence was on old Main street, now owned by Messrs. Watson & Manchester, bakers, No. 175 Union street.

Doctor William C. Whitridge, one of the most skilful and distinguished physicians of the present time, died at his residence, 117 Elm street, corner of County street, Dec. 28th, 1857, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.\*

The Dialectic Society, formed in 1812, was the earliest literary society in New Bedford of which I have obtained any account. William Sawyer Wall was the first President, who was succeeded in his office by Abraham Shearman, and John Howland. At the first anniversary John Mason Williams delivered an address, and Thomas A. Greene a poem. Their meetings were held at the Friends' schoolhouse then standing on Prospect Hill, near the spot now occupied by the "Bethel."

The "Fragment Society" was a charitable association under the direction of ladies, in connection

\*The following petition from the old Dartmouth Records is without date, but a subsequent call for a meeting of the town to act thereon bears date September 5th, 1772.

"To the Selectmen of the Town of Dartmouth, the Humble Petition of Doctors Gilston and Randall Praying that a Warrant may be Granted to Summons this Town, to meet to Geather to Declare their Approbation in regard of said Doctors, Erecting a Hospital for Inoculation on anjalaca Island, if Obtainable or Else where as they Shall think meet, and we as in Duty Bound shall ever pray.

SAMUEL GILSTON  
ANNANIAS RANDALL"

A warrant for a meeting was subsequently issued, but that portion of the record containing the proceedings is wanting. A small Hospital, however, was erected at this period, on a lot a short distance north of the Oak Grove Cemetery. The place was long known as the "Pock-House pasture."

with which was a school for poor children, who were also supplied with clothing. These institutions were supplanted, the former by the Lyceum, and the latter by other charities and the public schools.

That great institution of the North, the Lyceum, has become second in importance to no other as a source of interest and instruction to the mass of the people. It is decidedly popular; rich and poor, the old and the young, attend the lectures, not only with unabated but increasing interest. It has opened a new field of emolument for our scholars and literary men, and we hope in due time to add also our literary women, to exercise their talents, and bring forth from the treasures of thought and study the intellectual pabulum the public appetite so much craves.

The increased desire for knowledge in our people is truly very hopeful and encouraging to the lovers of light, of liberty, and of free institutions. From ignorance alone can oppression come; enlighten the masses, and tyranny must meet its doom. Every encouragement should therefore be given to men of thought and learning to enter this new field of literary labor, particularly in the way of liberal compensation. It is an old truism that no labor is so poorly paid for as that of the brains. We are forgetful, when some talented and eloquent lecturer has received his fifty or one hundred dollars for his performance, how much time and study—how many years of preparation and expense he may have given, to qualify himself for the same.

No men are more busy during the season than our popular lecturers; thousands of miles do they travel, subject to all the inconveniences and exposures during the most inclement part of the year. The fine scholar,—the man of taste and refinement,—is undoubtedly thrown into many scenes of painful experience. Some revelations of personal history in this line would afford a good subject for a lecture, which we shall probably in due time hear. Let us then not be niggard in our remuneration for the services of these devoted teachers of the people, but in a liberal manner hold out inducements for the best talent and culture to continue in the field.

Let us rejoice that there is one place at least where free thought can find expression; and may the spirit of bigotry or sectarianism be ever kept aloof therefrom.

Although the Lyceum of our time resembles but little that of the grove of Attica, yet with such teachers as Emerson, Parker, Beecher and others, it seems destined to rival even that of Aristotle.

The New Bedford Lyceum is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in this country. The first meeting was held on the evening of November 19, 1828: Stephen Merrihew, Chairman, and Joseph Congdon, Secretary. The Lyceum was organized on the 8th of December following. The first board of officers were Stephen Merrihew, President; Abner Bourne and Benjamin Robinson, Vice Presidents; William C. Taber, Treasurer; William T. Hawes, Recording Secretary; Thomas Rotch, Cor-

responding Secretary; Charles W. Morgan, Joseph Congdon, and Thomas A. Greene, Curators; Orville Dewey, John H. W. Page, and Samuel Rodman, Committee of Arrangements. An occasional lecture on chemistry, or some other scientific subject, or a debate, was then the order of the day, little dreaming that we were aiding in the establishment of an institution destined to become so flourishing and important.

The Friends' Academy, for many years the only classical institution in New Bedford, was founded by a number of the Society of Friends in the year 1810. The old building, which is now in a fair way to be entirely eclipsed by the massive structure being erected by the Elm-street society of Methodists, and other buildings with which it is surrounded, stood originally upon the then outskirts of the village, and was one of its most prominent objects. With its plain but spacious dimensions, its symmetrical tower, surmounted by a spire and vane, and extensive grounds, it really presented an agreeable and even tasteful appearance. But this old temple of Minerva, the "classic hill" of our youth, is now in a state of dilapidation; and the spire which once stood so stately gives signs of decay; the old vane that had boldly faced the brunt of so many storms now hangs drooping from its ancient support; and even the old bell seems to toll out in mournful numbers a requiem to the departed spirit of former days.

That an interest was warmly felt in the cause of education by the founders of this institution, their

liberal donations sufficiently declare. William Rotch, Sen., contributed the lot of land, and \$2000; William Rotch, Jr., \$5000; Samuel Rodman, Sen., \$2000; Samuel Elam, \$1000, and at his decease, in 1812, his rare and valuable library; Thomas Arnold, \$500; his son, James Arnold, \$1000; and Obadiah M. Brown, \$536; Samuel Rodman, Jr., (1817,) \$1000; Benjamin Rodman, (1820,) \$450, and a share in the Rhode Island Bridge, \$100: amounting to \$13,586. Subsequent subscriptions for the purchase of a lot of land to enlarge the play-grounds in the rear enclosing the same, and for the erection of fixtures for a gymnasium: Charles W. Morgan, George Howland, Sen., Thomas Rotch, and Joseph Rotch, \$100 each; Joseph Ricketson and John Howland, Jr., \$50 each; Nathaniel Hathaway, William Swain and Thomas S. Swain, each \$25: in all, \$575,—making the whole amount of subscriptions \$14,161. These sums comprise all the donations to the Academy. The act of incorporation was granted February 29th, 1812. The original Board of Trustees were William Rotch, Sen., President; Elisha Thornton, 1st, Thomas Arnold, Samuel Elam, Samuel Rodman, Sen., William Rotch, Jr., William Dean, Abraham Shearman, Jr., and James Arnold. The Trustees at this time were required to be members of the Society of Friends. James Arnold is the only survivor of this board, who was for several years the President of the same. He was succeeded in 1836 by his father-in-law, William Rotch, Jr., who was also the Treasurer, holding both offices until the time of his



decease, 4th mo., 1850, at the age of 90 years. His successor as President was Samuel Rodman, Jr., who still holds this office.

The first Principal was John Brewer, a gentleman of high attainments and culture, whose memory is much cherished by his old pupils, (many of whom are or have been among our most active citizens,) as well as by the public generally. Mr. Brewer held his post for about six years, from 1811 to 1817.

From 12th mo., 1813, Thomas A. Greene was an assistant until the close of Mr. Brewer's term; and 9th mo., 1817, the school was re-opened under the charge of Moses S. Moody and Mr. Greene. Mr. Moody, however, remained but one year, when Mr. Greene became the sole Principal, and was assisted by the late Joseph Congdon. In 1820, 3d mo., Mr. Greene resigned. On the death of Thomas Arnold, in 1826, Mr. Greene was chosen to fill the vacancy in the Board of Trustees. To the unremitting personal attention of this gentleman, through a period of nearly forty years, this institution is much indebted. Although not a graduate of any college, our respected fellow-citizen is a good classical scholar, and at the request of the late Principal, A. J. Phipps, Esq., Mr. Greene received from Dartmouth College, N. H., the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

From the time of Mr. Greene's resignation in the spring of 1820, the Academy was closed until the spring of 1824. During this interval the windows were boarded and the library removed to the

“stone store” of Samuel Rodman, Sen. Standing as it did at that time in an isolated place, the Academy obtained the reputation of being haunted. Early in the spring of 1824, the boards were removed from the windows, letting in once more the light of day, the accumulated dust and cobwebs removed from the rooms, and in the month of March the school was again commenced, George Newell, a graduate of Harvard University, the teacher, who continued his charge for two years. Mr. Newell was an eccentric bachelor, but a good classical scholar, and a kind-hearted man. He afterwards became a physician, married, and died many years since. It affords me much pleasure, as one of his pupils during the whole of his term here as teacher, to bear my testimony to his worth. The period passed at the old Academy when under his charge was the pleasantest of all my school-days. Gentlest of teachers! a space of more than thirty-four years has not obliterated thee from my memory. Thy patience and kindness towards me are among the most cherished memories of my early days.

*Requiescat in pace.*

During the Summer term of 1826, Charles Babbage, now a Unitarian clergyman, then an undergraduate of Harvard University, was the instructor. He was succeeded at the Fall term of the same year by John H. W. Page, a graduate of that year of Harvard, who continued as Principal until the Spring of 1829. The school during his charge was in a flourishing state, comprising both sexes, which had not previously been the case. Our highly

respected fellow-citizen, John F. Emerson, Principal of the High School, a graduate of Dartmouth College, N. H., was the first assistant, succeeded by Alanson Brigham, Charles Devens, Samuel Sawyer, Oliver Prescott and William H. Sanford. William H. Sanford was the successor of Mr. Page as Principal, and held that station for two years, assisted during the latter part of the time by George W. Warren, of Charlestown. In 1831 William M. Holland became the Principal, but resigned in a few months, having received an appointment as a Professor in Washington College, Hartford, Connecticut. David Mack was his successor in the Winter of 1831-32, who resigned from ill health in 1835. The school was very flourishing during his superintendence. Mrs. Elizabeth Dorr was at this time the teacher of the young ladies' department, a lady of superior qualifications for the situation, and who gave much satisfaction. Henry W. Lee, now Bishop of Iowa, was also an assistant in the English branches during a part of the time of Mr. Mack's charge of the school. Isaac N. Stoddard succeeded Mr. Mack in 1835, resigning in the Spring of 1837. In 1837, June, John V. Beane became Principal, which office he held for eight years. During the whole of this period Miss Abby Osgood was the teacher of the young ladies' department—a lady highly qualified for the office, and much esteemed by her pupils as well as by the patrons of the school. During a short period at the close of Mr. Beane's charge, the school was confined to the tuition of

young ladies alone. In October, 1845, Mr. Beane resigned his trust, and was succeeded by Simon Barrows, who resigned in June, 1846. The Academy was then taken for one year by Misses Caroline and Deborah Weston, accomplished and successful teachers. William P. Atkinson, a graduate of Harvard University, was their assistant in the classical department. In the Summer of 1847, the Trustees invited Abner J. Phipps, at the time and for several years previously a teacher in Phillips Academy, Andover, to become Principal, who continued at the head of both departments until their separation in 1855, when the male department was continued to him, and the female to Edward A. H. Allen. During the eight years the number of pupils was at times very large for this school; at one term there were one hundred and four pupils, and the average number for the thirty-two quarters was sixty-eight. Mr. Phipps is a gentleman highly qualified for a teacher of youth, possessing that rare quality, the power of maintaining good discipline with mildness, and of inspiring in his pupils a love for their studies. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College, N. H., and is one of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University.

The male department of the Academy is now under the charge of Thomas Prentiss Allen, a graduate of Harvard University, and a gentleman of the most enlightened views in the education of youth. The female department has been removed to the commodious and substantial building of brick, erected by the 'Trustees of the Friends' Academy

in 1856, upon Morgan street, of which Edward Augustus Holyoke Allen is the Principal, and Misses Sophia Shepherd and Elvira Johnson, assistants, all teachers of excellent attainments, and the school is in a flourishing state. The price of tuition to these schools, as well as the private classical school, now under the charge of Mr. Phipps, is one hundred dollars per annum, and the number of scholars limited.

For a large portion of the statistics contained herein, I am under obligations to the last-named gentleman.

Doctor Alexander Read, a physician of high standing, and much respected for his moral excellence, was born at Milford July 10th, 1786, and died at his house, corner of County and Union streets, Nov. 20th, 1849, aged 63 years.

Doctor Silas Tompkins, a graduate of Brown University, was born in Little Compton, R. I., and died in New Bedford Dec. 21st, 1853, aged fifty-four years.

“Col. Samuel Willis, Esq.,” a man of considerable note in the early history of Dartmouth, was born in Bridgewater in the year 1688, and died in Dartmouth Oct. 3d, 1763, in the 76th year of his age. His house stood upon the spot now occupied by the mansion of the late John Avery Parker, County street.

“Hon. Walter Spooner, Esq.,” an active and influential man of his day, during the period of the Revolution, who was also at one time Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the County

of Bristol, died Oct. 26, 1803, in his 81st year. His residence was at "the old Spooner place," Long Plain. - He was twice an Elector of President: in 1789 for Bristol and Dukes, and in 1800 for the "first southern district."

Edward Pope, Esq., also a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Bristol, and subsequently a Collector for this district, a man of much ability and worth, died at his house on Main street June 10th, 1818, aged 78 years.

I shall be able only to give a list of the names of the later members of this profession, merely observing that among them are several men of distinction and legal acumen: \* Thomas Hammond; \* Rhodolphus H. Williams; John Mason Williams, late chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, now a resident of New Bedford; \* John Nye; † Lemuel Williams; \* Timothy G. Coffin; † Charles H. Warren, late Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; † Nathaniel S. Spooner, first Judge of the Police Court.

#### ACT OF THE TOWN OF DARTMOUTH IN RELATION TO BRITISH TAXATION, 1774.

"At a town meeting legally warned and held at the town house in Dartmouth the 18th day of July A. D. 1774,

The Hon<sup>ble</sup> Walter Spooner, Esq., chosen Moderator for s<sup>d</sup> meeting.

Voted to act on the warrant for calling this meeting.

\* Deceased.

† Living, but not residents of New Bedford at the present time.

Voted that the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Walter Spooner, Esq<sup>r</sup>, Benjamin Akin, Esq<sup>r</sup>, Will<sup>m</sup> Davis, William Tallman, Major Ebenezer Willis, Jirah Willis, Seth Pope, Seth Hathaway and Hannaniah Cornish be a committee to prepare and draw up what they shall think most proper relating to s<sup>d</sup> warrant, and make report to this meeting for the town's consideration as soon as they conveniently can. Voted to adjourn to three of the clock this afternoon.

The town meet according to adjournment, the above committee agreeable to order made the following Report, which was voted by the Town.

Voted, that we are grieved at being necessitated to act a part which at first view appears unfriendly with respect our manufacturing Brethren and friends in Great Britian & Ireland. But we trust we shall readily be excused by them when they consider that this part of our conduct is wholly designed & in our judgment will have the greatest tendency of any thing in our power to save both them and us from Bondage and Slavery. for upon Mature consideration we Judge the several late unconstitutional acts of the British Parliament have a direct tendency to destroy the harmony which has subsisted among all the British subjects and to entirely abolish the English Constitution and form of Government, and therefore as the most probable means to prevent those Destructive Purposes we unite with our American Brethren And Resolve, that we will not purchase any goods manufactured in Great Britain and Ireland which shall be imported from thence after this day, that we will not purchase any goods of any hawker or pedler, that we will not purchase any foreign teas whatever, that we will not export any flax seed to any foreign market, that we do acquiesce in the Nature and necessity of of Raising our proportion of Money to pay the Congress and to raise the sum by subscription. and that these resolves do remain

in force so long as the present grievous acts of the British Parliament remain unrepealed or until this town shall see fit to alter or revoke the said resolves, and that the town Clerk transcribe a fair copy of these proceedings for the Committee of Correspondence this Day chosen in order for a publication. Also voted that Benjamin Akin, Esq<sup>r</sup>, Messrs. Jireh Willis, William Davis, William Tallman, Seth Pope, Hannaniah Cornish and Jireh Swift, Jun<sup>r</sup>

The rest is wanting. These records are in a very mutilated condition.

Owing to the vicinity of the sea, the climate of New Bedford is less subject to the extremes of heat and cold, compared with places in the same latitude in the interior, and for healthfulness is probably unsurpassed by any section of New England. So far as my own observation has been made, I know of no particular disease as being peculiar to our vicinity; and of late years the number of cases of pulmonary consumption appears to be very small. Epidemics are rare; and we have never suffered from any of the more contagious or malignant disorders. Seated upon ground that gently descends to the river, great natural advantages are afforded for drainage, and this, with a good attention to neatness on the part of our municipal authorities, renders New Bedford probably one of the healthiest and most agreeable cities for a residence in the land. Cases of extreme longevity are not infrequent, and mortality among the youth of either sex by no means great. The thermometer rarely falls below zero during the Winter, or rises above eighty degrees in Summer.



I have said that New Bedford is sometimes called by strangers the "city of palaces," and truly the many elegant mansions in the city, particularly on County street, as well as in the environs, fairly entitle it to such a distinction. It would be an invidious task to particularize those which the writer might prefer, and I shall therefore dispense with any further remarks than those contained in the tenth chapter.

Among the public buildings we have several valuable edifices more or less open to criticism in their architectural character. The Unitarian Church, built of native granite, is probably the finest specimen of architecture in New Bedford, its defect being the want of length for its other proportions—its beauties many. It was built in the years 1837–38, at the cost of \$40,000, inclusive of the land on which it is situate.

The City Hall, also of native granite, and the Custom-House and Post-Office building, also of the same material, are handsome and substantial edifices. The former was built in the years 1838–39, at the cost, inclusive of land, of \$60,000, and the latter in the year 1836, at the cost of \$31,740, inclusive of land.

The house of the North Congregational society is a plain but agreeable edifice, also of native granite, built in the year 1836, at the cost, inclusive of the land, of \$33,150. The other houses for religious worship are of wood, with the exception of that of the Society of Friends, on Spring street, which is of brick, a notice of which I have before given.

A substantial edifice of brick, on the Academy lot, County street, is now being erected by the Elm-street Methodist society, which bids fair to be an ornament in the way of church architecture to the city. The corner-stone was laid May 29th, 1858.

The new City Library building is a plain but elegant structure of brick, the corner-stone of which was laid Aug. 28th, 1856; and the library was opened to the public Nov. 9th, 1857. The cost of this building, with the lot upon which it is situate, was \$45,000.

Although a liberal appropriation is annually made by our city for the repairs of our roads and streets, still the great object, viz., well graded and hard surfaces, secure from dust during the summer and dry weather generally, as well as freedom from mud and water after rains and the coming out of the frost in the Spring, does not appear to be effected; but, on the contrary, by the accumulation of loam and other material, many of our public streets and high-roads are really in a worse condition than they were formerly. Now it seems highly important for the public that this whole matter of roads should be investigated, and the cause of our failure ascertained. The usual reply to any query upon this subject is, "the want of gravel." This, however, is not the real difficulty. Gravel is undoubtedly scarce in this vicinity, but this article is by no means the best material for the surface of our streets and roads, as has been satisfactorily proved by the most accurate observers and writers

upon this subject. We have plodded long enough through the combination of dirt and gravel, so heavy in summer and miry in winter, to satisfy any common observer that something more is necessary. A thorough system of drainage is of primary importance, and all unnecessary accumulation of dirt and gravel removed; a grade to the road in the most exact and thorough manner, and as a surface, the use of a material with which a bountiful nature has so plentifully supplied us, the best material ever yet discovered for making a smooth and appropriate surface for roads at all seasons and all weather, whether wet or dry,—the granite rocks and boulders which now so encumber the whole face of the county, to the great discomfort of the agriculturist. These, broken up into pieces from six to eight ounces each, and strewn upon the properly prepared and graded surface of our roads and streets, and thoroughly rolled in, would give us such roads as we need. This system of road-making has been thoroughly tried and proved for many years in England and other parts of Great Britain, as well as in the vicinity of some of our own principal cities.

The subject of road-making has received the attention of many scientific men, particularly in England. To this subject the talented and scientific scholar, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth, contributed many valuable ideas in the latter part of the last century; and during the present, the treatises of McAdam, Stephenson, Telford, Patterson, and others, have brought the

matter to such practical results, that England and other parts of the United Kingdom, formerly noted for muddy and wretched roads, rendering travelling in carriages almost impossible, are now celebrated for their beautiful and durable public thoroughfares and county roads.

Let us not be discouraged on account of our severe frost; this was one of the difficulties to be contended with in Great Britain, particularly in Scotland and the north of England, but it has all been surmounted; and truly we are not a people to surrender to any ordinary obstacle; a little more exercise of skill and science combined will conquer.

Let us not be understood as fault-finding; this is not our object. We believe that those engaged in the care and labor upon our roads have honestly endeavored to do their best for the public; but it can hardly be expected that a superintendent of highways or a mayor, however respectable and generally well-informed, without knowledge and experience, should be able to cope with an operation which has required years of patient and laborious study and experiment to produce a system that may be relied upon.

We may at some future time enter more into the detail of this subject; but our present object is principally to call the attention of our fellow-citizens to the importance of a thorough reform in our plan of operations upon our streets and roads. And to this end we would suggest that, both as a matter of economy and comfort as well as of taste, instead of leaving the annual expenditures to an

inexperienced person, a well-educated and scientific man be chosen for the especial superintendence of this matter, whose salary would be more than saved—ay, many times over—by well-digested and systematic operations. A correspondence upon this subject with the authorities of Boston, Cambridge, and other places which have succeeded in producing excellent roads upon the most unfavorable bases, would undoubtedly result in good.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

SEPARATE NOTICES OF WESTPORT, DARTMOUTH, AND FAIRHAVEN — FREEMEN OF DARTMOUTH, 1686 — WARRANTS OF COLONEL SAMUEL WILLIS FOR THE IMPRESSMENT OF SOLDIERS — EXTRACTS FROM THE PLYMOUTH RECORDS RELATIVE TO THE EARLY AFFAIRS OF DARTMOUTH — FURTHER REMINISCENCES OF NAUSHON — NOTE RELATING TO THE NORTHMEN'S VISIT TO THIS COAST — PRIZE BROUGHT INTO NEW BEDFORD BY LIEUTENANT THOMAS TRUXTON, 1776.

ALTHOUGH a considerable portion of the following historical sketches is but a recapitulation of what I have given in the foregoing pages, the earlier history of New Bedford being necessarily so identified with that of the other parts of the old township of Dartmouth, I have thought that succinct notices of each of these towns would be valuable as affording an opportunity for ready reference.

## WESTPORT.

Westport is the westernmost portion of the old township of Dartmouth, and was separately incorporated at the time of the division in 1787. It is about thirteen miles in length, and about four miles average breadth. Its Indian name was Acoaxet, and it was early settled by a hardy and industrious body of yeomen. Agriculture is still the chief employment of the inhabitants, and there are a number of valuable farms in the township.

The Westport River is a stream of considerable importance, and is divided into two branches, the east and the west. The east river, or Noquochoke, is supplied by two small streams, which take their rise in the township of Fall River. From the "head of the river," so called, to its mouth, where it unites with the west branch and empties into Buzzard's Bay, is about eight miles. The west branch is much shorter, being about three miles and a half from its head to its entrance. The widest part of each branch is about one mile, but where they unite a little more than two miles. The west branch is more properly called the Acoaxet.

There are two flourishing and considerable villages in this township, the one at the head of the Noquochoke or east branch of the river, and the other at Westport Point. The scenery at the Head of the River, as well as along the banks and at the "Point," is picturesque and agreeable. Westport has furnished a large number of the best seamen and ship-masters in the whaling service. At Westport Point there are eighteen ships and barks, one brig, and one schooner, amounting to 4233 tons. In 1837 there were but eight whaling vessels at this place, showing a considerable increase during the past twenty years. In the township there are five meeting-houses: two for Friends, two for Baptists, and one for Methodists; also a society of Congregationalists. There is a cotton-mill in this town having 3072 spindles, which in 1837 consumed 300,000 pounds of cotton; 270,000

pounds of cotton yarn were manufactured, the value of which was \$67,500.

Westport is bounded on the north by Fall River, on the east by Dartmouth, on the south by Buzzard's Bay, and on the west by Little Compton and Tiverton, R. I. The village at the head of the east river is eight miles from New Bedford. The amount of oil imported into Westport for the year ending Jan. 1st, 1858, was 4765 barrels of sperm and 396 barrels of whale.

#### DARTMOUTH.

With the ancient name, Dartmouth retained the largest proportion in the division of the old township in 1787, its length being about fourteen miles, with an average breadth of about five miles—its widest parts being its northern line, a little more than six miles, and from Mosher's Point, near Clark's Cove, in a line due west six miles. The original township of Dartmouth, as it stood at the time of the division, was about thirteen miles square. The earliest record relative to Dartmouth bears date 2d March, 1640–41, when Governor Bradford surrendered to the freemen the patent of the Colony, which had been taken in his name, reserving those tracts described in the instrument of assignment for the purchasers or old-comers. Vide Hazard's Collections, volume 1, page 468.

One of these tracts, the second named, was afterwards known as the old township of Dartmouth, and is thus described in "Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation," lately published by the



Massachusetts Historical Society from the long-lost manuscript of the author:

“A place called Accoughcouss,\* which lyeth in y<sup>e</sup> botome of y<sup>e</sup> bay adjoining to y<sup>e</sup> west side of Point Perill,† and two miles to y<sup>e</sup> westerne side of y<sup>e</sup> said river, to an other place called Acushente river, which entereth at y<sup>e</sup> westerne end of Nacata,‡ and two miles to y<sup>e</sup> eastward thereof, and to extend 8 myles up into to y<sup>e</sup> countrie.” *Page 373.*

For corroborative evidence, see Davis's Morton's Memorial, appendix, page 405.

“During Philip's War a great part of Dartmouth was laid desolate and many of the inhabitants killed. The most of the Plymouth forces were ordered hither. In coming to Russell's garrison at *Ponaganset* or *Aponaganset* in this town, they met with a number of the enemy that had surrendered themselves prisoners on terms promised by Captain Eels of the garrison, and Ralph Earl, who persuaded them to come in by a friendly Indian whom he employed. It is to be regretted, however, that notwithstanding the promises made by the above persons to the Indians, they were by the superior authorities carried away to Plymouth, ‘then sold and transported out of the country, being about eight score persons.’ That part of Dartmouth which was destroyed is about 5 miles south-west of New Bedford. The cellar of Russell's garrison is still to

\* Accoughcouss, also written Acukus, afterwards Acoaxet, the Indian name of the west part of Westport.

† Now called Gooseberry Neck, the southernmost point of Westport.

‡ West's Island, near the east side of Sconticut Neck, Fairhaven. Wassamequin (Massasoit) in the year “1669, for £10 and another valuable and sufficient gratuity,” sells to John Cook, of Akusenag, in Dartmouth, “one whole island near the towne, called Nokatay.” *Drake's History, &c., page 200.*

be seen. It is on the east bank of the Apponegan-set inlet, near its head. It is stated that Indians had a fort on the opposite side of the river or inlet, and used to show themselves, and act all manner of mockery to aggravate the English, they being at more than a common gunshot off. It is related, however, that an Indian came out at one time, as usual, and exposing himself in a contemptuous manner, some one having an uncommonly long gun fired and put an end to his mockery." *Bar-ker's Historical Collections*, page 116.

The agricultural interests of Dartmouth are considerable. There are many valuable farms within its limits, and a general prosperity and thrift is characteristic of the people. The three principal settlements are the villages of Smith's Mills, Padanaram, and Russell's Mills. At each place there is a post-office. In the township there are four meeting-houses for Friends, three for Baptists, one Congregationalist, and 1 for Methodists. The population of the town is about 4000.

In 1837, there were 5 vessels, amounting to 1490 tonnage, and the amount of sperm oil imported was 74,000 gallons, and of whale oil 73,978 gallons, employing 129 hands. Ship-building is also carried on to a considerable extent. The manufacture of salt is also considerable, and at this period, 1837, there were thirteen establishments for this business. On Jan. 1, 1858, Dartmouth had 10 ships and barks, amounting to 2807 tonnage. The amount of oil imported for the year preceding was 344 barrels sperm, 49 barrels whale, and 2110 pounds whale-

bone. Several of the citizens of Dartmouth, as well as Westport, are interested in the whale-fishery and other business in New Bedford.

The Pascamanset River, which rises at the north part of the township of New Bedford, flows through the centre of Dartmouth, and empties into Buzzard's Bay, between Slocum's and Smith's Necks, a distance of some fourteen miles.

Dartmouth is bounded on the north by Fall River and Freetown, east by New Bedford, south and south-east by Buzzard's Bay.

#### FAIRHAVEN.

At the division of the old township of Dartmouth in 1787, New Bedford and Fairhaven formed the township of New Bedford, bearing the name of the latter. They were divided into separate townships in 1812. The settlement of the village of Fairhaven was coeval with that of New Bedford, 1764. It is said to have received its name from its pleasant situation, which more properly belongs to the north part of the village, known as Oxford, the ground being much higher, and the prospect from the houses consequently much more commanding. Fairhaven proper is really a pleasant place; but Oxford, upon the more elevated portion, is rarely surpassed for natural advantages.

Fairhaven is thirteen miles in length, and about three and a half miles in breadth. It is the easternmost part of the old township of Dartmouth. It is bounded on the north by Freetown and Rochester, east by Rochester and Mattapoissett,

south by Buzzard's Bay, and west by New Bedford.

Fairhaven is a place of considerable importance in the whale-fishery, and, with New London, ranks next to New Bedford in point of tonnage in this department of commerce. Her interests in the whale-fishery exceed considerably our ancient and much-respected neighbor, Nantucket, the pioneer of this great enterprise.

"In 1837 Fairhaven had thirty-seven vessels employed in the whale-fishery, the tonnage of which was 11,564 tons. Sperm oil imported, 168,524 gallons; whale oil imported, 350,944 gallons. Value of sperm oil, \$144,178.56; value of whale oil, \$152,780. Hands employed, 945. Capital invested in the same, \$957,000. Whalebone, 101,554 pounds; value of same, \$25,312.86."

For the year ending Jan. 1st, 1858, Fairhaven had forty-seven ships and barks and one schooner, amounting to 16,840 tonnage. Amount of oil imported during this year, 5500 barrels sperm, 17,417 barrels whale, and 103,200 pounds whalebone.

"The names of the townsmen of Dartmouth who had taken the oath of fidelity or freemen's oath,"  
March 24th, 1686:

JOHN COOKE,  
JOHN RUSSELL, SEN.,  
JOHN SMITH,  
SAMUEL JENE, SEN.,  
ARTHUR HATHAWAY,  
WILLIAM WOODE,  
JAMES SAMSON,  
JOHN SHERMAN,  
SETH POPE,  
JOSEPH TRIPP,

JONATHAN RUSSELL,  
JONATHAN DELINO,  
THOMAS TABOR,  
SAMUEL CORNWELL,  
JAMES SISSON,  
JOHN SPOONER,  
NATHANIEL SOULL,  
GEORGE SOULL,  
JOHN JENE,  
ELIAZER SMITH,

RETURN BADCOCK,  
WILLIAM SPOONER,  
LETTICE JENEY,  
GEORGE CADMAN,  
JAMES TRIP,  
SAMUEL JENEY, Jr.,  
JOHN HATHAWAY,  
JOSEPH SMITH,  
JOSEPH RUSSELL,  
HEZIKIAH SMITH,  
DELIVERANCE SMITH,  
—— SHERMAN,

—— HOWLAND,  
JOHN EARLE,  
RALPH EARLE, JR.,  
STEPHEN PECKUM,  
RALPH EARL, (son of William,)  
WILLIAM MACOMBER,  
SAMUEL WILLCOCKS,  
JAMES FRANKLIN,  
SAMUEL SPOONER,  
WILLIAM WOOD,  
ANTHONY SAVORY.

“Bristol sc

Pursuant to his Excellency y<sup>e</sup> Governours Warrant to me Directed—you are hereby ordered forthwith to Impress for his majesty's service in the Frontier, Two able bodied effective men out of your Company of Militia; to be well armed—and see that you have them at the dwelling house of Stephen Shearmam in Dartmouth on Sunday the 27<sup>th</sup> day of June instant at ten of y<sup>e</sup> clock in the forenoon—for which this shall be your Warrant and make due return with your Doings herein

Given under my Hand & Seal at Dartmouth the 17<sup>th</sup> day of June A. D. 1746

SAM<sup>L</sup> WILLIS Col<sup>o</sup>

To major W<sup>m</sup> Richmond in his absence to Lieut<sup>t</sup> James Pierce in little Compton”

“Bristol sc.

Pursuant to his Excellency the Governours Warrant to me Directed—You are hereby Required forthwith to Impress for His Majesty's service in the Eastern Frontier three able bodied effective men out of your company of Militia; and see that you have them at y<sup>e</sup> dwelling House of Lieut<sup>t</sup> Lot Strange in Freetown on Wednesday y<sup>e</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> of July Instant at ten of the clock in the forenoon—For which this shall be your sufficient Warrant—make due Return with your doings herein unto myself or Order—Given under my Hand & Seal at Dartmouth the 17<sup>th</sup> day of July A. D. 1746.

SAM<sup>L</sup> WILLIS Col<sup>o</sup>

P. S. the Souldiers to be raised, and that were to meet at Mr Salsbury's, you are to bring with you at time and place above mentioned—there with them must be had.

To Maj<sup>r</sup> Richmond or in his absence to his Lieut.<sup>t</sup>”

The superscription is as follows:

“ On his Majesty's Service  
Maj<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Richmond  
In  
Little Compton if  
absent to his Lieutenant”

ADDITIONAL EXTRACTS FROM THE PLYMOUTH COLONY  
RECORDS.

In the bill of rates of the several towns, October 5, 1652, Dartmouth is assessed £2. Vide Court Orders, vol. 3, page 19.

“Town officers of Acushnet: 1662, Samuel Jenney; 1663, William Spooner; 1664, James Shaw; 1665, Daniel Wilcockes; 1666, William Palmer.”

„1667. Celect Men, Dartmouth: John Russell, Samuel Hickes, Arthur Hatheway.” *Court Orders*, vol. 4, page 150.

“1667, October 30. In reference to a controversy between the English and the Indians about running the line of the bounds of Dartmouth, the Court have ordered that in case Robert Hazard, of Rhode Island, may be procured, that he run the line with the inspection of such as shall be approved both by the English of the said town and the Indians; but in case he cannot be procured, that John Cobb, of Taunton, shall run the said line, and that this shall be the final end of this controversy, and that the charge of the business shall be borne by the said town.” *Court Orders*, vol. 4, page 168.

“1668, June 3. The Court haveing taken into consideration the controversy att Dartmouth, aris-

ing from a diversity of expressing the easternmost bounds of Dartmouth, and finding upon serch of the first ancient record that the bounds was to take place from the river and two miles eastward; but this Court alowes of three miles eastward, and doth mind the river and not the bay, to take the three miles from; and the tree that hath bine their bound soe long, and hath bin proved, the Court sees no reason but you ought to rest satisfied in." *Court Orders, vol. 4, page 185.*

#### "OWNERSHIP OF NAUSHON ISLAND.

In 1641, the agent of Lord Stirling granted the island to Thomas Mayhew of Martha's Vineyard. This grant was ratified under a commission from the Duke of York, by Francis Lovelace, Governor-General of New York, in 1671. Mayhew also bought out the Indian titles, and held it till 1682, when it was bought by Wait Winthrop, grandson of the first Governor of Massachusetts. It continued in the Winthrop family until 1730, when it was conveyed by John Winthrop, son of Wait, to James Bowdoin, who sold one third part of the property to some of the Lechmere family. Of the other two thirds, one half was set off after his death to his son William, and the other half to his son James, afterwards Lieutenant Governor Bowdoin. In 1761, the Lechmeres conveyed by deed one half of their third to James Bowdoin, aforesaid; and his brother William became proprietor of the other half by foreclosure of a mortgage. James Bowdoin, the Governor's son, inherited one half of the island from his father, and came into possession of the other half by marriage with his cousin Sarah, the daughter and only child of his uncle William. By him the property was left to his nephew James, the son of Sir John and Lady Temple, upon condition of his taking the name of Bowdoin. Lady Temple was Governor James

Bowdoin's daughter. This was the late James Temple Bowdoin. After his death, October 31st, 1842, the Trustees of Bowdoin College instituted a suit at law, claiming the property, as residuary devisee under the will of the uncle James Bowdoin, to the exclusion of James Temple Bowdoin's only son, James, to whom the property was to descend by the terms of that will.

The ground of the claim by Bowdoin College involved the question of citizenship of the son, the intentions of the uncle, and sundry nice points of law. An attempt on the part of the College to take forcible possession of a valuable property on Beacon street, Boston, similarly situated with that of the island, was defeated by the agent of Mr. Bowdoin sending a body of men at daylight, who tore down the shed erected on the ground by the College, carted off the materials, and erected a carpenter's shop, and put a tenant therein on behalf of Mr. Bowdoin. Eminent counsel were employed on both sides: Daniel Webster, Franklin Dexter, Mr. Paine, Aylwin, and Clifford, of New Bedford, on the part of Mr. Bowdoin; and Jeremiah Mason, Rufus Choate, Charles G. Loring, Benjamin F. Hallett, P. W. Chandler, and B. R. Curtis, for the College. The case was expected to come on at the November court in Boston, but on the 28th of September, 1843, a compromise was agreed upon by the parties, whereby James Bowdoin was to receive seven tenths ( $\frac{7}{10}$ ) and the College three tenths ( $\frac{3}{10}$ ) of both properties. Both parties assented to the sale of Naushon Island, with all the stock and other personal property thereon, to William Sturgis, Esq., for the sum of twenty thousand dollars. The purchase was made for William W. Swain, of New Bedford, and John M. Forbes, of Boston, who thereby became joint proprietors of the island property. It was through the agency of Mr. Sturgis that the compromise between the par-



ties was effected, and the object he had in view in attempting it was to get possession of the island for the present proprietors, which he happily accomplished."

"Sir John Temple, alluded to in the foregoing record, was English Consul-General for the United States, and died in New York in 1798. The oldest son, Sir Grenville Temple, resided in England. James Temple Bowdoin was his brother. The late Mrs. Winthrop, wife of Lieutenant-Governor Winthrop, and mother of Robert C. Winthrop, and Mrs. Palmer, of New York, were his sisters, and daughters of Sir John and Lady Temple. The father of Governor James Bowdoin was the first owner of Naushon after the Winthrop family. Naushon was owned by the Mayhew family from 1641 to 1682, 41 years; by the Winthrop family, from 1682 to 1730, 48 years; by the Bowdoin family, from 1730 to 1843, 113 years." *Naushon Records, by William W. Swain.*

Although the first part of the following memoranda do not particularly belong to the subject, yet as they were a portion of the record as I received it, and interesting as a reminiscence, I have made use of them.

MEMORANDUMS OF WAIT WINTHROP'S SON JOHN,  
RELATING TO NAUSHON.

"Since I came to years of understanding, I have taken a little notice of y<sup>e</sup> affairs of y<sup>e</sup> world, and have found it to be in a most distracted posture, full of confusion. Not a man or any thing constant or true. I am now this present year 1702, twenty one years old, and in all my life hitherto have never yet found a true friend, one y<sup>t</sup> I could trust. Even my very relations have proved false and betrayed me. When I reflect upon my mispent

time and think how long I have lived, and what little I have done for y<sup>e</sup> servis of X<sup>t</sup> I mourn and lye low in the dust before the Lord my creator. Lord if thy maj<sup>ty</sup> wilt vouchsafe to grant me Grace and enable me, I will promise to serve y<sup>e</sup> my Redeemer all y<sup>e</sup> remaining days of my Pilgrimage. *Deus Secundat.*"

"Boston August 21. 1702. Reacht Mr Cushins that night. Next day being Saturday we went as far as Plymouth, where we kept y<sup>e</sup> Sabbath. Mr Little y<sup>e</sup> minister of y<sup>e</sup> town preacht.

Monday morning we got out from Plymouth, went to Dartmouth, lodged at Capt. Pope's,\* next day we rid round to moniment bay came to a little farm house where we lay at night. Supt upon venison &c.

Wednesday morning it rained hard with thunder. Afternoon it cleared up. We went on our journey and got to succonesset† where we lodged y<sup>t</sup> night. Next morning went over to y<sup>e</sup> Island in a canoe.

Sept y<sup>e</sup> 12. 1702. The house on the east end of Elizabeth's Island was raised. Ye Indians say before y<sup>e</sup> English came to America, y<sup>e</sup> was a white whale kept in y<sup>e</sup> great pond at y<sup>e</sup> west end of Kataimuk island.

Mr Stanton's powow at Stonington before y<sup>e</sup> English inhabited Coneticott y<sup>e</sup> Indians could raise upon Fisher's Island 600 fighting men out of y<sup>e</sup> dwellers at y<sup>e</sup> Island.

Tarpolin Cove on Elizabeth's Island September 1702. Here arrived an English ship from Nevis y<sup>e</sup> master whereof sent my Father a dozen and half of oranges.

Y<sup>e</sup> Indians relate a story y<sup>t</sup> a Powow wh. livd at Moniment long before y<sup>e</sup> English came over to

\* Captain Seth Pope, died March 17th, 1727, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

† Falmouth.

y<sup>e</sup> nothun America meting with some affront from y<sup>e</sup> Indians y<sup>t</sup> inhabited Naushanna island— Out of revenge got y<sup>e</sup> Devell to throw over a Rattle snake wh. increased much and soon after a squaw was bit by one.

Y<sup>e</sup> natives of y<sup>e</sup> Elizabeth Island say y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Devell was making a stone bridge over from y<sup>e</sup> main to Nanamesst Island and while he was rowling y<sup>e</sup> stones and placing of y<sup>m</sup> under water, a crab cathed him by y<sup>e</sup> fingers with wh. he snatched up his hand and flung it towards Nantucket and y<sup>e</sup> crabs breed there ever since.

Y<sup>e</sup> iner bark of y<sup>e</sup> root of y<sup>e</sup> tauallest baberry bush steeped in water. Ye Indians on y<sup>e</sup> Elizabeths Island cures y<sup>e</sup> bloody flux with.

Quere Whether if steeped in wine it would not be better.

Y<sup>e</sup> Dutch ship that came into y<sup>e</sup> harbour of New London before New England was inhabited A ship to saile under water, also through the air.”  
*Naushon Island Records.*

The following interesting reminiscence is also taken from the same source :

“Mrs. Elizabeth Bowdoin, her husband being in a very weak state, addresses a letter from Dorchester, June 4th, 1775, to the Committee of Safety, enclosing a deposition signed by Elisha Nye, innholder at Tarpaulin Cove, on Naushon Island, complaining of depredations committed on the stock by Capt. Lindsay, of the English sloop-of-war Falkland, and suggesting ‘that if about one hundred men posted on that island, it would be a sufficient force to protect the inhabitants and also the stock of cattle and sheep, which are very considerable, and which have hitherto furnished divers parts of this colony with fat sheep and cattle for provisions, and particularly with large quantities of wool for our home manufacturers.

Elisha Nye makes out the following estimate of the value of the articles taken by Capt. Lindsay from Tarpaulin Cove :

	£	s.	d.
4 sheep,	2	16	0
3 calves (4 months old,)	3	6	0
4 quarters veal sold,	2	8	
1 gun, taken out of my house by the Dr., of great value,	3	0	0
Riding my horse, and use of my well,	3	0	0
	<hr/>		
	14	10	0

May 31, 1775. Sworn to before me.

THOMAS SMITH, JUN.,

Jus<sup>e</sup> Peace, Barnstable.

I beg leave to make this representation, that you may take such measures as your wisdom shall dictate; and am, most respectfully in Mr. Bowdoin's behalf, who is part owner of one of said islands, Gent<sup>en</sup>, y<sup>r</sup> mo. ob<sup>t</sup> Humb<sup>e</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>.

ELIZABETH BOWDOIN.

To the Hon. Committee of Safety.' "

Nashawena was also formerly owned by the Winthrops, and is mentioned in the first series of the Historical Society's Collections, volume 1, page 202, as "Winthrop's Island." Pasque was also called "Tucker's Island,"—owned in 1843 by Joseph and Benjamin Tucker.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NAUSHON, BY SAMUEL ROBINSON.

"You ask me to tell you what I know of the Island of Naushon and its dependencies. I am afraid you have called too late: I am an old worn-out man; the 16th day of July next, should I live till that time, I shall be 83 years of age; my memory is gone; my comforts have been but few; by the sweat of my brow have I earned my bread all my days; and in looking back, so far as dates are concerned, I find but little which would tend to fix or impress them on my mind.

You ask me on what part of the island the first house was built, and the year when. It is my impression that the farm-house is the oldest house now on the island. It must have been built about ninety years ago. Zephaniah Robinson was the first tenant; he was my uncle. He was succeeded by his son Isaac Robinson, who occupied it for a short time, when his father again resumed it and occupied it until he removed from the island to Kennebec, where he died. This must have been in the year 1800. I succeeded him in the occupancy, and continued in it for five years. Soon after leaving the farm-house I removed from the island, which was on the 15th of January, 1806.

The Nonamesset house was first built about the year 1769. It was built for my father, Paul Robinson. He moved from Waquoit when I was about one year old, and took possession of it. How long my father lived there I cannot now tell; all that I can say is, that he lived and died there, and we carried his body across to Woods Hole, where he was buried. Oliver Grinnell succeeded my father in the occupancy of Nonamesset. Tarpaulin Cove house was built on the site of an old house, which was torn down to make way for it the year after peace, say in 1784. I was then about twenty-five years old. I assisted in the building, helped make and burn the bricks and burned the lime, also cut and carted the timber, and enough of it there is in the frame. I candidly believe there is as much as in three houses which they build at the present day. John Nye first lived in it; after him came Shadrach Robinson, and then I believe some tenants from the Vineyard, whose names I cannot now recollect. West-end house (Robinson's Hole) is a very old building. I cannot recall to my mind anything which will fix the date of its building. It was occupied by one William Robinson. Onkatonka house was built about the year 1800; it was first occupied by Seth Robinson.

I lived with my father on Nonamesset when the mansion-house was built; it must have been over thirty years ago. It was not occupied by anybody during my day except Governor Bowdoin and his family during their visits to the island. The Governor died in that house. I remember it well. Everything was left in the house precisely as they were when the old man died, his wife and family immediately leaving it, and not stopping to take care of a single thing; the knives and forks resting on the shelves, the beds and bedding dirty, and in great confusion, family stores and provisions left without care. The house remained in this situation for seven or eight years unmolested, when Joseph Parker, of Woods Hole, was authorized to go and take out part of the furniture, such as beds and bedding, &c. I remember very well going with him to New Bedford, and carrying them in the vessel which was called the old Maria packet. To the westward of Tarpaulin Cove, about two miles, there used to stand an old house. It was occupied by my grandfather, William Robinson, when I was a boy; it was a very old house then. It was afterwards occupied by William Butler. The cottage was built, I believe, by Solomon Towne, for the convenience of the wood-choppers. My wife's father, Nathan Weeks, lived at the head of Tarpaulin Cove harbor, in a little small house built in the true log-cabin style. It was torn down many years ago, but I shall never forget the old house. It was there that I felt 'love's young dreams.' I did all my courting in that rude but comfortable old house, and was there married fifty-five years ago. My father-in-law afterwards moved to Chilmark, where he went the way of all living. There was a house standing to the westward of the French watering-place, and occupied formerly by Elnathan Rowley; after he left, it was torn down.

On the east side of Tarpaulin Cove, there formerly stood an old house which was occupied by

Zacheus Lambert; he left it, and it was afterwards burnt down by the British in sport during the Revolutionary War. During that war, there were about two hundred British soldiers stationed at Naushon, say at Tarpaulin Cove; they were there twelve or fourteen months. They built a fort on the east side of the harbor, the remains of which are still to be seen. They used to barrack in the old house which stood where the present Tarpaulin Cove house now stands. There are a great many stories connected with that war which history will never tell, and which will die with the few survivors who witnessed that terrible but glorious struggle.

It was during that war the British came down the bay, with eighteen sail of transports and other vessels, and anchored near the Weepeckets. They then landed about five hundred men and demanded all the stock there was on the island. Remonstrance and resistance were useless. They marched to the eastern part of the island, and separating, they commenced driving the stock to the westward as far as Robinson's Hole, where they took it in their boats and carried it on board. As near as I remember, they took off at this time fourteen hundred sheep, thirty-five head of cattle, and twenty-five horses. This was stripping the island with a vengeance, but this was not all. Some time after a privateer sloop with two tenders came and anchored in Hadley's harbor. I then resided, I remember, with my father, at Nonamesset. There were remaining of the former stock about sixteen cows, seventy or eighty sheep, and one yoke of oxen. The captain of the privateer sent his boat on shore, and the officer, after looking round awhile at the stock, spied some calves which we had at Nonamesset. He gave us orders to dress him four and send them on board in the morning; this we did and carried them on board as he directed, which he paid us for. My father went with me on board of

the privateer; and after paying for the calves he said to my father, 'I shall take what sheep you have got on the island. I see,' he says, 'that these are all yarded; and now, my friend, as the wool is of no use to me, you may go on shore and commence shearing them, [for it was in the Spring of the year,] and I shall attend to getting them on board; and further,' says he, 'if you are faithful in sending all the sheep on board, I will leave the cows and oxen with you.' I very well remember how my old father worked to save the wool, and I carted them down to the boats the next day, with a soldier marching each side of me.

I am very sorry I cannot remember the agents' names, and the time each had charge of the property. John Reed, of Boston, was agent as long ago as I can remember. He, I believe, was succeeded by a man by the name of Bullard. After Bullard came William Putnam; this must have been about the year 1794. Putnam remained as agent until 1806 or 1807. I cannot tell who succeeded. One Callant was agent for a time since then; also a man by the name of Solomon Towne. But I find the more I attempt to fix my mind upon any one point the more confused my ideas grow. Old age must be my excuse, however.

SAMUEL ROBINSON.

NANTUCKET, Jan. 28, 1841."

The following account of New Bedford more than sixty years since, is taken from Morse's Gazetteer, published in 1797:

"New Bedford, a post-town and port of entry in Bristol County, Massachusetts, situated on a small bay which sets up north from Buzzard's Bay, fifty-eight miles south of Boston. The township was incorporated in 1787, and is thirteen miles in length and four in breadth; bounded east



by Rochester, west by Dartmouth, of which it was originally a part, and south by Buzzard's Bay. *Acushnutt* was the Indian name of New Bedford; and the small river of that name, discovered by Gosnold in 1602, runs from north to south through the township, and divides the villages of Oxford and Fairhaven from Bedford village. A company was incorporated in 1796 for building a bridge across the river. From the head to the mouth of the river is seven or eight miles. Fairhaven and Bedford villages are a mile apart, and a ferry constantly attended is established between them.

Since my eleventh chapter went to press, I have discovered an editorial statement in the *American Antiquities*, published at Copenhagen, by which it would appear that the Northmen erected dwelling-houses on this coast, at Mount Hope, R. I.; but as the history of the visit of the Northmen is involved in much obscurity, and this statement simply editorial, it can hardly invalidate the usual conclusion, that the little fort and store house built by Gosnold and his companions were the first buildings erected by the Europeans upon this continent.

#### ADDENDA TO THE REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

“Early in 1776, Thomas Truxton sailed as lieutenant in the private armed ship the *Congress*. Captures were made off Havana; and of one of the prizes he took the command, and brought her to New Bedford.”

Thomas Truxton died in Philadelphia May 5th, 1822, aged 67 years. He was therefore at this time (1776) but 21 years of age.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

INCORPORATION ACT OF NEW BEDFORD AND FAIRHAVEN AS A TOWNSHIP, 1787—ACT OF SEPARATION OF NEW BEDFORD AND FAIRHAVEN, 1812—ORTHOGRAPHY OF ACUSHNET—LIST OF THE LIGHT-HOUSES IN BUZZARD'S BAY—OLD ADVERTISEMENT RELATING TO THE NEW BEDFORD BRIDGE, FROM THE COLUMBIAN COURIER, 1798—FIRST WHALING VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN FROM NANTUCKET—NOTICE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLAGHORN—CAPTAIN EDMUND GARDNER'S ACCOUNT OF A PORTION OF HIS SEA FARING LIFE—THE PROGRESS OF NEW BEDFORD—STATISTICS OF THE WHALE-FISHERY.

THE ancient domains of the old township of Dartmouth were first disturbed in 1787, by its division into three separate parts, viz., Westport, Dartmouth, and New Bedford, the latter including the present township of Fairhaven, a division between which, as will be seen by the second act, took place in 1812.

THE INCORPORATION OF NEW BEDFORD AND FAIRHAVEN AS A TOWNSHIP, 1787.

*"Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

In the year of Our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Seven.

An Act for incorporating the easterly part of the Town of Dartmouth, in the County of Bristol, into a separte Town by the name of New Bedford.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the lands hereafter described, to wit, beginning at a bridge lying

across a stream that runs through the beach by a place called Clark's Cove; thence running northerly as the main branch of the stream runs, till it comes to a little bridge lying across the County road, at the foot of a hill about twenty rods to the eastward of the dwelling-house where James Peckham, deceased, last dwelt; thence northerly, on a straight line, to Nathaniel Spooner's Sawmill; from thence northerly, on the west side of Bolton's Cedar swamp, till it comes to the dividing line between Dartmouth and Freetown, near the place called Aaron's causeway; thence east twenty-two degrees and one half north, in the dividing line between said towns, to a rock, known by the name of peaked rock; thence southerly, by the Country road that leads from Dartmouth to Boston, one hundred and eight rods, to the south-west corner of Ebenezer Lewis' homestead farm; thence east about three hundred rods, in the dividing line between Rochester and Dartmouth, to a large white pine tree, marked on three sides; thence south six degrees and one half east, in the dividing line between Dartmouth and Rochester, to a heap of stones by the Sea; thence westerly, to the first mentioned bounds; with all the islands heretofore known to be a part of Acquishnet village, with the inhabitants dwelling on the lands above described, be, and they are hereby incorporated into a town by the name of New Bedford: and the said town is hereby invested with all the powers, privileges and immunities to which towns within this Commonwealth are or may be entitled, agreeable to the Constitution and laws of the said Commonwealth.

*Provided*, nevertheless, and be it further enacted, That any of the inhabitants now dwelling on the above-described lands, who are or may be still desirous of belonging to the town of Dartmouth, shall, at any time within two years from the passing of this act, by returning their names into the

Secretary's office, and signifying their desire of belonging to said Dartmouth, have that privilege; and shall, with their polls and estates, belong to, and be a part of the said town of Dartmouth; they paying their proportion of all taxes which shall have been laid on the said village of Acquishnet, or town of New Bedford, previously to their thus returning their names, as they would by law have been holden to pay, had they continued and been a part of the town of New Bedford.

Be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the inhabitants of the said town of New Bedford shall pay all the arrears of taxes which have been assessed upon them, and their proportionable part of what remains unpaid of the beef tax, so called, together with their proportion of all debts that are now due from the said town of Dartmouth; and shall support their own poor.

Be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the public lands, and the buildings standing thereon, also the town's stock of powder, and other town's property, shall be estimated and divided in the same proportion that each Village paid in the last State-Tax by Committees to be appointed for that purpose, at their annual town-meeting in March or April next. And whatever sum shall be found due to the town of Dartmouth, in consequence of the work-house standing within the line of New Bedford, as shall be reported by said Committees, the inhabitants of said New Bedford shall pay to said town of Dartmouth.

And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That Elisha May, Esq<sup>r</sup>., be, and he is hereby empowered, to issue his warrant directed to some principal inhabitant, requiring him to warn and give notice to the inhabitants of the said town of New Bedford to assemble and meet at some suitable place in said town, to choose all such town-officers as towns are required to choose at

their annual town-meetings, in the month of March or April, annually.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }  
February 22d, 1787. }

This bill, having had three several Readings, passed to be Enacted.

ARTEMAS WARD, Speaker.

IN SENATE, February 23d, 1787.

This bill having had two several readings passed to be enacted. SAMUEL PHILLIPS, Prst.

By the Governour. Approved.

JAMES BOWDOIN.

A true Copy. Attest,

JOHN AVERY, JUNR., Secretary."

SEPARATION OF NEW BEDFORD AND FAIRHAVEN, 1812.

"Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

An Act to establish the Town of Fair Haven.

SECT. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the easterly part of New Bedford, in the County of Bristol, as described within the following bounds, with the inhabitants thereon, be, and they are hereby incorporated into a separate town by the name of Fairhaven, viz.: beginning at the mouth of Accushnet river; thence northerly, by s<sup>d</sup> river, untill it comes to the north side of a bridge at the head of s<sup>d</sup> river; thence westerly, by the north side of the highway, to Swift's Corner, (so called;) thence northerly, by the easterly side of the highway which leads to Rounsevill's furnace, until it comes to Freetown line; thence easterly, by the line of s<sup>d</sup> Freetown, till it comes to peaked rock, (so called.) in the north-east corner of the town of New Bedford; thence southerly, by Rochester line, till it comes to Buzard's Bay; thence, by said s<sup>d</sup> Bay, to the first men-

tioned bound. And the s<sup>d</sup> Town of Fairhaven is hereby vested with all the powers, privileges, rights and immunities, and subject to all the duties and requisitions to which other towns are entitled and subjected by the Constitution and laws of this Commonwealth.

SECT. 2. Be it further enacted, That of all State and County Taxes which shall be levied and required of s<sup>d</sup> Towns previous to a new valuation, the s<sup>d</sup> town of Fairhaven shall pay three tenth parts thereof.

SECT. 3. Be it further enacted, That all the expenses arising for the support of the poor of said Town of New Bedford, with whom it is now chargeable, together with such poor as have removed out of s<sup>d</sup> Town prior to this Act of Incorporation, but who may hereafter Lawfully return to said Town for support, shall be divided between the two Towns in proportion to the taxes which they are liable to pay, respectively, according to this act.

SECT. 4. Be it further enacted, That John Hawes, Esq., be, and he is hereby authorized to Issue his warrant, directed to some suitable Inhabitant of Fairhaven, requiring him to notify and warn the Inhabitants thereof qualified to vote for Town officers, to meet at such convenient time and place as shall be expressed in his s<sup>d</sup> warrant, to choose such officers as Towns are by law authorized to choose in the months of March or April, annually. And that the s<sup>d</sup> John Hawes, Esq., be, and he is hereby authorized and empowered to preside at said meeting during the election of a Moderator, and to exercise all the powers and do all the duties which Town-Clerks by Law have, and do perform in the elections of Moderators of Town meetings.

EB. W. RIPLEY, Speaker.

SAMUEL DANA, P<sup>t</sup> of the Senate.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, 22d April, 1812.

Approved.

E. GERRY."

Note by John Pickens, Town Clerk of New Bedford: "No doubt the above date ought to be '22d February.'"

ACUSHNET.

The orthography of the name of this river is very various as found in the old records: Acoosnet, Cushnet, Acushena, Accushnutt, Acushnett, Acushnet. The latter is now the usual mode of writing the word, and being the most easily written, I have adopted it. The Indians, like the Greeks, used the aspirate, and it is probable that they called it Hacushnet.

The following are the names of the light-houses in Buzzard's Bay: Cuttyhunk, Dumpling Rock, Clark's Point, Palmer's Island, Ned's Point, fixed lights; and Bird Island, revolving.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE COLUMBIAN COURIER.

To Caleb Greene, Clerk of the Proprietors of New Bedford Bridge :

**W**E, the subscribers, Proprietors of New Bedford Bridge, request thou wilt call a special meeting of said Proprietors, as soon as may be, to see if they will authorise the Committee or appoint another Committee with authority to proceed in building the Bridge and completing the same. Also to hear what report their Committee may make relative to the business committed to them.

Also to see what order they will give relative to those persons who are or may be delinquent in paying the sums assessed upon their respective shares; and such other business as they may think proper to act upon when met.

WILLIAM ROTCH, JUN.,  
THOMAS ROTCH,  
THOMAS HAZARD, JUN.,  
PRESERVED FISH,  
JOSEPH MAXFELD,  
PELEG HOWLAND,  
BENJAMIN HILL,  
ISAAC SHEARMAN,  
EBENEZER PERRY.

New Bedford, 12 mo. 24, 1798.

In pursuance of the above request, the Proprietors of New Bedford Bridge are hereby notified, that a special meeting of said Proprietors

will be held at the Friends' School house in this village the seventh day of next week, 1st mo. 5th, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose mentioned in said request. CALEB GREENE, Proprietors' Clerk.  
New Bedford, 12 mo. 24, 1798.

"Captain Paul Worth, in a new ship of 280 tons burthen, called the Beaver, sailed from Nantucket, on a whaling voyage in the Pacific Ocean, in the year 1791."

"The ship was out 17 months, and was the first belonging to the island that returned from the Pacific Ocean." *Macy's History of Nantucket*, p. 142.

It is probable that the voyages of the Rebecca and the Beaver were nearly contemporary; but as the time of the sailing and returning of the Beaver is not given in the above-mentioned history, I have published the statement of the Rebecca's voyage as I received it, taken from the account-books of Joseph Russell & Sons.\*

Captain William Claghorn, a native of Martha's Vineyard, one of our earliest and most intelligent ship-masters, was probably the master of the sloop Betsey on her whaling voyage, an account of which is given in the sixth chapter. The following elegy, written by the late Thaddeus Mayhew, of this city, is taken from a printed copy now in the possession of Mrs. Maxfeld, widow of the late Captain Patrick Maxfeld, now living in this city at an advanced age :

An Elegy to the memory of Capt. William Claghorn, of New Bedford; who died suddenly, in a

\* Since this was written, I have been informed that the ship Beaver, of Nantucket, sailed for the Pacific Ocean in the month of August, 1791, and returned February 3d, 1793.



fit of the Apoplexy, while on a visit to Boston,  
February 24, 1793.

No lingering messenger of cruel fate,  
With slow advances, bade our sorrows wait;  
The Almighty Fiat, quick as tho't was heard,  
And sorrow's aspect o'er the world appear'd,  
No haughty despot's expiating blood,  
Who grac'd his triumphs with a purple flood;  
Nor heroes left upon the ensanguin'd plain,  
In death advent'rous, wakes the plaintive strain:  
Grief o'er the sound and on the music floats,  
The muse to Friendship pours her tearful notes,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Suffus'd, o'erwhelmed in tears, with sad complaint.  
Commix'd with dust the active frame now lies,  
Nor unlamented social virtue dies;  
Time's sable curtain's drawn — the hour is past —  
Nor Claghorn could withstand the conq'ring blast:  
To sooth his soul in agonizing death,  
No kindred friends beheld his yielding breath,  
So Heaven ordain'd at distance doom'd to die,  
And strangers honor'd with the parting sigh:  
By them in earth thy rev'rend limbs were laid,  
Alas! by strangers thy sad rites were paid.  
But now the fatal tidings reach thine home,  
All join the Widow's and the Orphan's moan.  
A weeping hermit o'er the sudden bier  
Lo! Bedford drops the sympathetic tear,  
And joins thy anguish'd Partner to deplore  
Her fondest hope, and consolation o'er —  
A Son, unconscious of his father's fate,  
In distant seas thy death shall mourn too late,  
Too late return to a fond mother's arms,  
To sooth her anguish'd soul in grief's alarms,  
To act the filial and the friendly part,  
And pour the balm of comfort to her heart.  
Thy genius known to many a foreign clime;  
Wisdom and wealth departed shade were thine.  
Oft on the deep, amid the tempest's roar,  
By raging ocean wafted from the shore,  
Thy soaring mind far distant countries sought,  
And wealth from waves and gaping dangers bo't;  
The wide Atlantic oft hath been thy path,  
The Baltic oft from thee withheld his wrath:  
Thy gen'rous manly soul no danger fear'd,  
By truth supported and by Justice steer'd —  
Tho' thou art number'd with the silent dead,  
Yet not in dust are all thy virtues laid:  
In thy address sweet condescension shone,  
And true politeness mark'd thee for her own;

So long as Justice hath the pow'r to give,  
 Thy shining merits in the world shall live.  
 Almighty Father! gild the stormy day,  
 From thy rich fount emit one cheering ray!  
 O calm her breast whose guardian consort's gone,  
 A breast to pain and long to sickness known,  
 Their sorrows soften, and dispel the gloom,  
 And wrest the weeping mourners from the tomb;  
 With liberal hand Religion's comforts strew,  
 And cause their minds immortal joys to view;  
 'Till past the gulph, their tow'ring Souls shall fly,  
 And greet their friend above the starry sky;  
 Where ghastly Death shall lose his mortal sting,  
 And they with joy shall rising wonder sing.

New Bedford, 4th March, 1793.

PHILANDER.

At my request, the following interesting sketches of a portion of the nautical experience of Captain Edmund Gardner, a native of Nantucket, one of our most respected fellow-citizens, were furnished me. It will afford the public a fair representation of the life and vicissitudes of that class of our citizens, to whom New Bedford owes so much of her prosperity.

"After losing the ship *Union*, of Nantucket, in latitude 38, longitude 44, twelve days out,\* proceeded on to the Western Islands, seven hundred miles distant, in two boats, sixteen being the ship's company; arrived after a passage of seven days. We then took a cargo of fruit from Terceira to New York. On our arrival in the States, found that the long embargo had taken effect, and navigation was suspended. Many ships were laid up in New York and in this place. There were one hundred and four square-rigged vessels lying at the wharves in this place, quite a difference from my first visit here in the year 1794, when there were one small brig and some sloops at the wharves.

\* See page 101, note.

After remaining at home four months, engaged to go first officer of ship *Maria*, David Coffin, master. The embargo act did not prevent whaling ships from clearing under restrictions to enter no port or place inhabited. We sailed under heavy bonds, and entered no port from 1808 to 1810, when the embargo act was rescinded; then went to the port of Lima for recruits and water, preparatory for the passage home.

On our arrival home the ship *Winslow* was fitted for me, and sailed in 1810 for the Pacific Ocean; was absent on the voyage eighteen months, and returned in 1812 with a full cargo of sperm oil—1400 barrels.

Soon after our return, the political atmosphere began to lower and the clouds thicken. In the 6th mo., 1812, war was declared against England. I remained at home during the war, three and a half years; and then sailed in the ship *Winslow*, all my former officers going in her again. After a boisterous passage around Cape Horn, we at last arrived in the far-famed Pacific, and commenced taking oil. We had taken three hundred barrels, and were in pursuit of a large sperm whale. On harpooning him, the whale turned towards the boat, and rolling, brought his teeth directly on my head; one of the teeth pierced my hat and head, leaving the skull-bone bare for three inches; one tooth pierced my left hand; two others entered my right arm and shoulder; my jaw, on the right side, and a part of five teeth, were broken. Leaving the whale mortally wounded, I was taken on board the ship. I directed the mate to steer for Paita, where we arrived in six days. On arriving at that port, found no surgeon; sent express to Puno, fifty miles, for one, who came in thirty-six hours. The surgeon was an old man, sixty-nine years of age. He remained at Paita six days, when I was carried in a cot to the country to be near the doctor. I

remained there between two and three months, under the care of this skilful man. I joined the ship at Païta in a weak state, but pursued the voyage to the completion of a full cargo, and arrived in 1817, having been absent twenty-three months.

From the great loss of blood, I was very weak; and I remained at home one year and a half, when a ship was built for me, called the *Balæna*. She sailed for the Pacific in 1818. On arriving in the Pacific, we found many ships and little success, and left for the coast of California. After being there some time, the scurvy making its appearance in the ship's company, came to the conclusion to go to the Sandwich Islands, in company with the ship *Equator*, of Nantucket; arrived at Owyhee in sixteen days, the first whaling ship ever at those islands, a place of general resort at the present time for ships in the North Pacific. During the stay at Owyhee, we caught a large sperm whale, and took him to the ship. So great was the excitement with the natives that all boats or canoes were called into requisition, and many came swimming to see the leviathan of the deep. This whale made one hundred and two barrels of sperm oil. It is not unlikely there were as many natives around the ship as were around Captain Cook's ship at the same place many years before. The natives deplore the untimely death of Captain Cook, and are ready to point out the place where *Terrecoboo* was secreted for many days after the death of Captain Cook, he being the prominent chief who caused Captain Cook to be killed. The *Balæna* was just one year in the North Pacific, during which time we took 1200 barrels of sperm oil. We finished the voyage and returned in thirty months, having procured 2000 barrels. During this voyage my health was much improved.

I sailed on a second voyage within two months in the same ship, performing this voyage in twenty

months, obtaining 2000 barrels of sperm oil. On our arrival, sperm oil was selling at thirty-seven cents per gallon, which was not a remunerating price. After a few months, I took the ship *South America* and performed a voyage to the Coast of Patagonia, being absent eight months, obtaining 1600 barrels whale oil, which was worth eighteen cents per gallon on my arrival. I then quitted pursuing the whaling business, and the following winter, 1824, sailed for Brazil in ship *Phebe Ann*; visited Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio de Janeiro. I returned the following summer, and sailed for the north of Europe; landed the cargo in Hamburg, went to Sweden and loaded with iron for this place, had a hard passage home, and arrived on the day of New Year, 1826, since which I have quitted the seas. The following summer I came to reside in this place, where I have remained for the last thirty years, having been interested in the general business of the place, — whaling, and various manufactures. I have now arrived at the age of threescore and twelve years, [1857,] a monument of God's mercy for the many favors conferred on me through a long life.

Thus much for a veteran of the sea, having commenced a sea-faring life in 1801, and continued in it until 1826, a period of a quarter of a century."

Since the year 1820, New Bedford has been steadily progressing, and now, (1858,) notwithstanding the great embarrassment in the financial affairs not only of this country but of Europe, which is particularly severe in all large commercial places, there are evident marks of increasing thrift and prosperity, witnessed in the large number of new buildings rising in every part of our city and the environs. Although New Bedford has felt to a

considerable degree the shock of the late great commercial earthquake, she still remains firm, and her merchants and mechanics are undismayed. As one of the oldest seaports in the United States, possessing many advantages as such in the way of experience, there is no fear but that her wealth and enterprise will find new fields of employment as the older ones fail, and we may confidently hope that our city, still in her youth, will continue to grow and flourish. Few places in New England have experienced so rapid an increase in wealth and population as New Bedford. In the year 1790, the population of the village was but about 700; and in 1796, the whole population of the township, which then included Fairhaven, was but 3313. As I have before stated in a previous chapter, New Bedford and Fairhaven were set off from Dartmouth in the year 1787, and incorporated into a separate township. The township at this time was about thirteen miles in length and three in breadth. In 1812, as previously stated, New Bedford and Fairhaven were divided. The present township of New Bedford is in its extreme length, that is, from its northernmost bound to the end of Clark's Point, eleven miles, and about two miles in average width, the widest part being from the east bound at Acushnet village due west to Wilson's saw-mill, three miles.

By the census of 1820, the population was 3947; in 1830 it was 7592; and in 1836 it was 11,113; "making an increase of forty-seven per cent in six years."

“In 1838 the number of vessels belonging to New Bedford engaged in the whale-fishery was one hundred and seventy, employing four thousand hands. At this time there were seventeen candle-houses and oil manufactories. In 1837 there was imported into the United States 181,724 barrels of sperm oil, and 219,138 barrels of whale oil; of this quantity 75,675 barrels of sperm oil and 85,668 barrels of whale oil was imported into the New Bedford district.”

The amount of importations into New Bedford for the year ending Jan. 1st, 1858, was 48,108 barrels sperm oil, 127,362 barrels whale oil, and 1,359,850 pounds whalebone; ships and barks employed, three hundred and twenty-four, amounting to 110,267 tonnage.

New Bedford was made a city in 1847. The population, by the census of 1855, was 20,389.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

VISIT TO CUTTYHUNK AND GOSNOLD'S ISLET, AUGUST 9TH, 1858—MUSTER-ROLL OF THE COMPANY OF CAPTAIN THOMAS KEMPTON, 1775—ADDITIONAL LIST OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS OF DARTMOUTH—LINES BY DR. DANIEL HATHAWAY ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL RUSSELL, 1772—RECORDS FROM OLD BURIAL-PLACES—LETTER OF JABEZ DELANO, 1727—SYNOPSIS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THIS VICINITY—CONCLUSION.

## CUTTYHUNK AND GOSNOLD'S ISLET.

By the politeness of the Collector of our district, Col. Charles B. H. Fessenden, I visited Cuttyhunk and Gosnold's Islet on the 9th of August, 1858, in the government schooner *Ranger*, Capt. Roland Gardner, my object being, if possible, to ascertain by a personal examination and search the cellar of Gosnold's store-house and the location of the fort built by this early navigator and his companions in 1602.

This island, it will be remembered, was visited by Dr. Belknap, the historian, in 1797, an account of which I have given in the eleventh chapter of this History.\* Leaving New Bedford at a quarter past nine, A. M., with a strong and fair wind from the north-east, we passed swiftly across our beautiful bay, and at a quarter before eleven (one hour and a half) arrived at Cuttyhunk, distant eighteen

\* Capt. William Allen, of this place, who took Dr. Belknap in his sloop to Cuttyhunk in 1797, found the rusty blade of a table knife among the rubbish near Gosnold's fort. Edward Pope, Esq., at that time Collector of this district, and John Spooner, editor of the *Medley*, also accompanied Dr. Belknap on this visit.



miles. Gosnold's Islet is situate in a small fresh-water pond at the west end of this island, separated from the waters of the bay only by a narrow rocky beach, so that the sea sometimes flows into it. This we reached in a small sail-boat under the guidance of the keeper of the light, Mr. Chandler, who also materially assisted me in the research for the old fort and cellar. The islet contains a little more than half an acre. On the west end is a slight elevation, where we found several stones, apparently taken from the neighboring beach, in a line with a small rock; which we concluded was a portion of the embankment of the little fort. At a short distance from this spot, on the south-west part of the islet, we found a hollow place, and a few stones similar to the others mentioned, which we conjectured might have been the location of the cellar; but the soil being quite fertile, the islet has been ploughed and tilled in years past, so that the vestiges of these interesting works are nearly obliterated. The space, however, is so small, and the spot so accurately described by the old journalists and early visitors before the surface had been disturbed, that but little doubt remains of the indentical location of the fort and cellar. At any rate, upon this half acre were erected the fort and storehouse of Gosnold in the month of May, 1602. At this period the little island was wooded with beech and cedar trees. These have long since disappeared; but nature, ever ready to repair the destruction of man, still retains a few of the marks of her original productions, and has introduced a few others.

Growing around the border of the islet were the sumach, the bayberry, the wild cherry, primrose, eglantine, skull-cap, and the Virginia creeper; the rest of the islet was covered with grass. A solitary bay-winged finch was flying from bush to bush,—a kind of mourner over this sylvan waste. In the pond white perch are numerous.

The surface of Cuttyhunk is very undulating,—a complete succession of hills and dales — barren,—not even a solitary tree, and scarcely a shrub, upon the whole island; not a vestige, even a decayed stump, of the noble old woods that so charmed the old navigator and his companions, was seen in a walk of several miles. A more complete work of devastation of the productions of nature has probably never been effected than may be witnessed upon this and the neighboring islands. Of the whole group of the Elizabeth Islands, Naushon alone retains its primeval beauty; and what these now desolate spots once were, the visitor who makes the comparison may readily imagine. It is to be hoped that at no distant day an effort may be made to re-wood these otherwise beautiful islands. By sowing the seeds of the forest trees that were natural to them, in the low and more sheltered places, and removing the sheep, a few years' growth would much improve their appearance. Cuttyhunk is about two miles in length, varying in width, and three quarters of a mile wide in the broadest part. In a little pond near by that of the islet the water-lily was growing in great luxuriance, none of which I saw in the islet pond, the bottom of which was

thickly matted with grass. The present population of this island is forty-three persons, a considerable number of them children. There are seven families: besides that of the keeper of the light-house, Corbit Chandler, those of Benjamin Church, George Slocum, Philip Slocum, Holder Allen, William Eliot, and William Veeder. The latter is the agent for the owner, Otis Slocum, of Dartmouth. Upon the top of the highest spot on the island, called "Look-out Hill," is a little ancient schoolhouse, with a fireplace for wood—the building not more than twelve feet square, of the most primitive style. Copicut, or Popicut, is the name of another hill at the north-east end of this island. Canapitset is the name given by the Indians to the passage between Nashawena and Cuttyhunk. Five hundred sheep are now pastured on this island. The light-house at the south-west end of the island is supplied with the Fresnel light of the fifth order of lens; and the whole establishment evinced by its order and neatness the faithful attention of the keeper and his family. Near the light-house are kept two life-boats from the Massachusetts Humane Society, and a large sail-boat of the Vineyard model. In December, 1856, Mr. Chandler, with his son and son-in-law, saved the lives of the crew of the schooner Horace Nichols, consisting of eight persons, wrecked upon the ledge of rocks off the west end of Cuttyhunk, called the "Sow and Pigs." Penequese lies a short distance north of Cuttyhunk, sometimes called "Pune," is the little island Gosnold visited, and named "Hill's Hap," and took

therefrom an Indian canoe. This island is also entirely divested of trees, and has one family upon it, that of Capt. John Flanders, pilot, the owner.

The following manner of rhyming the names of the Elizabeth Islands has been handed down for several generations :

Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Onkatonka and Wepecket;  
Nashawena, Pesquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penequese.

“A muster roll of the Company under the command of Captain Thomas Kempton, in Colonel Danielson’s regiment, to the first of August, 1775 :”

Thomas Kempton, Captain; Amasa Soper, First Lieutenant; John Chadwick, Second Lieutenant; John Swift, George Brownell, Thomas West, John Sullings, Sergeants; James Spooner, Robert Crosman, Elijah Allen, Paul Weston, Corporals; Obed Cushman, fifer; Simeon Fuller, drummer; Benjamin Adams, Eleazer Allen, Joshua Austin, David Badcock, Noah Ball, Jabez Bennet, Thomas Bennet, Jonathan Bradshaw, Prince Brownell, Gamaliel Bryant, Jessey Burt, John Coggeshall, William Counts, Robert Crosman, Jr., Louis De Moranville, Thomas Eskridge, John Gammons, Phineas Hammond, Roger Hammond, George Haskins, David Hathaway, John Hathaway, Lemuel Hathaway, David Kentch, Silas Kirby, Robert Knowlton, David Lewis, Humphry Macomber, Preserved Merrihew, Jonathan Mosher, Jacob Mott, Isaac Noble, John Ormsby, Silas Perry, Peter Phillips, Peter Sands, Daniel Sherman, John

Sherman, Lemuel Sherman, John Solomon (Indian,) John Spooner, Giles Tallman, Joseph Trafford, Lettice Washburn, Nathan Waste, privates: amounting to fifty-eight, all from Dartmouth, with the exception of three,—Louis De Moranville, Freetown; Phineas Hammond, Rochester; and David Lewis, Rhode Island. The time of enlistment was in the month of May, 1775. The time of service, with a few exceptions, was three months; the shortest, one month and twelve days. Their head-quarters was Roxbury; the allowance, one penny per mile for travel; greatest distance of travel, sixty-nine miles; least, fifty-seven. The amount the Captain received for this campaign was £18 10 s. 1½ d.; the First Lieutenant, £12 16 s. 4 d.; the Second Lieutenant, £10 18 s. 9 d.; the four Sergeants, £5 15 s. 7 d., £5 9 s., £5 15 s. 7 d., £5 2 s. 1½ d.; the four Corporals, £4 12 s. 2 d., £2 18 s. 8 d., £5 3 s., £3 1 s.; the fifer, £4 10 s. 10 d.; the drummer, £5 3 s. These were the amounts paid after deducting what had been charged for supplies. The difference in the amounts paid to the officers, as well as the privates, was mainly owing to the greater or less supplied them. This old muster-roll contains twenty-three columns, under the following heads, viz.: "Men's names;" "Towns whence they came;" "Rank;" "Time of enlistment;" "Travell;" "Amount at 1 d. a mile;" "Time of service;" "Whole amount;" "Guns;" "By whom supplied;" "Price;" "Bayonets;" "Of whom received;" "Price;" "Cart-ridge Boxes;" "Of whom received;" "Price;"

“Cloathing;” “Of whom received;” “Amount;” “Advance Wages;” “Blankets received more than entitled to by enlistment;” “Amount of deduction;” “Balance.” The amount paid for travel, £14 5 s. 10 d. The whole amount allowed each private before discount ranged from a little more than £4 to £6 10 s. The number of guns supplied was twenty-six,—amount for same £41 10 s.; four bayonets, with sheaths and belts, supplied by Jireh Swift, amounting to 8 s. 2 d.; thirty cartridge-boxes, supplied by Jireh Swift, amounting to £6 7 s. 6 d.; twenty-seven pairs of shoes and one cap, supplied by Jireh Swift and Commissary Blaney, the shoes at 6 s. and the cap 2 s., amounting to £8 4 s.; the amount paid for advance wages £2 each, excepting the captain and two lieutenants,—£108: the whole expense amounting to £389 11 s. 9½ d.; the balance £227 2 s. 1½ d.

Capt. Kempton was a descendant from Manasseh Kempton, one of the early proprietors of Dartmouth, and the father of our respected fellow-citizen, Thomas Kempton. Previously to this period (1775) Capt. Kempton had been master of a whaling-vessel from this port, and a large portion of those who enlisted in his company had been his sailors. Capt. Kempton had previously received a commission as ensign of the militia from Gov. Hutchinson, bearing date May 13th, 1773. Subsequent to his command of the Dartmouth company at Roxbury, he received the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, but owing to a failure of health he left service at the evacuation of Boston by the

British troops. He was born April 20th, 1740, and died January 27th, 1806, in his 66th year. Of the two other companies from Dartmouth that joined the Revolutionary army, one was commanded by Captain Egery, of Fairhaven, and the other by Captain Benjamin Dillingham, of Acushnet, whose muster-rolls I have not obtained; but sufficient has been given to show that old Dartmouth was not wanting in Revolutionary spirit.

For the following additional interesting list of a portion of those who served in the Revolutionary army from Dartmouth, as well as for the preceding, I am indebted to the before-mentioned Thomas Kempton, of this city.

- |                                   |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Benjamin Abel, (Indian,) 1775.    | Prince Brownell, 1775, m. m.        |
| Benjamin Adams, 1775, m. m.*      | Robert Brownell, 1779, '80.         |
| Eleazar Allen, 1775, m. m.        | Gamaliel Bryant, ensign, 1775,      |
| Elijah Allen, 1775, m. m.         | m. m.                               |
| Noah Allen, 1781.                 | Jesse Bush, 1775, m. m.             |
| Prince Almey, (African,) 1781.    | John Chadwick, ensign, '75, m. m.   |
| ——— Amesbrey, 1778.               | James Chandler, 1778, '80.          |
| John Amey, 1779.                  | Ebenezer Chase, 1780, '81.          |
| John Austin, 1779.                | Charles Church, lieutenant, 1778,   |
| Joshua Austin, 1776, m. m.        | '80, '81.                           |
| Benjamin Babcock, Jr., 1775, '78, | George Claghorn, captain, 1778,     |
| '80.                              | '80, '81.                           |
| David Badcock, 1775, m. m.        | John Coggeshall, 1775, m. m.,       |
| Benjamin Baker, 1778, m. m., '79. | '78, '80.                           |
| Noah Ball, 1775, m. m.            | Joseph Cook, 1780.                  |
| Worth Bates, 1778-81.             | Richard Cook, 1778, '80.            |
| Weston Bedon, 1778, '80.          | Thomas Cook, 1780.                  |
| Jabez Bennet, 1775, m. m.         | Thomas Crandon, capt., 1778, '79.   |
| Joseph Bennet, 1775, m. m., '79,  | Robert Crossman, 1775, m. m.        |
| '80.                              | Edward Crowell, 1778.               |
| Thomas Bennet, 1775, m. m.        | David Cushman, 1781.                |
| Thomas Berry, 1775, m. m.         | Jaben Daniel, '75, m. m., '78, '80. |
| Stoughton Booth, 1778.            | John Dayton, 1778.                  |
| Thomas Booth, 1778.               | Calvin Delano, captain, 1778-82.    |
| Jonathan Bradshaw, 1775, m. m.    | Henry Delano, 1780.                 |
| George Brownell, 1775, m. m.      | Thomas Delano, 1780.                |

\* Minute-man.

- John Deverson, 1778.  
 David Devol, 1780.  
 Joseph Devol, 1779, '82.  
 Solomon Dick, (African,) 1782.  
 Benjamin Dillingham, captain,  
 1776, m. m.  
 John Dophson, 1775, m. m.  
 Benajah Dunham, 1775, m. m.,  
 '75, '80, '81.  
 Benjamin Ellis, 1775, m. m.  
 Thomas Eskredge, 1775, m. m.  
 Jeremiah Exceen, 1778, '79.  
 Joseph Francis, 1780, '81.  
 Simeon Fuller, 1775, m. m.  
 John Gelat, 1778, '80.  
 George Gifford, 1776.  
 Levi Gifford, 1779.  
 Lewis Gifford, 1779, '81.  
 Jeremiah Greene, 1779.  
 Thomas Greenway, 1780, '81.  
 Cornelius Grinnell, 1780.  
 David Hammond, 1780.  
 Jabez Hammond, 1780.  
 Phinehas Hammond, 1775, m. m.  
 Roger Hammond, 1775, m. m.  
 David Handy, 1780.  
 George Haskins, 1775, m. m.  
 Shurach Haskins, 1778.  
 Arthur Hathaway, 1780.  
 David Hathaway, 1775, m. m.  
 Eleazer Hathaway, 1777.  
 Gideon Hathaway, 1778.  
 Isaac Hathaway, 1778, '80, '81.  
 Jabez Hathaway, 1778.  
 Jacob Hathaway, 1780.  
 John Hathaway, 1775, m. m.  
 Lemuel Hathaway, 1775, m. m.  
 Sylvanus Hathaway, 1779.  
 George Hitch, 1780.  
 Samuel Howland, 1775, m. m.  
 John Humphrey, 1776.  
 Nathaniel Ingraham, 1780.  
 Paul Ingraham, 1778, '80.  
 Thomas Ingraham, 1775, m. m.  
 William Japes, 1778.  
 Elnathan Jenne, 1775, m. m.  
 John Jenne.  
 Prince Jenne, 1779, '80.  
 Seth Jenne, 1780.  
 Timothy Jenne, 1778, '79.  
 Manasseh Kempton, colonel, 1778.  
 Obed Kempton, 1778, '80.  
 Thomas Kempton, captain, 1775,  
 lieutenant-colonel, '76.  
 William Kempton, 1782.  
 David Kenleth, 1775, m. m.  
 Robert Knowlton, 1775, m. m.  
 Jonathan Lawton, 1778, '79.  
 David Lewes, 1775, m. m.  
 Jabez Lumbar, 1778.  
 Taber Lumbar, 1778.  
 Humphrey Macomber, 1775, m. m.  
 Preserved Merrihew, 1775.  
 Elkannah Mitchell, 1779.  
 Louis De Moranville, 1775, m. m.  
 Michael Mosher, 1779.  
 Samuel Nash, 1780.  
 Isaac Noble, 1775, m. m.  
 Robert Nolten, des., 1775, m. m.  
 Gideon Nye, 1781.  
 Benjamin Obadiah, (Ind.), 1779.  
 John Omev, 1778, '79.  
 Daniel Ormsby, 1778.  
 John Ormsby, 1775, m. m.  
 Avery Parker, captain, 1778.  
 John Parkes, 1778, '79.  
 William Pease, 1780.  
 Pompey Peckham, (African,)  
 1780, '81.  
 Henry Perkins, 1780.  
 Paul Perry, 1778, '79.  
 Silas Perry, 1775, m. m.  
 Peter Phillips, 1775, m. m., '78,  
 '80.  
 Peter Pon, (Indian,) 1780, '81.  
 David Pope, 1776, '78.  
 Stephen Potter, 1778, '80.  
 Thurston Potter, 1780, '81.  
 James Pratt, 1778.  
 Ebenezir Primas, (African,) 1781.  
 Elias Primas, 1781.  
 William Robinson, 1780.  
 Gideon Rodgers, 1780.  
 William Rodgers, 1780.  
 William Ross, 1780.  
 James Rouse, 1778.  
 Elkannah Ryder, 1778.  
 Ezekiel Ryder, 1779.  
 Baines Sammons, 1779.  
 Peter Sands, 1775, m. m.  
 Martin Seekins, 1778.  
 Daniel Shearman, 1775, m. m.  
 John Shearman, 1775, m. m.  
 Lemuel Shearman, 1775, m. m.



- Joseph Shockly, 1780, '81.  
 Amos Simmons, lieutenant, 1779.  
 John Skiff, fifer, 1775, m. m.,  
 '79, '81.  
 Elisha Smith, 1776, '80, m. m.  
 Jonathan Smith, 1776, m. m.,  
 '80, '81.  
 Josiah Smith, 1781.  
 Thomas Smith, 1778, '80.  
 John Solomon, (Indian,) 1775,  
 m. m.  
 Amasa Soper, lieut., 1775, m. m.  
 Benjamin Spooner, drummer,  
 1775, m. m.  
 Cornelius Spooner, 1779.  
 David Spooner, 1778, '80.  
 James Spooner, 1775, m. m.  
 Jeduthan Spooner, 1775, m. m.  
 John Spooner, 1775, m. m.  
 Simpson Spooner, 1775, m. m.  
 Charles Stetson, 1780.  
 Jacob Strange, 1780.  
 John Sullings, 1775, m. m.  
 John Swift, 1775, m. m.  
 Jeduthan Taber, 1781.  
 Jethro Taber, 1778, '81.  
 John Taber, 1780.  
 Philip Taber, 1779.  
 Thomas Taber, 1780.  
 Ezekiel Tallman, 1781.  
 Giles Tallman, 1775, m. m., des.  
 Thomas Thompson, 1776-78.  
 Job Tobey, 1780, '81.  
 Prince Tobey, 1778.  
 Thomas Tobey, 1780, '81.  
 Zoeth Tobey, 1780, '81.  
 Isaac Tompkins,\* 1780.  
 Joseph Trafford,† 1775, m. m.  
 Ishmael Tripp, 1776, (Dilling-  
 ham's company.)  
 Job Tripp, 1780.  
 Samuel Tripp, 1775, m. m.  
 Thomas Tripp, 1776, (Dilling-  
 ham's company.)  
 Samuel Tupper, 1779.  
 Burnell Upham, 1778.  
 Lettice Washburn, 1775, m. m.  
 Thomas Washburn, 1775, m. m.  
 Nathan Waste, 1775, '80.  
 Thomas West, 1775, m. m.  
 Thomas Westcot, 1775, m. m.,  
 '78-80.  
 Benjamin Weston, 1775, m. m.,  
 '78, '79.  
 Eliphas Weston, 1780, '81.  
 John Weston.  
 Paul Weston, 1775, m. m.  
 Stephen Weston, 1782.  
 Thomas Weston, 1779.  
 George Whippley, 1778.  
 Joseph Whitfield, 1778.  
 Preserved Wilcox, 1778.  
 Benjamin Willis, 1778.  
 Samuel Willis, 1782.  
 William Willis, 1776.  
 Gideon Woodmanse, 1779, '80.  
 Gideon Worden, 1778.  
 Henry Writhington, 1778.  
 Robert Writhington, 1775, m. m.

#### ADDENDA TO THE REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

On the march of the British to Acushnet, they entered the house of Doctor Samuel Perry, which they intended to have burnt, having set a fire in one of the chambers and placed beds and bedding upon it; but these smothered the fire, and thus the house was saved, and is still standing,—the same I have before referred to as occupied by a

\* Rev. I. Tompkins, Haverhill.

† Killed by the British Sept. 3d, 1778.

grandson of Doctor Perry,—on the Acushnet road, a short distance south of the village.

The following are the lines by Doctor Daniel Hathaway referred to on page 321, but they are of a later date than there given. They were written upon the death of Daniel Russell, a son of John Russell, who died in 1772.

Beneath this mouldering turf and willow shade,  
An honest man, one Daniel Russell, 's laid;  
Of soul sincere, and good without pretence,  
Blest with plain reason and with sober sense.  
What bosom heaves not sighs, and groans repeat,  
When Russell 's dumb and Hathaway forced to speak?  
To all in want assistance he did lend,  
And used each ready person as his friend;  
Thousands have eat and thrived upon his bread,  
For all the poor beneath his roof were fed.  
Did neighbors' quarrels enter but his door,  
They were agreed, and contests were no more.  
Such use of understanding God had given,  
He saw, well pleased, and called him up to Heaven.

From "The Medley or New Bedford Marine Journal for Friday,  
May 19th, 1797."

#### NEW BEDFORD AND BOSTON MAIL STAGE

**W**ILL run from New Bedford to Boston thro' Taunton, the ensuing summer season, three times a week, on the following days, viz.: Leave Bedford on the *Second, Fourth* and *Sixth* days of each week at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrive at Boston on the evening of the same day. Returning, leave Boston at 4 o'clock A. M. on the *Third, Fifth* and *Seventh* days of each week, and arrive at Bedford on the evening of these days. To commence running thus the next week.

The fare of each passage will be as follows: From New Bedford to Boston, three dollars and fifty cents; From Taunton to Boston, two dollars and fifty cents; And for any distance short of the above places, *six cents* per mile.—One hundred pounds wt. of baggage equal to a passenger.

ABRAHAM RUSSELL.

New Bedford, 4 mo. 27, 1797.

#### RECORDS FROM OLD BURIAL-PLACES.

From the old graveyard at Acushnet.

BLOSSOM.

"Mehetable, widow of Joseph Blossom, died March 16, 1771, aged 80 years 6 mos. and 10 days."

“Levi, son of Benjamin and Rebekah Blossom, died May 8, 1785, aged 8 months and 16 days.”

“Benjamin Blossom died Oct. 25, 1797, in his 76 year.”

#### BURG.

“Mercy, wife of Dr. Benjamin Burg, died July 4, 1746, in the 36th year of her age.”

“Dr. Benjamin Burg died Sept. 18, 1748, in the 40th year of his age.”

#### CHAFFEE.

“Ruth, wife of Dea. John Chaffee, died Feb. 26, 1806, in her 69 year.

“Dea. John Chaffee died June 21, 1811, aged 74 years.”

#### CHEEVER.

“Daniel Cheever, son of y<sup>e</sup> Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Israel Cheever and Mrs. Esther Cheever, born July 6 and died Nov. 8, 1757.”

“Esther Cheever, consort of the Rev. Mr. Israel Cheever, died April 28, 1761, in the 29th year of her age.”

#### CHURCH.

“Capt. Nathaniel Church died June y<sup>e</sup> 22d, 1748, in y<sup>e</sup> 57th year of his age.”

“Innocent, widow of Capt. Nathaniel Church, died April y<sup>e</sup> 17, 1776, in y<sup>e</sup> 84th year of her age.”

“Charles Church, drowned in New Bedford harbor May 19, 1793, aged 53 years.”

#### CRANDON.

“Jean Crandon, wife of John Crandon, born in Jedburgh, Scotland, in the year 1694, died Nov. 18, 1767, in the 73d year of her age.”

“John Crandon, born in Topsam, upon the island of Greate Britain, in the year 1697, died April 1st, 1773, in the 76th year of his age.”

## DELANO.\*

"Mary Delano, wife of Jabez Delano, died April 29, 1716, aged 33 years."

"Lieut. Jonathan Delano died Dec<sup>em</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 23d, 1720, in y<sup>e</sup> 73 year of his age."

"Jabez Delano died Decem<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 23d, 1734, in y<sup>e</sup> 53 year of his age."

## DILLINGHAM.

"Ruth, daughter of Capt. Benjamin Dillingham and Ann his wife, died Dec. 7, 1808, in her 34 year."

"Anne, wife of Capt. Benj. Dillingham, died May 13, 1809, in her 68th year."

"Hannah, wife of Edward Dillingham, died Feb. 21, 1850, aged 80 years."

"Edward Dillingham died Oct. 22, 1852, in his 81st year."

## GORDON.

"Nancy, wife of Capt. William Gordon, died Feb. y<sup>e</sup> 2, 1790, in the 29th year of her age."

"Capt. William Gordon, an officer of the Revolution, born in Boston Oct. 5, 1754, died in New Bedford June 26, 1835, aged 80 years.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;

(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)

The bosom of his father and his God."

\* The family of the late Allerton Delano, of New Bedford, and Captain Warren Delano, of Fairhaven, are lineal descendants of Philip De La Noye and Isaac and Fear Brewster Allerton. Isaac Allerton came in the Mayflower in 1620, and Philip De La Noye in the Fortune in 1621. The latter married, first, Hester Dewsberry, of Duxbury, 1634; second, Mary, widow of James Glass, of Duxbury, and daughter of James Churchill, 1657.

Mary, first wife of Isaac Allerton, died Feb. 25, 1621, O. S. His second wife was Fear, daughter of Elder Brewster. Isaac Allerton was one of the chief men of the Colony of Plymouth. He was Assistant-Governor with Bradford, on the death of Governor Carver.

## HATHAWAY.

"Hannah, wife of Lieut. Seth Hathaway, and daughter of Col. Samuel Willis, Esq., and Mehetabel his wife, died Jan. y<sup>e</sup> 18, 1761, in the 45th year of her age."

"Phillip Hathaway died March 2d, 1769, in the 27 year of his age."

"Abigail, whose first husband was Capt. Ebenezer Akin, her last husband Mr. Thomas Hathaway, died April 17, 1781."

"Lieut. Seth Hathaway died May y<sup>e</sup> 11th, 1783, in y<sup>e</sup> 72d year of his age."

"Jonathan Hathaway died Feb. 3d, 1793, in the 64 year of his age."

"Deborah, widow of Jonathan Hathaway, died Dec. 27, 1808, in her 77th year."

"Anne, wife of Royal Hathaway, died May 16th, 1851, Æ. 86 years and 7 months."

"Royal Hathaway died Nov. 12, 1854, in his 86th year."

## HAWES.

"Mercy, wife of Capt. John Hawes, died March 11, 1803, in her 37 year."

"Capt. Benj. Hawes died July 18, 1805."

"John Hawes died Dec. 29, 1824, in the 57th year of his age."

## HUTTLESTONE.

"Tabitha, wife of Peleg Huttleston, died Aug. 24, 1790, in her 47 year."

"Peleg Huttleston died May 22, 1801, in his 60th year."

## JENNEY.

"Elizabeth, wife of Lieut. Cornelius Jenne, died March 18, 1743, in her 40th year."

"Caleb Jenne died Aug. 25, 1761, in his 63d year."

"Lieut. Cornelius Jenne died Oct. 12, 1774, in his 77th year."

"Eleanor, widow of Mr. Cornelius Jenne, died Feb. 14, 1780, in her 74th year."

"Capt. Benj. Jenny died at Hispaniola Dec<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 25th, 1787, in his 38th year."

"Nathaniel Jenne died Jan. 13, 1802, in his 82d year."

"Sarah, wife of Weston Jenne, died Feb. 21st, 1804, in her 31st year."

"Weston Jenne died Jan. 5, 1816, in his 48th year."

"Maria, wife of Jehaziel Jenney, died Aug. 29, 1837, aged 66 years."

"Jehaziel Jenney died Nov. 13, 1843, aged 73 years."

#### KEMPTON.

"Thomas Kempton died Dec. 29, 1768, in the 65 year of his age."

"Ruth, wife of Thomas Kempton, died Dec. 6, 1771, in the 25 year of her age."

"Patience Kempton, widow of Mr. Ephraim Kempton, died May the 2d, 1779, aged 105 years 6 months and 6 days."

"Ephraim Kempton, 2d, died Jan. 2, 1802, aged 55 years 11 months and 18 days."

"Col. Manassah Kempton died Dec. 14th, 1806, in his 66th year."

"Lois, widow of Col. Manassah Kempton, died Oct. 11, 1813, aged 77 years."

"Elizabeth, widow of Ephraim Kempton, 2d, died Nov. 29, 1848, aged 95 years 2 months and 7 days."

## LOUDEN.

"Mary, wife of John Louden, died Oct. y<sup>e</sup> 3, 1775, in the 29th year of her age."

"Urance, wife of John Louden, died March 25th, 1797, in her 28th year."

## MANDELL.

"Moses Mandell died May y<sup>e</sup> 18th, 1746, in y<sup>e</sup> 53 year of his age."

"Capt. Thomas Mandell died June 18, 1808, in the 48th year of his age."

"Sarah, widow of Capt. Thomas Mandell, died June 3, 1823, aged 66 years."

## NASH.

"Joanna, wife of Simeon Nash, died Sept. 25, 1813, in her 65th year."

"Simeon Nash died Jan. 3d, 1824, in his 84th year."

## NYE.

"Rebecca, wife of Alfred Nye, died July 19, 1812, in the 29th year of her age."

"Barnabas Nye died July 24, 1813, in his 79 year."

"Deborah, widow of Barnabas Nye, died Dec. 25, 1820, in her 82d year."

## PERRY.

"Jireh Perry died Aug. y<sup>e</sup> 3d, 1781, in the 23d year of his age."

"Abigail, wife of Dr. Ebenezer Perry, died June 12, 1793, in her 33d year."

"Dr. Samuel Perry died April 15, 1805, aged 75 years 9 months and 18 days."

"Susanna, widow of Dr. Samuel Perry, died June 8, 1806, aged 72."

"Sylvia, wife of Dr. Samuel Perry, died April 15, 1815, in her 45th year."

"Dr. Samuel Perry died Oct. 26, 1820, aged 57 years."

"Susan, wife of Dr. Samuel Perry, died Sept. 28, 1842, aged 61 years."

#### PICKENS.

"Mary Spooner, wife of John Pickens, died Nov. 26, 1809, aged 63 years."

"Capt. Thaddeus Pickens, who was lost at sea July, 1811, in his 58th year."

"Peace Bennet, wife of Capt. Thaddeus Pickens, died March 7, 1812, in her 38th year."

"John Pickens, an officer of the Revolution, died July 31, 1825, aged 82 years."

#### POPE.

"Deborah Pope, wife to Seth Pope, died February 10th, 1710-11, aged 56 years."

"Seth Pope died March y<sup>e</sup> 17th, 1727, in the 79th year of his age."

"Elnathan Pope died Feb<sup>y</sup> 8th, 1735-6, in the 45th year of his age."

"Rebecca, wife of Seth Pope, died Jan. y<sup>e</sup> 23d, 1741, in the 79th year of her age."

"Thankful, wife of Mr. Thomas Pope, died April y<sup>e</sup> 13th, 1756, in y<sup>e</sup> 38th year of her age."

"Mrs. Rebekah, wife of Mr. Elnathan Pope, died Nov. the 30th, 1764, in the 59 year of her age."

"Capt. Lemuel Pope died May y<sup>e</sup> 23, 1771, in y<sup>e</sup> 75 year of his age."

"Abigail, wife of Col. Seth Pope, died of the small pox May y<sup>e</sup> 8th, 1778, in the 59th year of her age."

"Elizabeth, wife of Edward Pope, Esq., died Nov. 1, 1781, in the 34th year of her age."



"Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Lemuel Pope, died July y<sup>e</sup> 12th, 1782, in the 85th year of her age."

"Mr. Thomas Pope died March 2d, 1784, in the 75th year of his age."

"Mr. Elnathan Pope died May 5, 1794, in the 90th year of his age."

"Mr. Lemuel Pope died Dec. y<sup>e</sup> 13th, 1796, aged 64 years 8 months and twenty-one days."

"Col. Seth Pope died June 9, 1802, in his 83d year."

"Hannah, wife of Ebenezer Pope, died May 12, 1803, aged 26 years."

"Alice, relict of Thomas Pope, died Oct. 21, 1805, Æ. 87. In grateful remembrance of her transcendant maternal tenderness and assiduous parental cares, this humble stone is erected by her bereaved daughter and only child, Nabby Gordon."

"Mary, widow of Mr. Lemuel Pope, died Dec. 12, 1808, in her 81st year."

"Rebecca, wife of Ebenezer Pope, died May 2d, 1813, aged 38 years."

"Rebecca, daughter of Ebenezer and Rebecca Pope, died Aug. 30, 1819, aged 13 years."

"Ebenezer Pope died March 26, 1828, aged 38."

#### SPOONER.

"John Spooner died Feb. 21st, 1773, in his 28th year."

"Lydia, wife of John Spooner, died June y<sup>e</sup> 19, 1775, in her 27th year."

"Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Rounsevel Spooner and daughter of Edward Pope, Esq., died Dec. 6, 1800, in her 21st year."

"Micah Spooner died Sept. 22, 1848, in his 60th year."

## SWIFT.

"Jonathan Swift died Jan. y<sup>e</sup> 31, 1763, in the 33d year of his age.

Afflictions sore long time I bore,  
Till God was pleased to give me ease  
And free me from my pain."

"Dea. Jireh Swift died March y<sup>e</sup> 16, 1782, in the 74th year of his age."

"Deborah, widow of Dea. Jireh Swift, died Jan. y<sup>e</sup> 7, 1794, in her 82 year."

"Elizabeth, wife of Dea. Jireh Swift, died Aug. 20, 1794, in her 54th year."

"Love, wife of Capt. Jonathan Swift, died June 19, 1809."

"Paul Swift died Nov. 16, 1810, aged 57 years."

"Dea. Jireh Swift died July 26, 1817, in his 77 year."

"Jemima, widow of Paul Swift, died Jan. 20, 1821, in her 73 year."

"Susanna, wife of Capt. Jonathan Swift, died Jan. 26, 1823, in her 54th year."

"Capt. Jonathan Swift died Sept. 19th, 1834, in the 71st year of his age."

## TOBEY.

"Keziah, wife of Lot Tobey, died July 31, 1775, in the 34th year of her age."

"Desire, wife of Dr. Elisha Tobey, Esq., died Jan. y<sup>e</sup> 5, 1778, in the 53d year of her age."

"Dr. Elisha Tobey, Esq., died May y<sup>e</sup> 10th, 1781, in the 58th year of his age."

"Seth Tobey died May 21, 1793, in the 45 year of his age."

"Lemuel Tobey died Nov. 7, 1820, aged 72 years 8 months."

“Elizabeth, widow of Lemuel Tobey, died Dec. 20, 1835, in the 80th year of her age.”

#### WASHBURN.

“John S. Washburn died March 12, 1842, aged 58 years.”

“Bezaleel Washburn died Oct. 2d, 1843, aged 43 years and 3 mos.”

“Desire, wife of John S. Washburn, died Nov. 29, 1849, aged 64 years and 6 months.”

#### WEST.

“Capt. Elisha West died Jan. 27, 1794, in his 45 year.”

“Louisa, consort of Rev. Samuel West, D. D., and widow of Capt. Benjamin Jenny, died March y<sup>e</sup> 18, 1797, in her 41st year.”

#### WILLIS.

“Col. Samuel Willis, Esq., died Oct. 3d, 1763, in the 76th year of his age.”

“Mehitable, wife of Col. Samuel Willis, died Jan. 18, 1782, in the 94th year of her age.”

“Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Willis, died Sept. 28, 1784, in the 28th year of her age; also Esther, in the 20th year of her age.”

“Samuel, son of Major Ebenezer and Elizabeth Willis, died at sea March 6, 1805.”

“Elizabeth, wife of Major Ebenezer Willis, died Aug. 9, 1807, in her 79th year.”

“Major Ebenezer Willis died Nov. 7, 1809, aged 83 years and 4 days.”

#### WINSLOW.

“John, son of Hezekiah and Betty Winslow, died Nov. 17, 1754, aged 17 years and 10 days.”

“Richard Winslow died June 17, 1816, aged 28 years.”

"Capt. Ebenezer Akin died Nov. 16, 1770, in y<sup>e</sup> 54th year of his age."

"Bethany, wife of John Blackwell, died Oct. 6, 1787, in the 61st year of her age."

"Elizabeth Chapman, wife to John Chapman, Esq., died Jan. 29, 1725-6, in the 45 year of her age."

"Benjamin Claghorn, son of Col. George and Mrs. Deborah Claghorn, died Feb. 23, 1789, aged 17 years and 15 days."

"James Clarke died March 15, 1775, in the 48th year of his age."

"Deborah Egery, wife of Daniel Egery, died May y<sup>e</sup> 17, 1770, aged 30 years 11 months and 25 days."

"John S. Haskell died Dec., 1847, aged 71 years."

"Abigail, wife of Dr. Elijah Horr, died March 22, 1841, in 55 year."

"Dorothy, wife of Ephraim Hunt, died Jan. y<sup>e</sup> 17, 1743, in y<sup>e</sup> 30th year of her age."

"John Loring died Jan. y<sup>e</sup> 24, 1786, in the 45th year of his age."

"Judah Paddack, Jun., died May y<sup>e</sup> 29, 1748, in y<sup>e</sup> 39th year of his age."

"Capt. Elisha Parker died Jan. 22, 1788, in the 44th year of his age."

"Benjamin Pierce died July 29th, 1756, in the 44th year of his age."

"Capt. William Ritchie died April 28, 1844, aged 46 years."

"Capt. Loum Snow died Jan. 10, 1823, aged 43 years."

“Reliance, widow of Daniel Summerton, died Sept. y<sup>e</sup> 15, 1788, in y<sup>e</sup> 65th year of her age.”

“Parnel Whitfield died Sept. 1, 1840, aged 85 years.”

“Hon. Lemuel Williams, born in Taunton June 18, 1747, died in New Bedford Nov. 9th, 1828.”

“Sylvia, wife of Mr. Samuel Wing, died Sept. 5, 1804, in her 33d year.”

“Capt. Thomas Worth died Dec. y<sup>e</sup> 13, 1769, aged 27 years.”

“Aron, son of Henery and Mary Wrightington, died March y<sup>e</sup> 23d, 1792, in his 21st year.”

From the old graveyard at Long Plain, North Fairhaven.

#### BENNET.

“Edward Bennet died Oct. 4th, 1812, aged 73 years.”

“Elizabeth, wife of Edward Bennet, died Dec. 24, 1826, in her 84th year.”

“Jacob Bennet died May 27, 1832, Æ. 60.”

#### MASON.

“Thankful, wife of Reuben Mason, died Aug. 19th, 1802, aged 46 years.”

“Capt. Reuben Mason died Nov. 2, 1806, in his 50th year.”

#### MENDELL.

“Hannah, wife of Ellis Mendell, died Sep. 1st, 1810, in her 41 year.”

“Ellis Mendell, born March 20, 1763, died June 12, 1849, aged 86 years.”

#### PERRY.

“Lydia, wife of Lemuel Perry, died March 10, 1827, aged 84 years.”

"Lemuel Perry died April 27, 1846, aged 90 years."

## SAMPSON.

"Mary, wife of Edward Sampson, died Feb. y<sup>o</sup> 20, 1790, in her 42d year."

"Rualwy, daughter of Edward and Mary Samson, died May 28, 1791, aged 3 years."

"Joseph Sampson died June 27, 1808, in his 82 year."

"Edward Sampson died Feb. 25, 1816, in his 70th year."

## SPOONER.

"Allathea, wife of Walter Spooner, Esq., died May 12th, 1789, in her 64th year."

"Elizabeth, daughter of Walter Spooner, Esq., and Allathea his wife, died Sept. 12th, 1793, in her 36th year."

"Mary, second wife of Hon<sup>ble</sup> Walter Spooner, Esq., died Jan<sup>y</sup> 30th, 1796, in her 56th year."

"Hon<sup>ble</sup> Walter Spooner, Esq<sup>r</sup>, died Oct. 26, 1803, in his 81 year."

"Nancy, wife of Mr. Walter Spooner, died Sept. 21, 1806, in her 26th year."

"Mr. Walter Spooner died July 26, 1808, aged 36 years."

"Elizabeth, wife of Hon. Alden Spooner, died Dec. 14, 1813, in her 64th year."

"Dr. Rounsevel Spooner died March 17, 1844, aged 66 years."

"Hon. Alden Spooner died Sept. 28th, 1844, aged 94 years 6 mos. and 15 days."

"Susan, wife of Dr. Rounsevel Spooner, died April 25, 1846, in her 67th year."

## SPRAGUE.

"Keturah, wife of Samuel Sprague, Esq., and daughter of Rev. Thomas West and Drusilla his wife, died Oct. 29, 1706, in her 74th year."

"Samuel Sprague, Esq., died Feb. 5, 1825, in his 94th year. The following lines were penned by the deceased, and ordered to be placed on his gravestone :

In virtue's school, religion's cheerful voice  
Serves as a guide to the most noble choice;  
And when God's glory is our chiefest end,  
He makes grim death to visit as a friend:  
Then welcome, death; I cannot be afraid,  
But walk rejoicing through thy peaceful shade."

"Mary Sprague, widow of the late Samuel Sprague, Esq., born 29 Oct., 1758, died July 4, 1835."

## WHELDEN.

"Ruth, wife of Joseph Whelden, died March 10, 1821, in her 42 year."

"Capt. Joseph Whelden died Dec. 22, 1854, in his 86th year."

"Ann Gibbens died Sept. 23d, 1849,  $\text{\AA}$ . 70 years. The deceased was a native of Ireland, and came to America in the 20th year of her age. She lived in the family of Capt. Joseph Whelden many years, and also in other families, sustaining in each a character remarkable for industry, kindness, and integrity. She made a profession of religion in early life, and died in the full enjoyment of the Christian Faith."

"Mary, widow of Leonard Hinds, died Sept. 3d, 1833,  $\text{\AA}$ . 72 years."

"Capt Ephraim Simmons died Feb. 21, 1836, in his 97th year.

The warfare is o'er, the soldier's free,  
The pensioner's at rest,  
To enjoy a glorious liberty  
Among the happy blest."

From the old burial-place, Coggeshall's Farm.\*

COGGESHALL.

"Mary, wife of James Coggeshall, died May 26, 1805, aged 19 years 7 mos. and 11 days."

"Capt. James Coggeshall died in the Havanna 24 March, 1809, aged 29 ys."

"Josias Coggeshall, Esq<sup>r</sup>, born Aug. 15, A. D. 1786, died Oct. 24th, A. D. 1817."

"Major John Coggeshall, a soldier of the Revolution, died July 19, 1830, aged 72 years. A lineal descendant of John Coggeshall, Esq., first President of the Colony of Rhode Island."

EAST.

"George East died June 3, 1818, aged 37 years."

"Hannah, widow of George East, died Dec. 12, 1829, in the 72d year of her age."

"George Haydon, son of Theophilus R. and Julia A. C. Marvin, died in Boston May 15, 1842, aged 7 months."

"Eunice Madderson died March 8, 1837, aged 88 years."

"Benjamin Myrick died July 27, 1779, in the 36th year of his age."

"Caleh Peckum died March 20, 1819, aged 73 years."

I have not, except in a few instances, given every inscription of any family, my object being only to make a general record of some of the older names, those least familiar to the public. In some cases the stones are wanting, and in others members of families have died and been buried in distant places,

\* Formerly owned by the Peckhams.



so that anything like a full genealogy of any family could not be made. Yet I trust the record will prove interesting and valuable to some of my readers.

Letter from Jabez Delano, of Dartmouth, to his brother, Jonathan Delano,\* of Tolland, Connecticut, from the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, 1853.

“Loving brother :

We haue rec<sup>d</sup> two letters lately from you, for which we thank you, wherein you haue giuen us an acc<sup>nt</sup> of your Condition, & we are Comforted to hear it is better with you then we could expect, considering that diuers reports of sickness in y<sup>e</sup> Country, & in your person, & by your letter in your fammely, had caused us to fear. Brother, I was Moued to write to you before now, both with in my self & from mother, but I put her off becaus of the sickness (that was in my famely of which through Mercy we haue had a small share to what many of our Neighbours haue had) but especially becaus of y<sup>e</sup> dangerous condition y<sup>t</sup> brother Nat<sup>l</sup> lay in for some time. I being greatly desierous that my letters might be y<sup>e</sup> messengers of Joy & not of sorrow to you. And now brother, as we haue Rec<sup>d</sup> Comfort from your letter, we hope these lines may be so to you, & all our friends, & may find you in health & peace; and that our hearts may be drawn forth to thankfullness unto God for all his Mercies. And now I shall briefly touch on what is omitted in Brother Nat<sup>l</sup> Letter; and first, of y<sup>e</sup> sickness; Concerning Brother Nat<sup>l</sup> & his you haue an acc<sup>nt</sup> in his Letter. Our eldest has had a

\* “Jonathan Delano and his wife Amy came from Dartmouth, in the county of Bristol, in his majestie’s province of the Massachusetts Bay, and settled in Tolland, on y<sup>e</sup> 8th day of May, 1722. He died March 25, 1752, aged 72 years. He was Town Clerk from 1724 to 1736.”

long lingering Illness, but is pretty well recruited. I am but poorly on 't, my self hauing bin Considerably ill, this 4 weeks, which makes me write with a trembling hand. the sickness has bin uery geuous in our town, of which there are four grown persons dead in our uillage; uiz. Jonathan Hathaway, Rose Spooner, Jemima Badcock, & Amos Taber's wife; but people are generally pon recouery, & it looks like a time of health.

2<sup>d</sup>. Of the season (we haue Indefereent good Crops.) We haue had a great drought which lasted from Inglish mowing till about y<sup>e</sup> Middle of Sept. since which we haue had extraordinary groing weather, till within this 4 or 5 weeks.

3<sup>d</sup>. Of an earthquake, which was a week yesterday, about ten att night, which shook both y<sup>e</sup> Land & water, the Islands & seas, at that degree that seuerall doors were shook of y<sup>e</sup> Latch in our uillage, & 't is said that at Nantuket y<sup>e</sup> harth stones grated one against another, and, that *Car*, y<sup>e</sup> boat builder, Run out of his house, got in to a boat for fear y<sup>e</sup> Island should sink.

Mother desiered me to acquaint you that she Greatly desires to se you, and so we doe all. My Loue to all our friend[s] farwell your Brother

Dar<sup>t</sup> Nouem<sup>r</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 1727 JABEZ DELANO."

It was my intention to have added a chapter upon the natural history of this vicinity, but as my work has already exceeded in quantity the bounds intended, I have only given a partial synopsis of a portion of this extensive subject.

#### QUADRUPEDS.

Foxes and raccoons, though occasionally found in this vicinity, are very scarce of late years, and will probably be entirely exterminated by sportsmen.

The fallow-deer were formerly abundant, but, excepting an occasional stray one from the Plymouth woods, none are now seen hereabouts. In very early times there were wolves and wild-cats, for which twopence per head was offered by the Old Colony government. Otters, though scarce, are occasionally found; one has been killed in the neighboring town of Rochester during the present Summer (1858.) The mink, musquash, skunk, woodchuck and weazel are still numerous; also the hare, rabbit, and squirrels. Among the smaller animals are the meadow-mele, field mouse, and wood mouse. The native black rat has been exterminated by the Norway or common house and wharf rat, introduced here from Europe.

#### BIRDS.

The crow, blue-jay, quail, partridge, chickadee, meadow-lark, robin, owl and woodpecker (one or more species) remain here throughout the year. This is nearly the extreme northern limit on the seaboard of the quail, but the severe winter of 1856-57 almost exterminated them.

With the earliest opening of Spring come the blue-bird and song sparrow. I have seen blue-birds here as early as the middle of February, deceived as it would appear by a few warm days, so generally succeeded by severe storms and cold weather, when they necessarily suffer. It is a pitiful sight to see them flying about as though bewildered, still uttering their sweet warble, which has a singular pathos, heard amid the howling of the storm. As the Spring advances come the snipe

and red-winged black-bird; wild geese pass over; soon after, arrive the brown thrush, cat-bird, purple finch or American linnet, ground robin, swamp thrush, wood thrush, white-bellied swallow, barn swallow, chimney swallow, bank swallow, cliff swallow, purple marten, yellow-bird or American goldfinch, golden robin, bobolink, cuckoo (yellow-billed and black-billed,) whippoorwill, wood pewee, golden-crowned thrush or over-bird, yellow-throated vireo, red-eyed vireo, warbling vireo, cow black-bird, bay-winged finch, tree sparrow, (this sparrow and the snow bunting are often seen together in the Winter,) field sparrow, swamp sparrow, chipping sparrow, pine warbler, the dove, night-hawk, king-bird, great crested fly-catcher, kingfisher, redstart, chickadee, parti-colored warbler or finch-creeper, blue yellow-backed warbler, humming-birds, butcher-bird, shore lark, golden-winged, pileated, downy and hairy woodpeckers. The yellow-rumped warbler is often seen in numbers during the Winter and early Spring.

The birds of prey are the eagle (bald-head,) fish-hawk or osprey, hen-hawk, pigeon-hawk, sparrow-hawk, screech-owl, hooting or cat-owl,\* and white or barn owl.

Water-fowl: the loon (green-head, gray-back, and red-throat,) black duck, sheldrake, water-witch, red-head or pochard, canvas-back, (occasionally,) brant, teal, eider or Isle of Shoals duck, (wamps,)

\* A large specimen of this owl was shot by Capt. Edward Howland from an elm tree near the corner of Spring and Sixth Streets, in this city, in the Fall of 1856.

cormorant, coot (white-winged, yellow-billed, and gray,) widgeon, noddy, whistler, haglet, blue-bill, herring gull, white and gray gull, wild goose, wood duck.

Waders: great heron, night-heron, green heron, curlew, gray-back, yellow-legs, plover (green-head, black-breast, and ring-neck,) sandpiper, yellow-shanks, peet-weet, woodcock, snipe.

#### FISH.

Salt-water: smelt, tom-cod, herring, shad, menhaden, flat-fish, lump-sucker, whiting, chogset, bass, tautog or blackfish, scup, (scuppaug, pogies,) cod, mackerel, haddock, pollock, blue-fish, rock bass, sheep's-head, flounder, perch, eel, sculpin, scate, stingray, bellows-fish, rudder-fish, squetteagne, squid, swell-fish, toad-grunter, shark, dog-fish, frost-fish, skipjack.

Shell-fish: oysters, quahaugs, clams, lobsters, crabs, scallops, winkles, razors, muscles, star-fish or five-fingers, barnacles.

Fresh-water: trout, perch (white, red, yellow,) pickerel, chub, carp, silver-fish, minnow, hornpout, eel, clam.

#### FLORA.

In this department I have only given a few of the more common plants, such as generally come under the notice of the amateur. The earliest blooming plant we have is the epigæa, (the may-flower or trailing arbutus,) pussy willow, blue, white and yellow violet, the anemone or wind-flower, arethusa, (meadow pink,) uvularia, ginseng,

saxifrage, columbine, marsh marigold or cowslip, convallaria, (Solomon's seal,) cinquefoil, chickweed, painted-cup, speedwell, houstonia, lupine, gold-thread, blue-eyed grass, yellow Bethlehem star, chokeberry, shad-bush, witch-hazel, viburnum, azalea, (swamp honeysuckle, white and pink,) bugle-weed, butterfly-weed, water-lily, pickerel-weed, side-saddle flower, evening primrose, St. John's wort, indigo-weed, yarrow, orchis, cardinal flower, white and pink spiræa, (hard-hack,) marsh rosemary, samphire, potentilla, rhexia or meadow beauty, willow herb, Indian tobacco, Indian pipe, angelica, mallows, loosestrife, American centaury, pigeon-berry, crow-corn, Indian hemp, hawk-weed, agrimony, pyrola, aster, everlasting, mullein, golden-rod (several varieties,) fringed gentian.

#### FOREST TREES.

Ash, beech, birch, buttonwood, cedar, cherry, dogwood (flowering,) elm, hemlock, hickory, holly, hornbeam, locust, maple (several varieties,) oak (black, chestnut, red, white, swamp white, yellow-barked,) pine (pitch, white,) poplar (balm of gilead,) thorn, tupelo, walnut, willow (a number of varieties.)

#### SHRUBS, &C.

Alder, azalea (several varieties,) barberry, bayberry, beach plum, blackberry, blueberry, bog willow, buckthorn, chokeberry, clamoun, cornel, dangleberry, dogwood, elder, fern, gooseberry, grape (several varieties,) hazel, holly, honeysuckle (several varieties,) juniper, kalmia, privet, raspberry (black, red,) rhododendron (several varieties,) rho-

dora, smilax, spice-wood, stag's-horn, sumach, sweet-brier, sweet-gale, viburnum, Virginia creeper, whortleberry, wild black cherry, willow (several varieties,) witch-hazel.

Some of these are also included in my list of the flowering plants.

I have intentionally omitted a scientific nomenclature, and have in every instance where it has been possible adopted the popular name. I have also given the name alone of many genera of which there are many species, my object being to adapt the subject to the general reader. It will be perceived that I have not even mentioned several important and highly interesting branches of natural history.

#### AGRICULTURE.

I have said but little about the agricultural interest of the township, which, though compared with some parts of Massachusetts would not appear to any great advantage, is nevertheless of no small importance to the inhabitants.

For more than one hundred years from the first settlement of this quarter by our ancestors, agriculture was almost the sole employment and means of livelihood, and the people were marked by a general thrift and comfort. Though naturally in many parts very stony, yet the soil, when once cleared and properly prepared, is strong, and well adapted to grass, Indian corn, potatoes, and other staple crops. Our ancestors unquestionably had to labor vigorously against the stones, rocks and for-

est, but for several generations this soil sustained a substantial and independent body of yeomen.

Although commerce, the mechanic trades, and manufactures, have absorbed a large portion of the enterprise of our inhabitants, still the farming interest is of considerable importance. The interest in agriculture and the rearing of stock has greatly increased of late years, and in these particulars, we may compare favorably with other parts of the territory that was formerly under the Old Colony jurisdiction. In former days nearly every farm had its flock of sheep and field of flax, and the loom and spinning-wheel were among the most important articles of household furniture. Very few sheep are now to be seen in the township, neither for many years probably has there been seen a field of flax. The old looms and spinning-wheels have been either broken up and destroyed, or lie stowed away among the rubbish of old garrets.

Agriculture and its attendant occupations are undoubtedly the chief reliance of mankind for a livelihood. Every occupation of human industry has its value; but the groundwork of all is and ever has been agriculture, and so it must remain.

Although New Bedford has taken her wealth legitimately from the ocean, still it may be worthy of consideration, whether, if a larger portion of the industry, enterprise and intelligence devoted to trade and commerce had been given to the cultivation of the soil and to the agricultural interests generally than has been the case, a much more general and substantial thrift among our inhabitants would



not have been the consequence. Where the largest amount of any community are the consumers of the necessaries of life, there must always be seasons of great vicissitude, and a portion will suffer. Without intending any unjust disparity in the comparison between the occupation of the merchant and that of the farmer, it may be added, in conclusion, that there is much truth in the remark of the late Henry Coleman, — “The best bank is a bank of earth, and the best share a plough-share.”

Agriculture becomes an elegant occupation in the hands of the intelligent and cultivated; and it certainly offers the greatest inducements and attractions to those who have become weary of the perplexities of commercial pursuits, and whose tastes lead them to a simpler and purer mode of life. Of course, a large portion of the fashionable customs must be dispensed with, and books and intellectual converse take the place of more exciting amusements. To the man or woman of taste, horticulture offers a constant source of pleasurable employment; and this department may also be made of importance in a pecuniary point of view, towards the support of a family. Let no young enthusiast or worn-out man of business, however, be deceived by any remarks herein contained. The occupation of the farmer and horticulturist has its cares and perplexities; it also has its valuable compensations, among which are health, and exemption from many of the temptations to evil connected with the more complicated pursuits of commerce. To those who would try the experi-

ment I would recommend to begin in a small way, doing thoroughly whatever is done. A neat and tasteful rural home, though humble in its pretensions, is far more desirable to the man of taste than the more ostentatious residence, with its multiplied care and expense. It is by no means necessary to leave our native soil for this end: moderation in expense, and industry, will render it quite within the reach of a family of small means to live comfortably here.

In drawing my labors to a close, I am aware how imperfectly my task has been performed; yet, in a good degree, I feel the assurance of having done the best I could under the circumstances. The labor of collecting together from so many sources the material for this history has been by no means small, and has required an active attention to the subject for many years. Therefore, if the reader shall find a want of completeness and order of arrangement in some instances, I trust he will remember that such must in a great measure be the case in all efforts of a like nature in an original work. If I have succeeded in saving from oblivion a considerable portion of our history, which I have in many instances received from the lips of those now passed away and from old and scattered records, I shall feel that my time has not been mispent, or my labors in vain.

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## ERRATA.

- Page 24, line 26, for "exorcised" read *exercised*.  
Page 28, line 16, for "Pritt" read *Prill*.  
Page 75, line 35, for "20" read 22.  
Page 230, line 2, for "as" read *has*.  
Page 233, line 17, for "frustrated" read *prostrated*.  
Page 263, line 11, for "then" read *thou*.  
Page 263, line 17, for "His equal care" read *This equal case*.  
Page 321, line 10, for "1727" read 1772. Dr. Burg, and not Dr. Hathaway, was probably the earliest physician of Dartmouth.  
Page 324, line 30, for "Robinson" read *Rodman*.  
Page 396, line 6, for "Rualwy" read *Rualmy*.













